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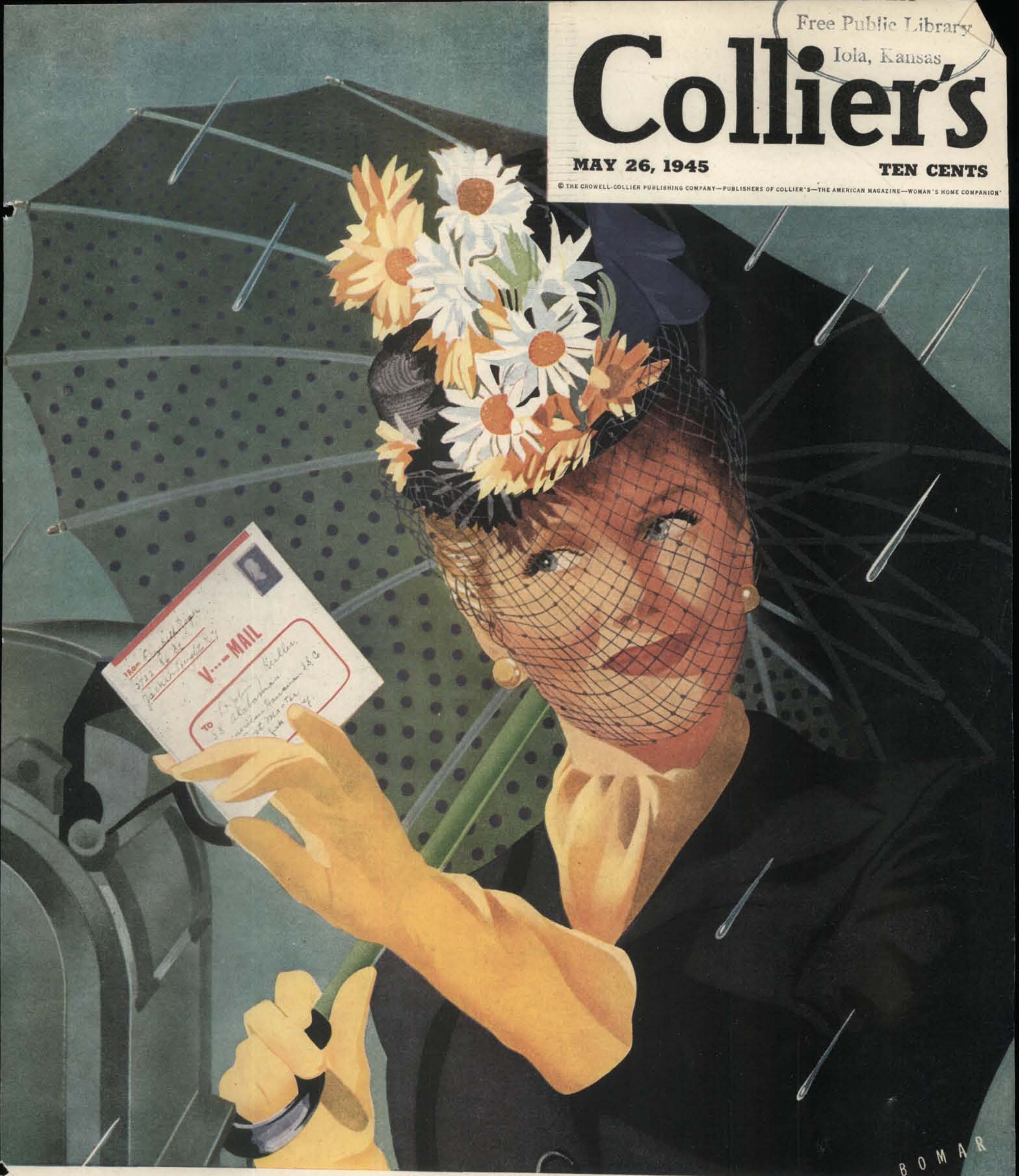

SUICIDE CREEK

Where the Marines "Bought a Corner

By SERGEANT ASA BORDAG

May 26-1945

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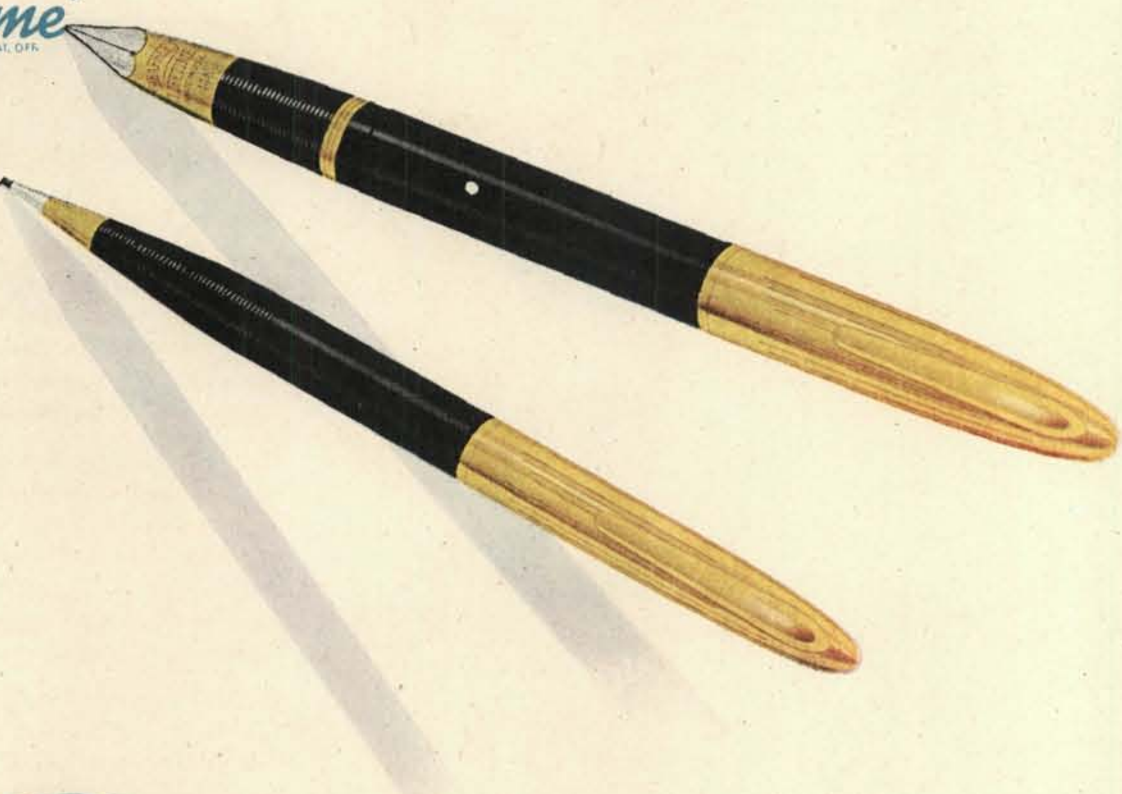

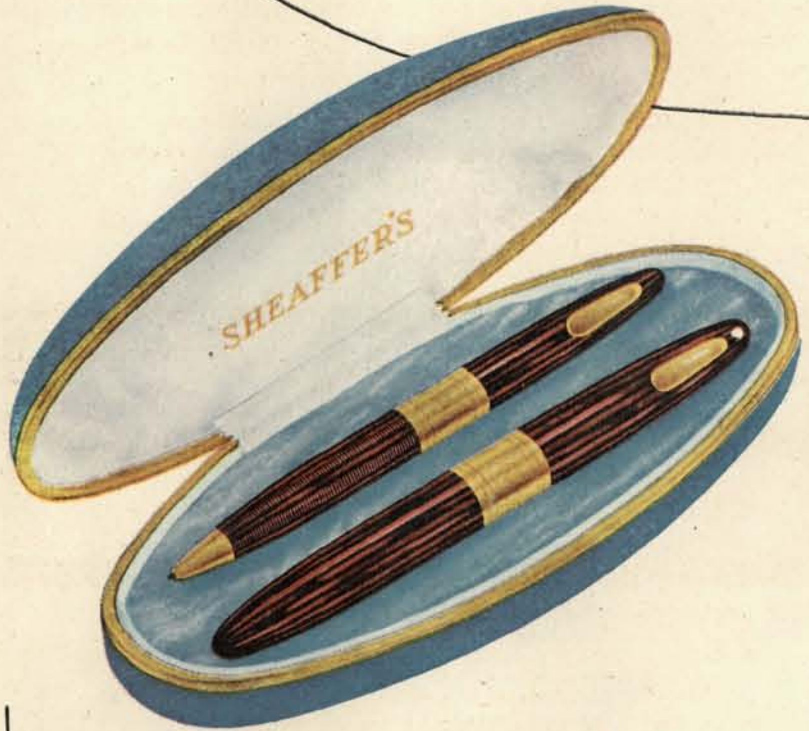

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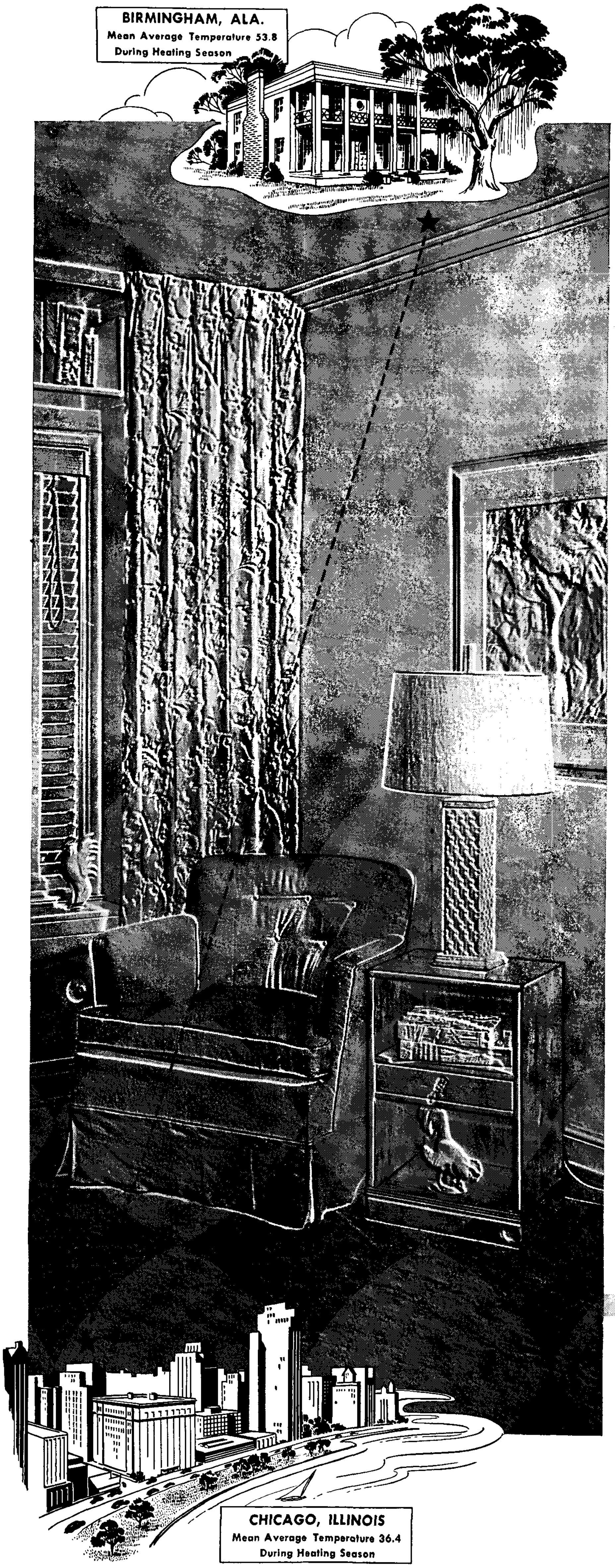


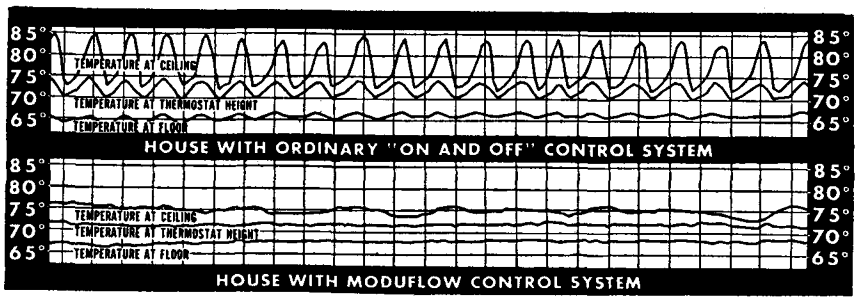
IS YOUR CEILING *750 miles* FROM YOUR FLOOR?

Believe it or not, there is probably greater difference between the temperature at the ceiling and floor of your house than there is between the average temperature of Chicago and Birmingham, Alabama—750 miles farther South. For, in the average home or apartment, the temperature at the ceiling is often twenty degrees warmer than at the floor, even though equipped with a modern automatic heating system.

After all, the only portion of our rooms that counts, so far as comfort is concerned, *is the space from the floor to a height* of approximately six feet. Minneapolis-Honeywell engineers call this the "Comfort Conscious Zone." Unfortunately, the heat that rises above the "Comfort Conscious Zone" is largely wasted. And all too frequently floors are drafty and too cold for children to play on without endangering their health.

But here's good news for postwar home owners. Honeywell has devised a unique heating control system that will correct this situation. It is called MODUFLOW. By an ingenious method of heat control and supply, Moduflow nearly equalizes floor and ceiling temperatures; result, blissful comfort from top to bottom of your "Comfort Conscious Zone."

Every home or apartment, however modest, can afford the greater comfort and efficiency of Moduflow. An interesting booklet, "Heating and Air Conditioning the Postwar Home," tells all about Moduflow. *Mail the coupon today* for your free copy.



See the Difference — Shown above are actual temperature recordings taken in two identical houses—one with and one without Moduflow. Without Moduflow, temperature varies as much as 20 degrees from floor to ceiling. Moduflow smooths out the ups and downs of the ordinary system — uses heat formerly wasted at the ceiling to increase temperature at the floor.

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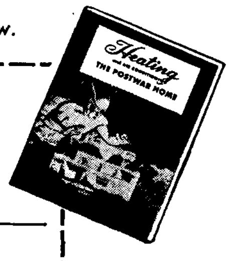

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Hat by *REINE*

any week

WE'LL get on with the war in a minute. But first, we can't wait to tell you that Florida black-market operators have been complaining about New York's "illegitimate black market," which gets more for meat—ten cents a pound over the "black-market ceiling," in fact. Also, London tailors predict that men, having become used to lugging their possessions around in musette bags and knapsacks, will tote purses "similar to women's handbags" after the war. Somebody ought to remind London tailors about brief cases. And our favorite waitress story of the week comes from a Detroit spy who was talking to one of these whimsical creatures in Minneapolis. She volunteered a lot of information about herself, including the fact that her parents were first cousins. "That," she explained, "is why I look just alike."

WELL, according to Lt. (jg) Paul G. Williams, USNR, there's a colored bugler of a Seabee outfit, recently in action in the Pacific, who blew his chow calls on a trumpet. Because the temporary mess accommodations weren't large enough to handle the entire gang at one sitting, the various companies ate on a schedule fifteen minutes apart. But each day the order in which the companies ate was changed, and the confusion was colossal. That is, until the bugler cooked up a scheme. This involved starting the (Soupee-soupee) mess call in the regulation manner, then switching suddenly into hot versions of time-tested dance numbers. For Company A, he gave with Tea for Two. Tuxedo Junction summoned Company B. Good old Company C went to mess on the double to hot licks of Cocktails for Two. And a near-by group of Marine flame throwers, Lt. Williams swears, answered to the inspired bugler's rendition of I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire.

THAT'S all we had intended to report on the war just now, but from the Marianas

(*Continued on page* 34)

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BOY or *Girl?*

NORMAN MINGO

There's not much use spending time pondering that. And who *really* cares? You'll be happy with your baby—boy *or* girl.

In the meantime, you young, first-time mothers and worried fathers—whether far away or near at hand—can do a lot to insure favorable answers to these and other important questions:

1. Will Mother have an easy time?

Very likely. Pregnancy is a normal process, not a state of ill-health. But she should see her physician or go to a maternity clinic *early*—at least before the third month.

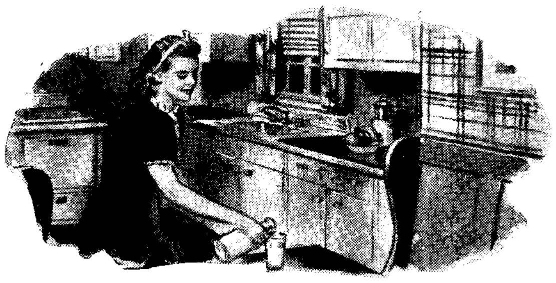
The doctor can foresee and avoid most difficulties by examination, blood tests, and the patient's co-operation—if he's consulted early, and as often as he wishes.

2. Will Baby be healthy?

And why not? He'll benefit, of course, by mother's wise diet before he is born . . . by her good habits . . . by the care she takes of herself.

Mother's nourishing diet should be planned to include extra amounts of the foods he needs most. Make sure the diet includes enough calcium. A baby's calcium needs are so great, he may draw from the mother's teeth and bones. It's good to see the dentist, too.

Mother needs eight hours sleep every night besides daytime rest periods. Strenuous exercise—especially reaching, lifting, or pushing heavy objects—should be replaced with easy walks and quiet hours spent in fresh air and sun. Clothing can be attractive, should be comfortable and loose. Shoes should be carefully fitted.



3. How can Father help best?

Mothers and fathers have equal shares in parenthood.

If, in these wartime days, father can't be with her, he will want to make sure that mother is at least near friends and family. He should write to her as often as possible.

Should he be home, his most important job is to see to it that his wife goes to the doctor early and carefully obeys the doctor's instructions. And of course he should see that proper arrangements are made for baby's delivery.

Because there are certain functional strains that every mother-to-be must go through, her husband's affectionate consideration and encouragement are specially important to her mental outlook.

Metropolitan has prepared a booklet entitled, "Information for Expectant Mothers," containing much useful information about prenatal care. Send in the little coupon below for your free copy.

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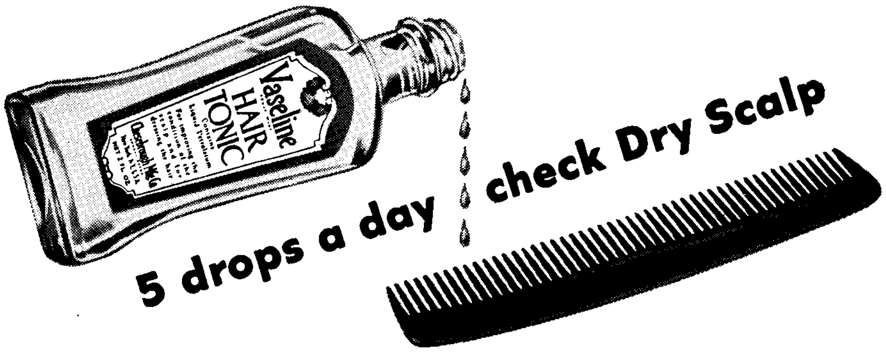
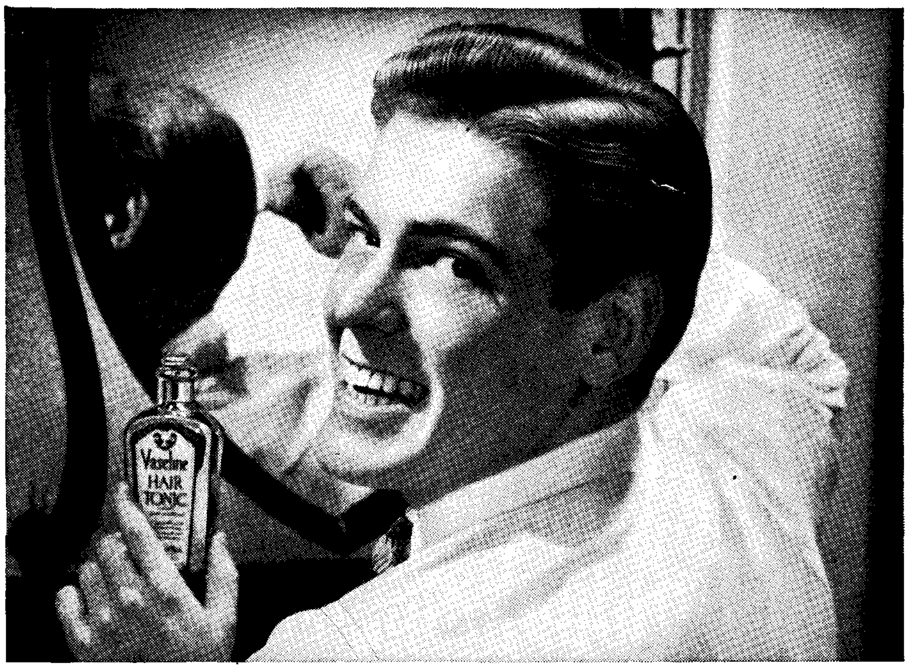


help nature give you good-looking hair!



WARNING! Hard-to-handle hair . . . loose dandruff . . . itching . . . they all are signs of Dry Scalp. That's when your natural scalp oils need help. Just five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic a day supply that help. Try it . . . you'll *see* and *feel* the difference. Your hair looks better . . . your scalp feels better. And always use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic with massage before shampooing, too. It contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it today!

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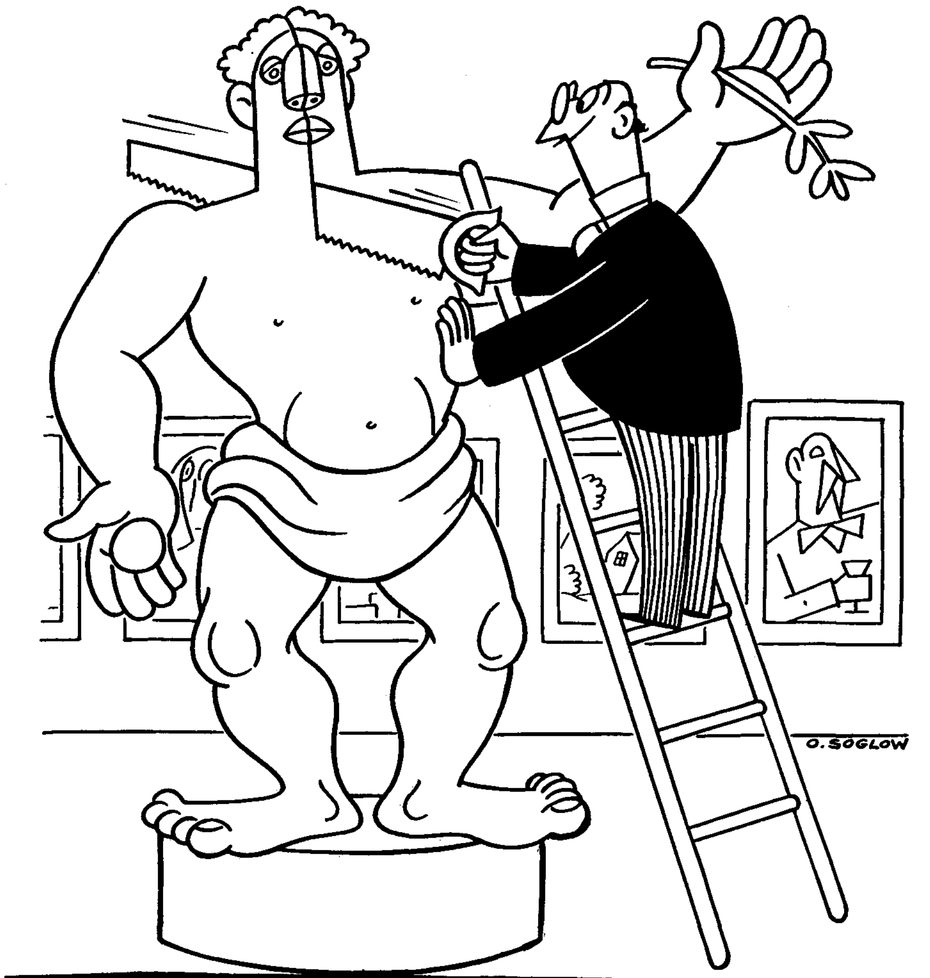

Keep up with the world

Unknown even to most artists, many of the world's famous oil paintings were long ago cut in two and sold as separate pictures, chiefly by greedy dealers, to collectors who had not seen the entire work. One case came to light a short time ago when the two sections of The Finding of Moses by Tiepolo happened to be displayed side by side at an exhibition in London. Masterpieces of sculpture have likewise been separated, one of which is the Lemnian Athena whose head is at Bologna while her body is at Dresden.

A recent study of the lives of 36 instrumental artists and 36 opera singers—all famous and living—suggests that some unusual hereditary endowment is essential for great musical achievement. Among the instrumentalists, musical talent was possessed by 47 per cent of their mothers, 81 per cent of their fathers and 50 per cent of their brothers and sisters. Among the singers, vocal or other musical talent was possessed by 67 per cent of their mothers, 69 per cent of their fathers and 42 per cent of their brothers and sisters.—*By Helen Sterne, New York City.*

Germany's latest-model U-boat, which was captured intact by the British near Iceland not long ago, contains a new and startling instrument—long the dream of submarine designers. Controlled by 70 sensitive hydrophones, it has an elaborate graduated dial on which red and green lights register the exact direction and distance of a ship when the sound of its propellers has been picked up by the operator through his earphones. Thus, the instrument enables the U-boat to attack a surface vessel without the use of its periscope whose wake is visible for some distance, particularly on a clear day.

A study made just before the war reveals the mortality ratio of husbands and wives at different ages. When they are under 25 years of age, 281 husbands die for every 100 wives; between 25 and 34 years, the ratio is 197 to 100; between 35 and 44 years—222 to 100; between 45 and 54 years—222 to 100; between 55 and 64—208 to 100; and 65 and over—108 to 100.

In the United States there are now about 65 press-clipping bureaus which read some 10,000 daily and weekly newspapers and magazines, searching for stories and items on approximately 75,000 names and subjects. Clients include those watching competitors, seeking sales prospects, checking syndicated articles and publicity on themselves and others. Sometimes the Sunday issue of a certain New York newspaper will yield as many as 750 items, or $60 worth at the average fee of eight cents a clipping.—*By Caroline King, Torrance, California.*

As a gesture of friendship for Japan, the ashes of its ex-ambassador to this country, Hirosi Saito, were sent home by Franklin Roosevelt aboard the U.S.S. Astoria in March, 1939, which was only 15 months after Jap bombers sank the American gunboat Panay in China and 32 months before they attacked Pearl Harbor.

The United States now has about 85 wind tunnels for testing aircraft and its equipment which cost a total of nearly $37,000,000. They range in width from eighteen inches to one of 80 feet, this giant being completed in June, 1943, at Moffett Field near San Francisco. In this tunnel, full-sized planes may be tested at wind speeds up to 225 miles an hour created by six fans, each of which is driven by a motor of 6,000 horsepower, or more power than can be generated by most locomotives.

International law today contains no provision under which the Allied nations can indict and put on trial such men as Hitler, Himmler, Goering and Goebbels.

by Freling Foster

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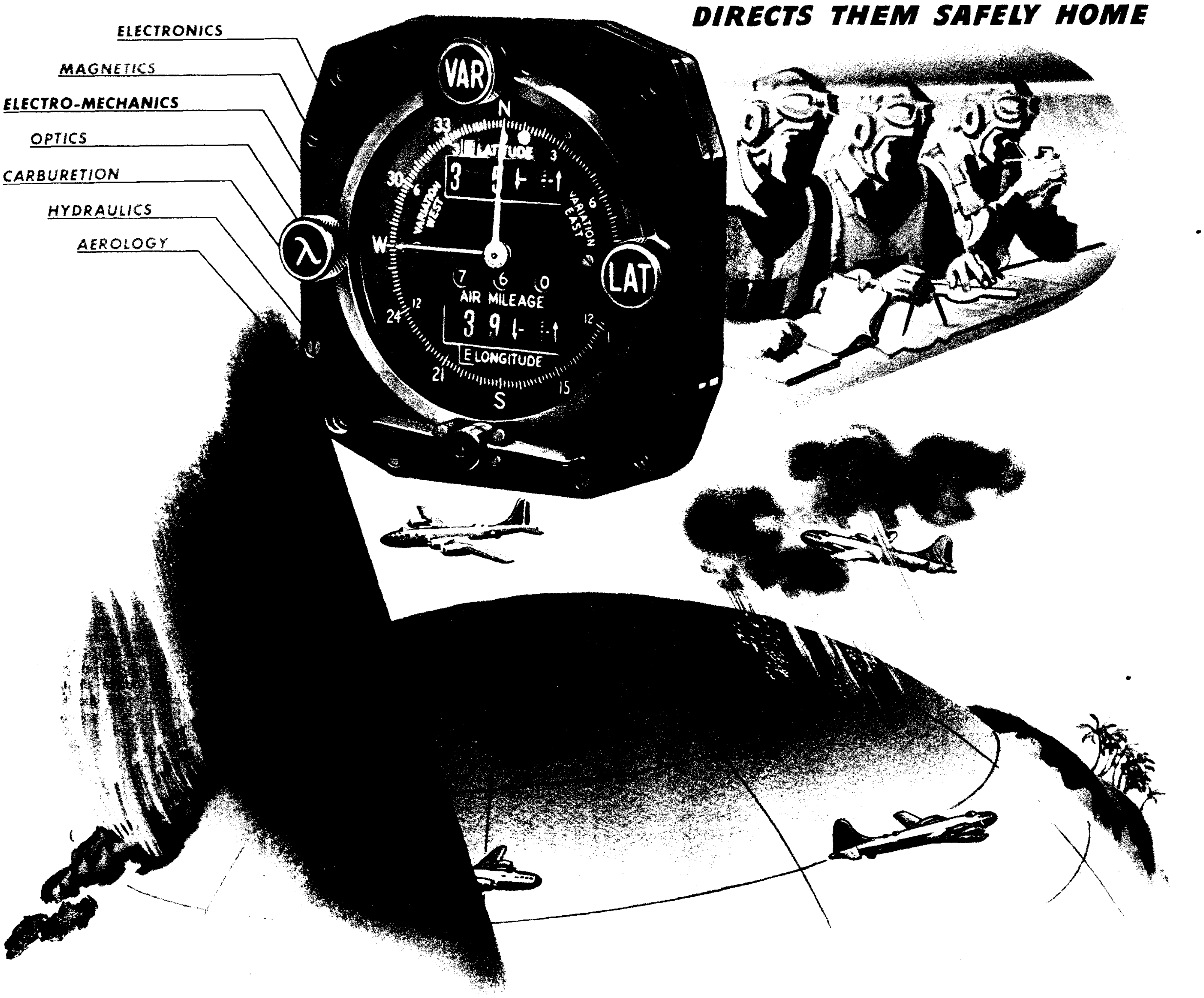
AIR POSITION INDICATOR PLACES PLANES ON TARGET AND DIRECTS THEM SAFELY HOME



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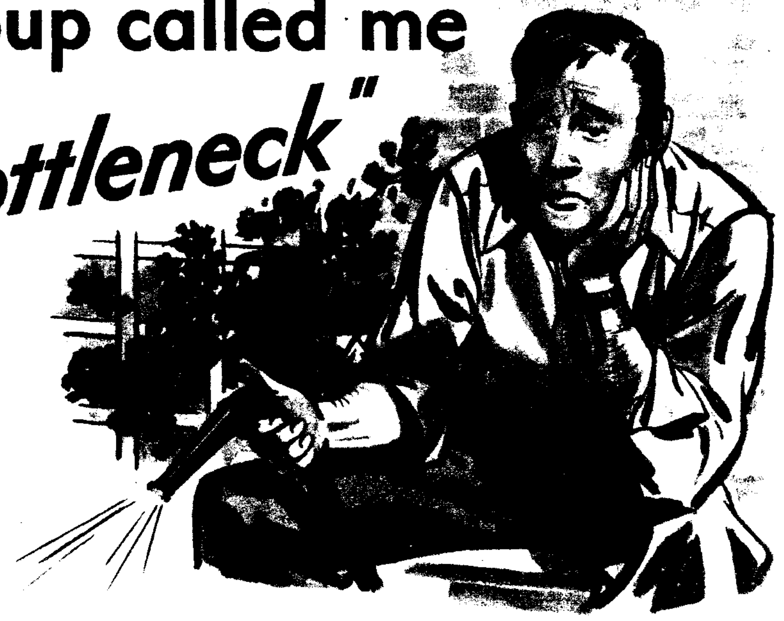
My share-the-ride group called me "Bottleneck"



When we started our share-the-ride group two years ago, we had a nice, chummy little group. Everything ran smoothly, and we got along swell. Wednesday nights we'd meet after work for dinner and bowling.

A couple of months ago things began to go haywire—on account of my car. Twice in a row, on my day to drive, it wouldn't start. And just last week it quit on the way to work. The boys started calling me "Bottleneck!"

That made me decide to do something about it. I took the old bus in to the service station down the street and told them to give her a thorough tune-up and inspection. Now she runs like a dream—and I'm going to keep her that way.

DON'T MISS YOUR SPRING TUNE-UP

With cars getting older, it's more important than ever to take care of minor repairs promptly—get a thorough inspection regularly. *And don't overlook your Spring Tune-up.* You'll find your nearby United Motors Service station an excellent headquarters for "keeping old cars young." All parts used for repairs are *original-equipment parts.*

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Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

Executive officer of VTN-41, Lt. Wm. P. Phelps did some heroic flying in the second battle of the Philippines. He was in the air 17½ out of forty-eight hours

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. NAVY

GENERAL MACARTHUR had landed on Leyte and was driving hard for control of the island when scattered reports came in from guerrillas, Army search planes and submarines, of approaching Jap naval forces. No one seemed quite sure of the composition of the forces or just where they were headed, but it was definite that the enemy was somewhere in the inner islands of the Philippine archipelago. It seemed that they had two major units which might combine strength somewhere near the west coast of Leyte. The Japs were lucky enough to be able to run in behind some heavy weather, so search planes were driven home early, without uncovering the Nip strategy.

Prior to this time, the Avenger night torpedo bombers—VTNs—had had little to do: just a few routine night patrols, and one major action—a predawn strike on Formosa. Now their job was to find and trail the Jap fleet unit which was believed to be approaching the west coast of Leyte from the north. This part of the Philippines was ideal for Jap strategy: three channels between large islands, wide enough for easy maneuvering, narrow enough for cover on a bad night.

The torpeckers knew they would have to depend almost entirely on their own vision—plus the ability of their rear-seat men—to catch the slight difference between a ship and a small island. They knew the Japs were smart enough to know this, too.

But the VTNs did find the Jap fleet, and their reports proved completely accurate, not only as to the course and speed of the enemy, but also as to its disposition in large and small ships. Ensign Jack Dewis, a curly-haired, laughing youngster from Interlaken, N. J., first spotted the Nips and now wears an Air Medal.

The shadowing started the night before the now-famous Second Battle of the Philippines. During the entire time, the weather was bad enough by day, even worse at night; high, ever-dangerous thunderheads, fast-rising squalls, densely overcast skies that shut out the faint but welcome starlight. Planes and pilots were not plentiful, but the job had to be done. One grizzled veteran of twenty-five, Lieutenant Bill Phelps, a husky, handsome Lochinvar from Salinas, Calif., was actually flying seventeen and a half hours out of forty-eight, nearly all at night, and the strain was terrific.

Flying by dead reckoning through the very worst of this weather, Phelps located the Jap fleet, which evidently did not like the idea of being spotted twice. The battleships opened up with everything they had—big AA and tracer-spersed light stuff that rocked and bounced the plane; star shells lighted up the whole area for seconds that seemed an eternity. By jinking and shifting altitude, Bill got through.

But now he was lost in the midst of the thickening, rain-sodden clouds. Up to 9,000 feet to get over the weather, the plane suddenly hit a thunderhead. In a flash the heavy Avenger went over in a spin. Below was the huge enemy task force in the midst of Jap-held islands. Back in the rear-seat compartment crouched the two crewmen, Aviation Radioman Bill Hetman, of Irvington, N. J., and Aviation Ordnanceman Ralph Milliron, of Du Bois, Pa. They had no idea how high they had been flying and waited for the ground or the sea to come up and hit them.

There was a lurch, and the plane started to straighten out. It was still half on its nose, but slowly it leveled off at 2,000 feet, and the crewmen heard the welcome tones of Phelps' voice over the radio: "Are you all right?"

But this was not all for Bill Phelps and his crew that night. He headed for home. Mentally and physically exhausted, he nevertheless found the carrier—but was waved off by the landing signal officer. Suddenly collecting himself as he saw he was too far up the flight deck, Phelps gave his huge plane the gun just as his wheels touched. Somehow he half flew, half bounced over the barrier, those taut wires that catch the plane before it can crash into the planes parked forward. Ahead were two planes, ready for launching, one with its wings spread, half covering the deck. Miraculously, the Avenger, despite the drag of the exposed wheels and flaps, skidded through, nicking the prop of the starboard fighter and, with a sudden dip, disappeared over the side. This all happened in a fraction of a second and with such limited visibility that no one knew for sure just what had happened, until, unbelievably, the familiar red and green running lights appeared off the starboard bow.

With the instinctive skill of a great pilot and the helping hand of the Lord, Bill Phelps had pulled the plane to safety. Ten minutes later he came aboard; his crewmen still white with fright. It was another ten minutes more before Bill could move from the cockpit. . . .

LIEUT. C. COLBURN HARDY, USNR

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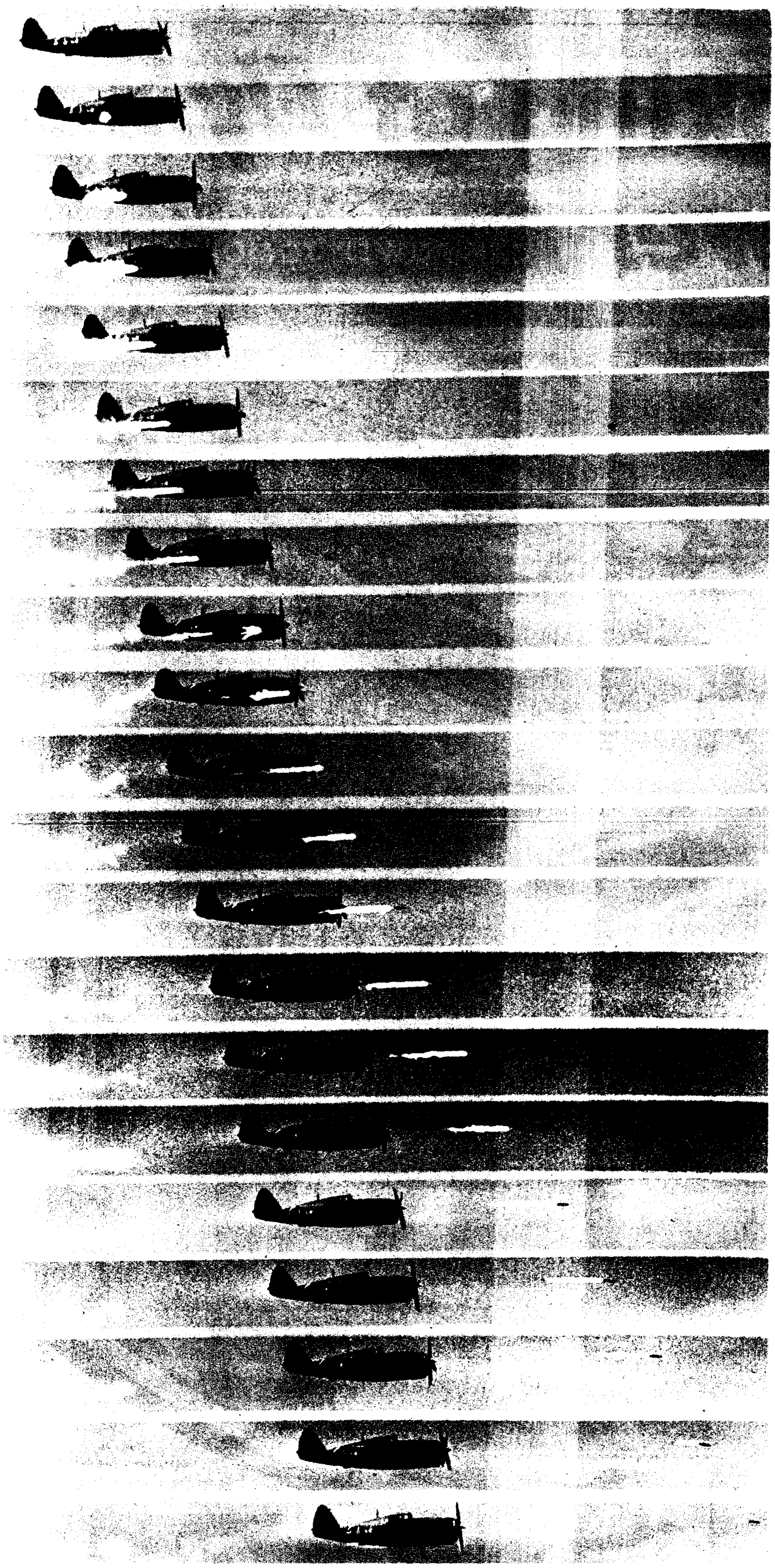

Succession pictures taken by a "ribbon frame" camera, showing a wing rocket getting under way and speeding toward the enemy at about 13 miles a minute. This camera was developed by Bell Telephone Laboratories.

Photographing a ROCKET at 800 miles an hour

ONE outstanding weapon of this war is the rocket, now used by our fighting forces on land and sea and in the air.

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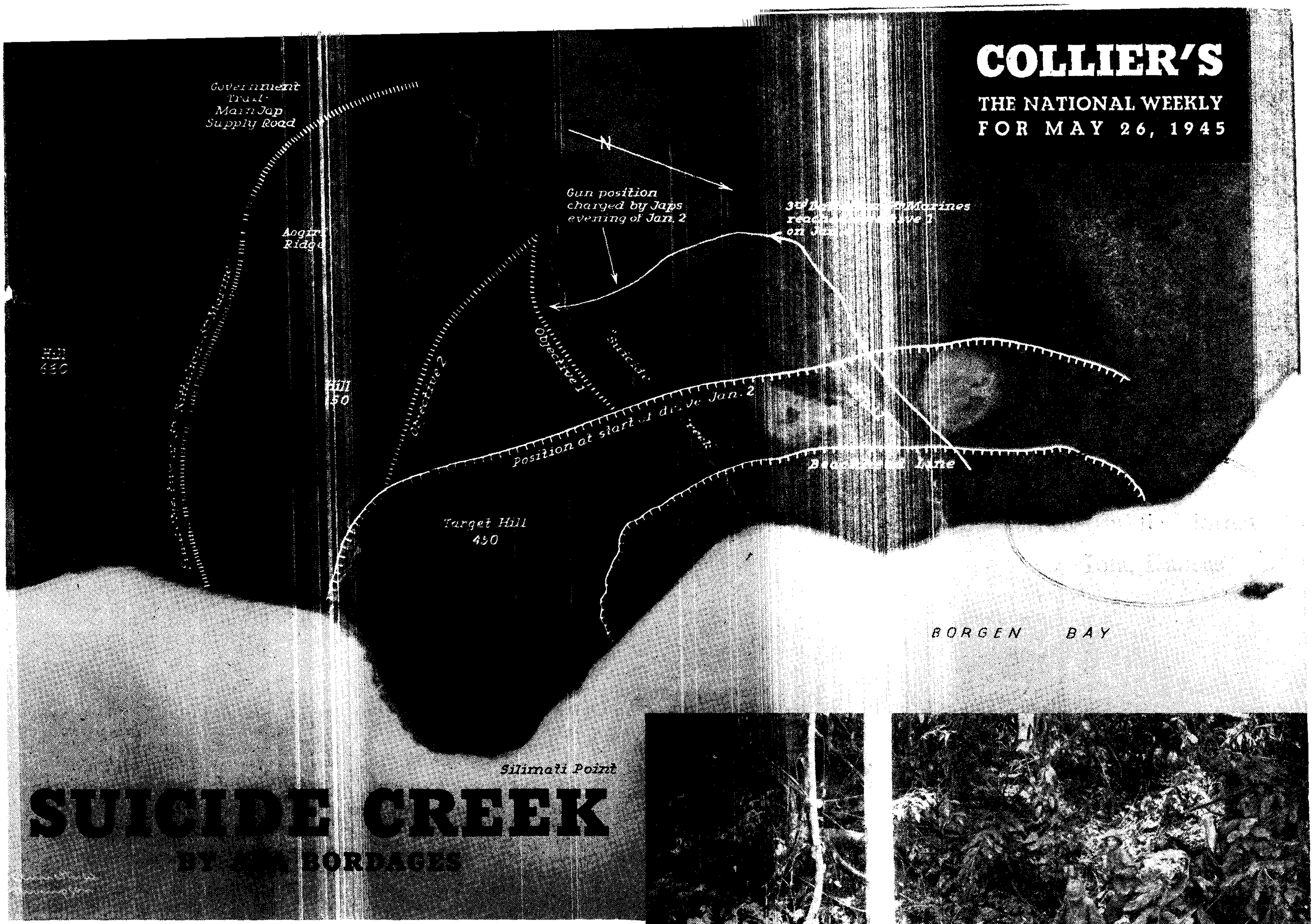
COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR MAY 26, 1945

SUICIDE CREEK

BY [illegible] BORDAGES


Government Trail-Main Jap Supply Road
N
Gun position charged by Japs evening of Jan. 2
3d Bn ... Marines reach ... ive 1 on Ja
Aogiri Ridge
Hill 660
Hill 150
Objective 2
Objective 1
Suicide Creek
Position at start of drive Jan. 2
Target Hill 450
Beachhead Line
BORGEN BAY
Silimati Point

MAP BY KENNETH THOMPSON

Here begins a gripping account of how our Marines fought and died in the jungle. The author participated in the savage Cape Gloucester operation, of which the battle he describes step by step was a part

I

THE battle lasted nine days. It took the Marines that long to fight their way through the jungle a distance a man might stroll in an hour. It was on Cape Gloucester, New Britain Island. It may not have been as bad as the later battle of Iwo but it was worse than the worst of Guadalcanal.

The Marines who won them both say so. They say, "This time we bought a corner lot in hell."

"Pop" Haney says it was worse than that. He is a sun-dried little man: Platoon Sergeant St. Elmo Murray Haney, as hard as hobnails, with more battles under his belt than most Marines have years of service. He fought in this same regiment in World War I. He remembers that Belleau Wood was vastly bigger and lasted longer. He remembers titanic artillery duels in Belleau Wood and many, many times more casualties. But, Pop Haney says, "I never saw anything worse than this."

It was only part of a battle, really; only one battalion's part in the Marines' general offensive against Hill 660. But if this battalion had not pushed the right flank of our line as far as they did, if they had not captured a concealed enemy stronghold on a ridge that did not show on our maps, then the American lives paid for Hill 660 might have been spent in vain. For the ridge controls the jeep-wide Government Trail that runs through the jungle below it. And that trail was the supply artery for Japanese defense or counterattack on Hill 660. The chances are we could not have held 660, with that fortified ridge in enemy hands so close on our flank.

That is what the strategists say. They call Hill 660 the lock that secures our grip on Borgen Bay; on Cape Gloucester and the airdrome. They call that ridge the key to the lock. The Japanese called it Aogiri Ridge in orders that said it must be held at all costs.

The enemy was a veteran battalion of Japan's 141st Infantry Regiment, battle-seasoned troops who had been cited by General Masaharu Homma for valor at Bataan. They were well fed, well supplied, sure of victory, still carrying the loot of Manila in their packs. They were on the defensive, dug in—which in the jungle means they had all the aces.

Concealed Enemy Stronghold

The enemy could pick the spots where the Marines had to fight. All the Japs had to do was wait in hidden pillboxes so well camouflaged you might walk over them without knowing they were there. All they had to do was wait, with plenty of food, plenty of ammunition, in comparative comfort, until the Marines came groping through the jungle into the enemy line of fire. Then the Japs could cut them up without the Marines ever seeing a target to shoot at. That happened repeatedly.

The Third Battalion of the 5th Marines landed a week after the invasion began. They were detached from their regiment; brigaded with another outfit. As they lay in their first night's bivouac, the folks back home were celebrating New Year's Eve. The Marines couldn't have lights. They didn't have music. They couldn't smoke. Some of them sat around chewing the fat, arguing the same old questions: Whether Georgia is better than Pennsylvania. Whether blondes are better than redheads. Whether liberty is better in New York than L.A. Questions Marines can argue for hours.

Our left flank for the offensive against Hill 660 rested on the shores of Borgen Bay. The line ran crookedly inland into the jungle. The Third Battalion was moved to the right end of the line. It was commanded by Lieutenant Colonel David S. McDougal, of Coronado, California. He led it into battle January 2d.

The battalion was spread over a front of 500 yards. It moved slowly through the jungle, groping for the enemy through the forest of trees 100 feet high and higher, some of them twenty feet or more around; giant trees that shut out the day. The jungle was dense with undergrowth, with tangles of brush and vine so tough, so thick in places, that a man would have had trouble cutting through with a machete. The Marines could not see the snipers shooting at them as they advanced. A man could see only the trees and brush. A man could only walk on slowly through the jungle, waiting for the next shot; trying not to think that he might be dead before he could take another step. Fingers of living men pushed into the jungle as you might spread your own fingers and push them into a tub of dough.

Pfc. Jim Moore of Lucedale, Mississippi, was one of them. He was 26, older than most of them, a married man with three children. He'd never seen his youngest child. Now he was in his first battle. Jim didn't have to be there. He could have stayed safe at home. All he ever said was, "Some things a man's got to do."

He was a funny guy. A kind of religious

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More than once the waters of Suicide Creek ran red. All the Japs had to do was wait, hidden in deep jungle undergrowth, till the Marines came groping through into their field of fire. (Map above shows development of the nine-day battle)

It was impossible to deliver supplies by truck or jeep. Even Alligators couldn't go all the way. Marines lugged food and ammunition on the last leg to the lines

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. MARINE CORPS

guy. Not that he ever bothered anybody with it. He never cracked at the men for bawdy talk, for carousing on liberty or anything like that. He just didn't do those things himself. All he seemed to care about was his wife Nancy and the kids and getting the job done so he could go home to Mississippi.

He was the first man of his company hit. A sniper got him in the head. He had time for only four words. Even then Jim Moore didn't swear.

"Gosh," he said, "they got me."

The others went on. One man wondered *if you ever heard the shot that killed you.* He couldn't remember how fast sound traveled. It bothered him all day.

They went on. The invisible snipers kept pecking at them. A man here, a man there. Not much of a toll in the casualty lists, but the end of the world for the boy with a hole between his eyes. He didn't have time even to be surprised.

Corporal Charles F. Somerville, 22, of Clarksburg, West Virginia, happened to glance up and see a rifleman aiming at him. The West Virginian fired first. The rifleman fell.

An officer yelled, "Be careful! Marines are down there!"

Corporal Somerville spat. "If he was a Marine, he oughta known better than sight in on me."

It wasn't a Marine. It was the first Jap killed in the battle.

Vengeance with a Machete

Sometimes the sniper fire was heavy enough to hold up a squad or a platoon. One sniper shot eight Marines before they could spot him in a tree. Tommy guns blasted him out. They tell of a sniper who got twenty *Marines, killed and wounded, and then tried* to escape. He didn't make it. A Marine saw him. The Marine had a machete.

Sergeant Harrison E. Ludy, 22, of Binghamton, New York, walked into four Japs. They whipped up their rifles, but Ludy's tommy gun was blasting as he dived. He got two—and a wound in the foot. He was the maddest man in New Britain.

They went on. The Japs were pounding them with mortars. It took all a man had to stick; just to hug the deck and wait for the next shell to hit. You feel sometimes that dying wouldn't be as hard, really, as waiting for that next shell.

They came to "Suicide Creek." It had no name and it was not on the map, but that is what the Marines called it after they had fought two days in vain to win a crossing.

The creek is swift, two or three feet deep, perhaps twenty feet across at the widest, twisting between steep banks. It flows over rocks that make footing difficult, and here and there a tree has fallen into the stream. The banks rise steeply from ten to twenty feet, up to little ridges in the jungle.

The Marines didn't know the creek was a moat before an enemy strong point. They couldn't see that the heavy growth across *the creek was salted with pillboxes—machine-gun* emplacements armored with dirt and logs, some of them dug several stories deep, all carefully spotted so they could sweep the slope and both banks of the stream with interlacing fire.

Only snipers shot at the Marine scouts who crossed the creek, feeling their way through the thickets. More Marines followed, down into the creek, up the steep bank, on into the jungle. Then they got it. The jungle exploded in their faces. They hit the deck, trying to deploy in the bullet-lashed brush, trying to strike back. Marines died there, firing blindly, cursing because they couldn't see the men who were killing them. Or not saying anything. Just dying. The others could only hug the ground as bullets cut the brush just above their heads, like a sweeping blade of fire. They couldn't even help the wounded.

Snipers picked off some of them as they lay there. It's perfect for snipers when machine guns are firing. Then you can't hear the sound of their rifles. You can't hear the single pop above the heavier fire. You don't know you're a target until you're hit.

From the American side of Suicide Creek, Marines gave the trapped platoon overhead fire. The idea is to fling such a volume of fire at the enemy's position that he must hug cover and slacken his fire. The overhead fire spread an umbrella of bullets above the pinned-down platoon, enabling them to crawl out, crawl back across the creek, pulling out their wounded.

That's how it went all day as Marine detachments felt their way in the jungle; felt for a gap or a soft spot in the enemy's positions along the creek. They would be hit and pull back, and then detachments would push across the creek at other points, seeking a weak spot in the enemy's defenses. Then they'd be blasted by invisible machine guns, and leave a few more Marines dead in the brush as they fell back across the creek. Then they'd do it all over again.

There was nothing else they could do. There is no other way to fight a jungle battle; not in such terrain; not when the enemy is dug in and your orders are to advance. You don't know where the enemy is. His pillboxes are so camouflaged, you can find them usually only when they fire on you. So you push out scouts and small patrols, until they're fired on. Then you push out patrols from different directions until they, too, draw fire. Thus you locate the enemy. Then you have to take the emplacements, the pillboxes, one by one in desperate little battles. A lot of men get hit. Men die without ever getting a chance to fire a shot. But it is the only way you can do the job.

A Day to Remember

Pfc. Calvin B. King, 20, of Pen Mar, Pennsylvania, remembers his platoon crossed the creek four times in a single day and four times had to stumble back under enemy fire. And not until the last time did they see a Jap.

"That time we got maybe a hundred and fifty feet into the brush and then we saw them coming at us," he said. "They had slipped around and were coming in from our flank to wipe us out. There were a lot of 'em. I don't know how many. It looked like they was everywhere.

"They didn't make a sound. They were just coming at us through the trees. We were firing, but they kept coming at us. There was too many of them to stop. We had to pull out. Machine guns were shooting at us from everywhere. And all them Japs coming. We'd pull back a little way and stop and fire, and then we'd fall back a little more.

"Somebody was saying, 'Steady . . . Steady there . . .' But I don't know who it was. I just kept firing. You don't think about nothing. You just shoot. Guys were getting hit. We had to pull them along with us. You can't leave a wounded guy for the Japs to get. The things they do to 'em . . ."

There was a private first class from Oakland, California. He was blinded by powder burns. He couldn't know it was only temporary. All he could know was that he was blind in the middle of a battle. He was saying, "I can't see." He was fumbling around, trying to feel his way in the brush. The bullets were cutting all around, and he was trying to crawl away. But he couldn't tell which way to crawl. He kept saying, "I can't see." He didn't ask anybody to stop fighting, to help him. He just hung on to his rifle, like they tell you to, and tried to crawl out, but he couldn't see where to crawl.

(Continued on page 59)

Polakowski of Wilkes-Barre, Pa. He beat black despair with grim humor

E. L. Rochester of Camden, N. J. His legs gave up but his heart kept on

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. MARINE CORPS

1st Lt. Elisha Atkins (Tommy Harvard)—"very quiet and polite as hell"

"We Were Never Nazis!"

You might have thought there were no Nazis left at all when the American armored columns pushed into the Reich, but there were plenty of whiners around

BY MARTHA GELLHORN

Himmler hailed by a cheering crowd at a Nuremberg rally before the war. Today most Germans deny they were Nazis

RADIOED FROM GERMANY

NO ONE is a Nazi. No one ever was. There may have been some Nazis in the next village, and, as a matter of fact, in that town about twenty kilometers away it was a veritable hotbed of Nazidom. To tell you the truth confidentially, there were a lot of Communists here. Oh, the Jews? Well, there weren't really many Jews in this neighborhood. I hid a Jew for six weeks. I hid a Jew for eight weeks. All God's chillun hid Jews.

We have been waiting for the Americans. You came to befriend us. The Nazis are *Schweinhunde*. The Wehrmacht wants to give up but they do not know how. No. I have no relatives in the army. I worked on the land. I worked in a factory. That boy wasn't in the army, either; he was sick. Ach! How we have suffered! The bombs. We lived in the cellars for weeks. We have done nothing wrong. We were never Nazis! . . .

It would sound better if it were set to music. Then the Germans could sing this refrain. They all talk like this. One asks oneself how the Nazi government to which no one paid allegiance managed to carry on this war for five and a half years. Obviously not a man, woman or child in Germany ever approved of the war.

A People Lost to Pride

On the other hand, we are not having any of this story and we stand around looking blank and contemptuous, and we listen without friendliness and certainly without respect. To see a whole nation passing the buck is not an enlightening spectacle. At night the Germans take pot shots at Americans or string wires across roads, apt to be fatal to men driving jeeps. They burn the houses of Germans who accept posts in our Military Government or they booby-trap ammunition dumps or motorcycles or anything that is likely to be touched. But that is at night. In the daytime we are the answer to the German prayer.

At the moment we are sitting on the west bank of the Rhine facing the Ruhr pocket. The Germans here are peeved and wish us to push the pocket back ten miles so they will no longer be troubled by their own artillery, which fires into their villages whenever it can spare some shells. The 504th Regiment of the 82d Airborne Division sent a company across the Rhine in landing craft one night and took and held a town for thirty-six hours. On the other side was the Wehrmacht, which was not giving up by any manner of means.

The company of paratroopers drew onto themselves a great deal of attention—two German divisions, it was estimated. This relieved pressure at another part of the front but the company lost heavily. When they got back, two officers and four sergeants were decorated with the Silver Star. This ceremony took place in a nondescript street amidst brick rubble and fallen telephone wires outside the regimental command post. The six who received medals were not dressed for the occasion. They had come directly from their work. Their faces were like gray stone from weariness, and their eyes were not like eyes you will see every day around you, and no one was talking about what he'd seen across the river.

The German civilians looked with wonder at this row of dirty, silent men standing in the street. It makes little or no difference to anyone around here whether the Germans are Nazis or not; they can talk their heads off; sing The Star-Spangled Banner. They are still Germans and they are not liked. No one has forgotten yet that our dead stretch back all the way to Africa.

The villages along the Rhine here are in pretty good shape. In the middle, of course, is Cologne, one of the great morgues of the world, but, by and large, these adjacent villages have nothing to complain of. There is food and clothing, coal, bedding, all household equipment and livestock. The Germans are nice and fat, too; clean, orderly and industrious. They carry on their normal lives within seven hundred yards of their army which is now their enemy.

The burgomasters whom we appoint rule the people by decrees which we publish and slap up on the walls. The Germans seem to love decrees and they stand in line busily to read anything new that appears. We went to call on one burgomaster of a front-line village; he was, he said, a Communist and a half-Jew and he may be, for all I know, but it is amazing how many Communists and half-Jews there are in Germany. He was a workingman before and he says there are plenty of people in the village who are furious about him being burgomaster; he has got above himself, they think, just because of the Americans.

If the Americans fired him he would be killed, he said. He stated this in a perfectly matter-of-fact way.

We said, "Then that means the people here are Nazis."

"No, no," he said. "It is that they think I have too good a position."

He spoke with some despair about the future of Germany and finished by saying that America must help Germany to recover. We listened to this remark with surprise and asked him why. He admitted that perhaps we had a reason to hate Germany, but the Germans were relying on our well-known humanitarianism.

"Nuts," said a sergeant who spoke German.

"Translate nuts," said a lieutenant.

The burgomaster went on to say that if the Americans did not occupy Germany for fifty years, there would be war again.

"Some man," he said, "with a bigger mouth than Hitler will come along and promise them everything, and they will follow, and there will be war again."

"I believe him," said the lieutenant.

"I'd just as soon leave him a little present when we go," the sergeant said. "I'd just as soon slip him in his pocket a hand grenade with the pin pulled—him and all the others."

"They Asked for It"

After the tidy villages, Cologne is hard to believe. We are not shocked by it, which only goes to prove that if you see enough of anything, you stop noticing it. In Germany when you see absolute devastation you do not grieve. We have grieved for many places in many countries, but this is not one of the countries. Our soldiers say, "They asked for it."

Between two mountains of broken brick and backed by a single jagged wall, a German had set up a pushcart and was selling tulips, narcissuses and daffodils. The flowers looked a little mad in this *décor,* and considering there are no houses to put flowers in, the whole setup seemed odd. Two young men on bicycles rode up, and one of them bought a bunch of tulips. We asked him what he wanted tulips for, and he said he was Dutch. So of course he needed the tulips. He had been in forced labor in this city for three years. He and his friend came from Rotterdam. Anything that happened to Cologne was all right with them.

The flower vendor then came over to talk. He made very little money, but before we came, he sold his flowers to the hospitals as well as to some old customers. He was alone in the world now. His family, forty-two of them including his grandparents and parents, his wife and children, his sisters and their children and husbands, had all been buried in one cellar during one air raid. He brought pictures out of his wallet.

The two soldiers and I sat in the jeep and wondered why he talked to us; if forty-two members of our families had been killed by German bombs we would not talk pleasantly to Germans.

A crowd gathered around us; since no one speaks to Germans except on official business, you can collect a crowd anywhere simply by saying *"Guten Tag."* This desire to be chummy baffles us as much as anything. The crowd was varied and everyone talked at once. I asked them when things had started to go bad in Germany. I had a private bet with myself on the answer and I won. Things have been bad in Germany since 1933, they all said loudly.

I said, "No, I am talking about since the war. Since 1941 it has been bad. Why?"

"Because of the bombs."

"Danke schön," said I. Then I asked what form of government they hoped for after the war.

"Democracy," they cried.

But one day in another village it came out much better than that and much more truly;

(Continued on page 36)

House on a Hill

a short short story complete on this page • • • By Jean Kinkead

JANE walked slowly through the house. She touched a book lying on the table, and she stood a minute looking at the country landscape in water colors that was over the mantel. Gently she let her fingers run over the sleek pine frame, and she thought for a minute of taking the picture and adding it to the few things she had put in her car. But she let her hand drop away and she decided not to take it after all.

The phone rang, and she picked it up. "Hello." Her voice was soft and rather warmer than you'd expect. She was so tall and slim, so cool and dignified. "Someone has put a deposit on the house," she was saying. "They're coming this afternoon to arrange the final details."

The boy's voice on the other end was young and disappointed. "Gee," he said simply, and then he said: "The ad sounded red hot." A pause, and then: "I'm sure sorry," as if he couldn't quite bear to hang up. She didn't know why she said what she did then, but suddenly it was out.

"Would you like to come up and see it anyway, just in case things shouldn't go through this afternoon?" Then she was giving directions for the bus, describing the orange grove where you got off, and the little country road that forked off to your right. "It's on a hill," she finished.

And then she was sitting in the flagstone courtyard, reading over the ad and now and then looking into the distance, anxious for the boy to come. "House on a hill," the ad read. "Small and white. Three sunny bedrooms, garden in bloom, brook. For sale completely furnished." It *was* a nice ad, she thought.

She heard the car coming from far off, and the clipping slipped from her fingers. It was the Devoes, of course, and she knew what she would say.

She heard the car on the driveway then, and she walked quickly out of the courtyard.

"I'm going to have to return your deposit," she said, after she had greeted them. "I've had a perfectly ridiculous offer for the house, and I simply can't afford not to take it."

Mrs. Devoe's head jerked up. "But that's not fair," she blazed.

Mr. Devoe put out a fat hand soothingly. "Take it easy," he said. "It was part of the agreement that either of us could still change our minds." He faced Jane then, a smile creasing his round face. "Just how ridiculous was that offer?" he asked her.

Jane held her breath and plunged. "Twenty thousand dollars," she said. "The people want it more than anything on earth. They've kind of lost their minds about it."

"Twenty thousand dollars!" Mrs. Devoe's eyes were wide under her too-thin brows, and her too-red lips stayed parted as she backed toward the car. They had offered her twelve thousand, and Jane had thought that was a lot of money.

Presently they were gone, and she looked after them, wondering what had possessed her; knowing only that she couldn't have let them have her house. Not for a hundred thousand dollars!

AT LAST the boy was coming up the hill, and he had a girl by the hand. They were laughing together, and when they came closer, Jane could see that he limped a little, and that the girl was going to have a baby. Not soon. She probably still thought that no one could tell. "Hello," they said, and they were both a little shy.

"The house is still available," Jane told them quickly, and smiled because you couldn't look at them and not smile. Their happiness was something you could reach out and touch. Then she hardened her heart against them, thinking: They haven't a dime between them, and I'm not going to be a complete damn' fool. And showing them the living room with its wide floor boards and big old fireplace, she averted her eyes from the girl's bright, childlike face.

The sun was streaming into the little dining room. The girl straightened one of the chairs, smiling at Jane after she'd done it.

"We've always wanted a small dining room," she said, her voice rich and low.

Jane looked back at her then, unsmiling; thinking that there was something a little vulgar about naked happiness, wanting suddenly to ask them to go away.

They went upstairs, and the same feeling—a strange bitter mixture of possessiveness and envy—grew, until she hesitated in the bedroom doorway, not wanting them to go in. Then at last she stepped inside, a pulse knocking hard in her throat.

"This is the master bedroom," she said quietly. The wide bed stood alongside a great picture window that looked out on the rolling California countryside. Jane remembered then how bright the stars had been from that window; how bright the morning sun.

"Imagine looking out into the deep, quiet night, and in the morning watching the fogs lift . . ." The girl whispered the words; the boy turned and looked at her for a second.

Jane shut her mind to them and concentrated on speaking matter-of-factly. "This next little room is a sort of study," she said. It was always the hardest room to show. There was a desk in it and drawing boards, and on the walls some water colors. One was a portrait of a little red-haired boy with a short, blunt nose and a wide mouth.

"Is that your child?" the girl asked, turning her bright face to Jane.

"I haven't any children," Jane said. She hadn't meant to sound so harsh.

The brightness left the girl's face, and it grew shadowed and confused. "He looks so like you," she faltered, and then plunged on, "I mean the hair—"

"Shut up," the boy said then, tightly. "Will you shut up, baby!"

"He is just an imaginary child," Jane said, making her voice light. She didn't look at the picture. "I've always thought," she went on, "that this would make a sweet baby's room. It's sunny almost all the day."

The moment was past, and the girl's face was happy again. "Oh, it would," she said. "Oh, yes, it would."

They looked at the guest room, and then Jane took them downstairs, and finally they were sitting in the white chairs in the courtyard. And Jane was remembering another time she'd sat there; was remembering a deep voice in the dusk, a man's dear warm voice in an August twilight. "Our own three acres of earth, my darling, and our own three acres of sky. I wonder which is our star. . . ." She remembered quiet laughter and the familiar touch of hand on hand. The tears almost came then, but not quite. "If you could only cry, Janie," Doctor Woodward had told her, "you'd stop hurting so much." But she hadn't been able to at all. . . .

She sat straight and proud in her chair now; yet meeting the boy's eyes at last, she knew that he knew; knew that it was a secret they were keeping from the girl.

"We'd like to buy your house," he said softly. "I think we'd love it almost as much as you do."

Jane stiffened her spine again. She needed the money. She had a thousand obligations.

"It's not an inexpensive house," she said, her voice controlled. "I've had several good offers." Out of the corner of her eye she saw the girl's serene young face, the boy's thin hand with its gold wedding band; and the bitterness inside her had spent itself and was gone. She could look at them now and feel nothing but joy. They are us, she thought; all lovers are us.

"What do you want for it?" the boy was asking. It was on her tongue to say: Take it. It belongs to you. Have a gang of sunburned kids for us. But her spine was stiff, and she said, "Twelve thousand dollars."

"Oh," whispered the girl, and Jane misunderstood.

"It's too much," she said. It was a statement.

"Oh, it's not. Of course it's not," the girl said. "We were prepared to pay so much more."

"And I'd have let you have it for so much less."

They laughed then, and the good feeling of being one with them persisted.

The girl said, "When may we move in?"

"Today if you like," Jane told her. "I've taken all my things. There's some food in the icebox and linens in the closet. We can meet at my apartment later in the week and sign the papers and make it official."

THEY all shook hands then, and Jane stood a minute at the courtyard entrance, reluctant now to leave them.

"How long have you been back?" she asked the boy.

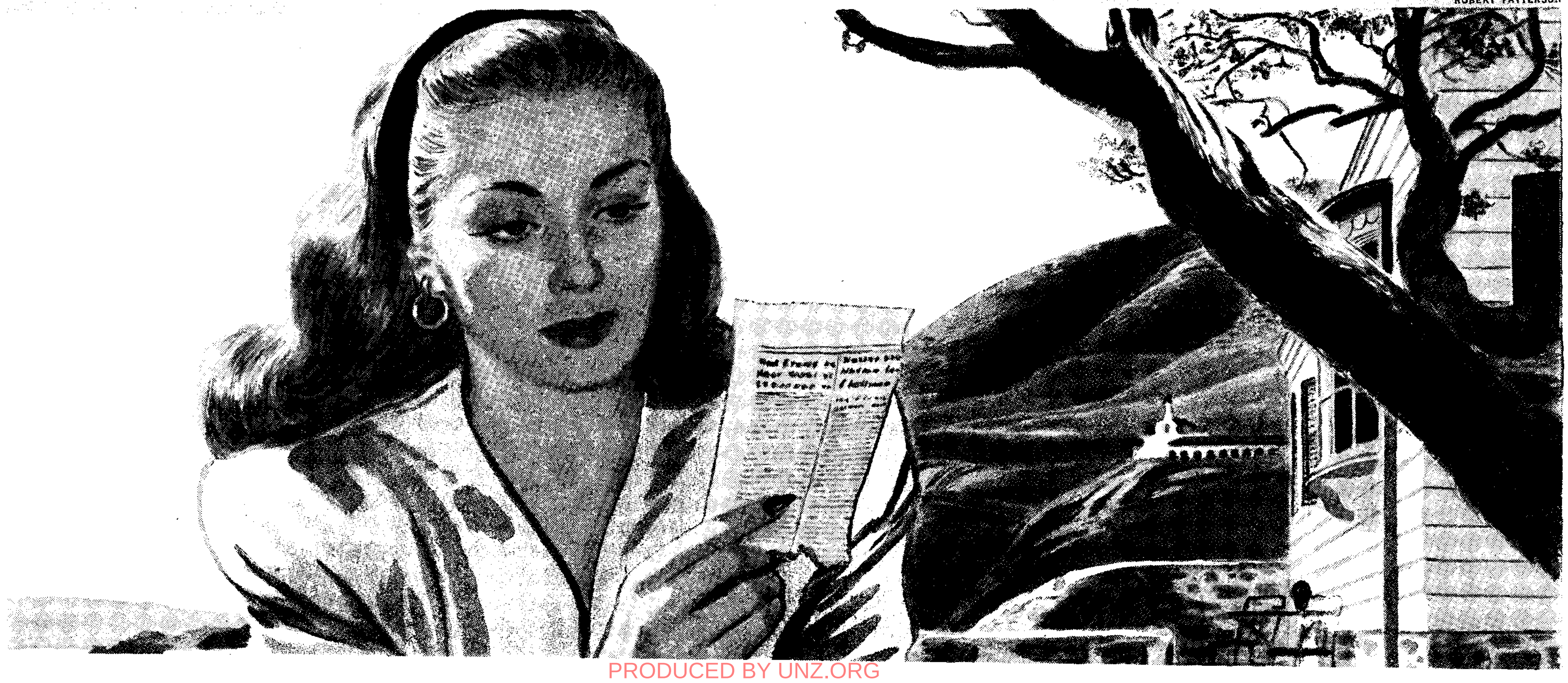
"Six months," he said. "I got this tin foot at Arnhem."

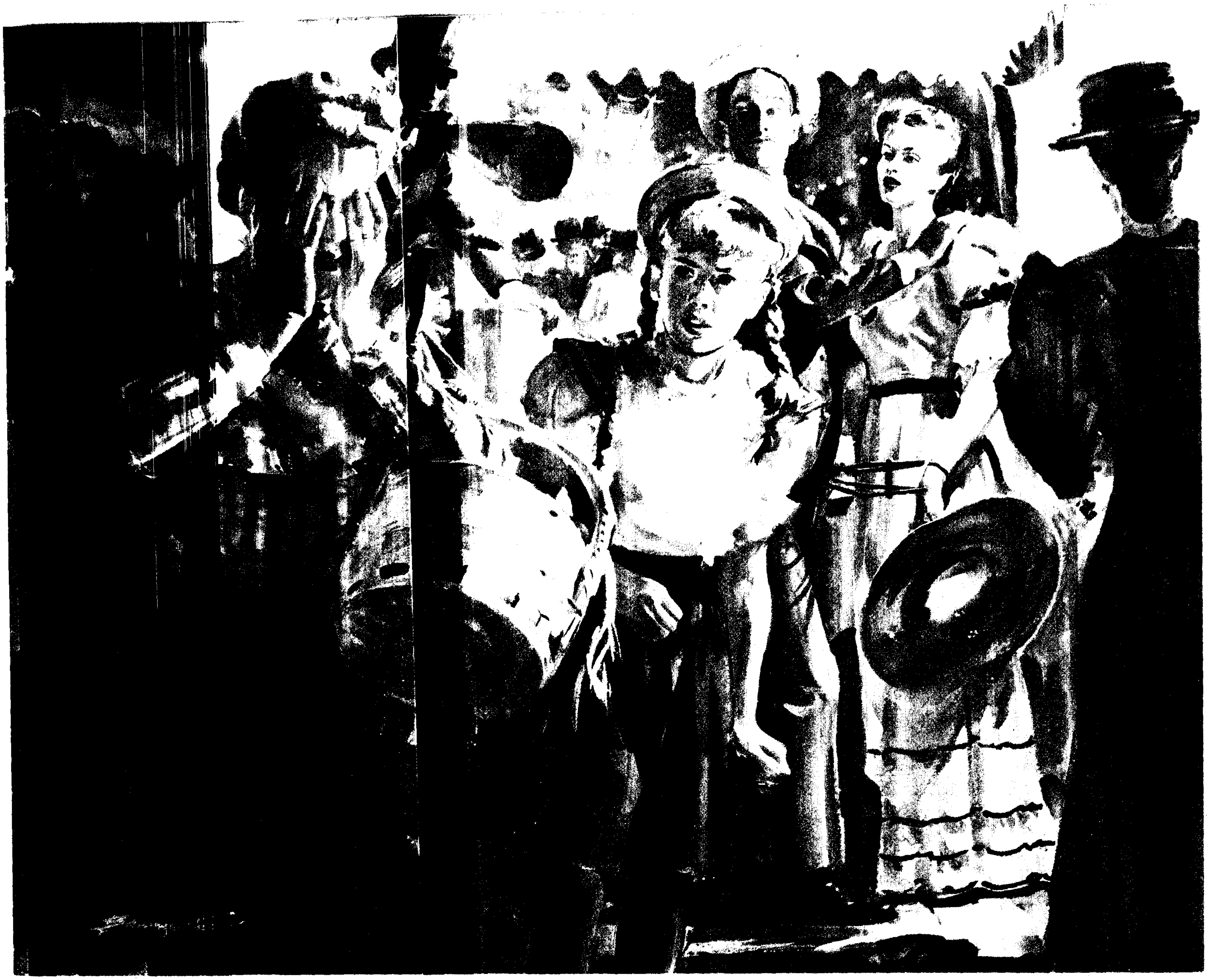
Jane's hand held the doorknob a little bit tighter. "Arnhem," she said evenly. "That was quite a show, they say."

She was gone then, quickly, and she didn't look back until she was in the car. Then, in the mirror, she could see the boy carrying the girl over the threshold. She drove carefully down the hill between the eucalyptus trees, and she was halfway into Santa Barbara before the tears came.

While she waited she read over the ad: "House on a hill. . . . Small and white. . . . Garden in bloom, brook. . . . For sale completely furnished. . . ."

ROBERT PATTERSON





Mother put her hands over her face and turned. She still had the picnic basket in her hand. "Mother," I said, "don't cry. Please don't"

Happiness AROUND HER

A child will cling to sunlight and laughter, to someone who brings warmth and excitement into a house. But Nora found out that very often real happiness can be kept only by giving it away

BY EILEEN DAVIS

FATHER said, "Goodby, Eulalie." **That's all I heard, because I** was crying. **I didn't see him kiss her, if** he did, and then the train came in with a great rush like a red-and-green-eyed dragon come to carry away all the wonderful people in the world. And that was the way I felt, that all the wonder was going when she left.

The porter put down the steps for her and I could barely see her feet and the top of her head because I was hidden behind some packing boxes and they didn't know I was there at all. She had on the golden hat that she had let me try on so many times, the most beautiful hat there ever was, and her feet made me cry. They were tiny, perfect in little brown kid slippers with beaded toes. They were so gay and they were taking her away forever from me and from Father. I knew that we would never see her again, that she was lost to us now, and the why of it was all mixed up with the darkness and the August moon that hung low over the prairie behind the train.

I saw her feet go up on tiptoe, and Father might have kissed her, although I think the only time he kissed her was at the carnival with Mother looking on, and then the train gave a shriek and started to move, a black streak across the moon. Father stood straight, his hat in his hand, watching it go. The other people at the station drifted away until we were alone and the light of the train was all you could see, getting smaller and smaller.

For some strange reason, I thought of Edmund then, the baby mouse that I had found in the spring and kept in the basement in an old breadbox. That was before Eulalie came, and then I started to cry again because everything was changed. I was fourteen now where I had been thirteen before, and I wanted—I wanted something so much that my throat ached. I wanted Father and Edmund, and most of all I wanted Eulalie back, but she couldn't be back, because there was Mother, and I wanted Mother to be happy, too.

Father's footsteps clicked toward me across the cobbles of the station platform and I stood back in the shadows, quivering, waiting for him to pass.

He stopped beyond the packing boxes. "Nora," he said softly, "come on out now. We're going home."

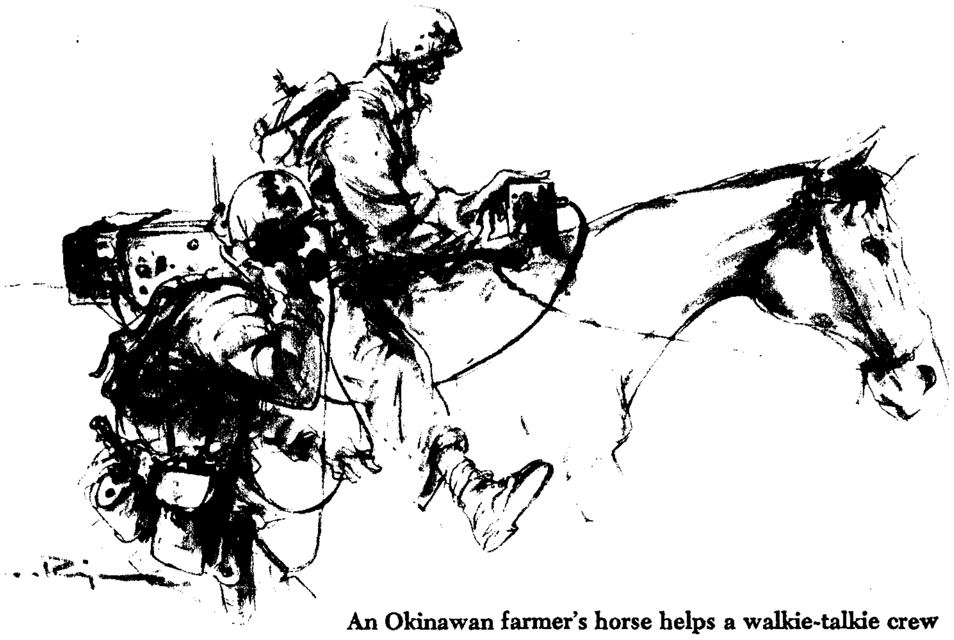
He had known I was there all along. That I was there watching him say goodby to the happy woman who had come to our house in the spring when the first green leaves were opening. . . .

She had seen the sign in our window, "Room for Rent," and she must have put her brown traveling case with the gold fittings inside down on the sidewalk for a minute while she looked at the house to see if it would do. I didn't see her when she came. I was at school and Father was at work, but Mother was waiting behind the fresh, white curtains, her dark hair in a tidy knot at the back of her neck. I don't think there was an untidy thing in the whole house at that moment except for Edmund in the cellar, in the corner of the breadbox, and Edmund was there only on sufferance.

He was a very young mouse when I had found him outside the back door hugged up against the house. It was an early spring day. Snow was still in patches on the ground, and I would have thought Edmund was a gray stone sitting there, but he moved, and I saw him for what he was—a baby separated from the rest of the litter before he could take care of himself. I carried him into the kitchen and as I carried him I began to like him quite a lot. "Mother," I said, "look. I found this little mouse outside."

(Continued on page 28)

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER



An Okinawan farmer's horse helps a walkie-talkie crew

[redacted]

OKINAWA

NEAR the town of Hizaonna on this forlorn island we met a leathery, toothless character whose name probably was Kima Ai, because as far as we were able to learn, every other male on Okinawa is named Kima Ai. Except for a shirt that couldn't have been new even when his grandfather got married in it, and a pair of sawed-off pants, this character was nude. But in his arms he carried a large bunch of rushes.

In a land of dumb misery, Mr. Kima caught our fancy at once, because he was all but gay. Before the United States Navy and the Marine Corps bombers had reduced Hizaonna to a cinder, Mr. Kima was doubtless one of its better-known citizens. He looked like a guy who wasted no time fooling around with dull respectability and in his time had doubtless been no slouch with the bottle and the ladies.

Just as we came abreast of Mr. Kima (who, incidentally, looked as if Chinese and Japs had contributed equally to his making), a Yank observation plane sauntered from behind a cloud. Mr. Kima smiled a little apologetically, squatted on his skinny bleached heels and cunningly spread his rushes fanlike in front and over him. He peered at the plane through his camouflage until it had lazed off in its search of targets. Then he rose, rebunched his rushes and seemed very pleased with himself that he should have fooled that pilot. Whereat he turned to us.

He bowed, not submissively as the other natives do, but ironically, as if to say that he knew just as well as we that the world was full of stuff and nonsense and that there was not much that any of us could do about it. Perhaps we looked to Mr. Kima to be the sort of citizen that he could get along with fine, because he put down his rushes and went into a dandy pantomime act.

Grasping two imaginary handles, he began to grind furiously, in the meantime nodding in the direction of a hilltop copse a couple of hundred yards down the road. Then, walking back and forth, he put the thumb end of his right fist against his mouth and began to talk. After that he took a couple of his rushes and, holding them at alert, stole catlike back and forth across the road, peering into imaginary thickets for imaginary enemies. It was all very clear to us.

Over in that hilltop copse, Mr. Kima was telling us, were a group of American soldiers who, in his opinion, were obviously demented. Not that he was personally alarmed, because (as we've said) Mr. Kima is convinced that the whole world is screwy anyway.

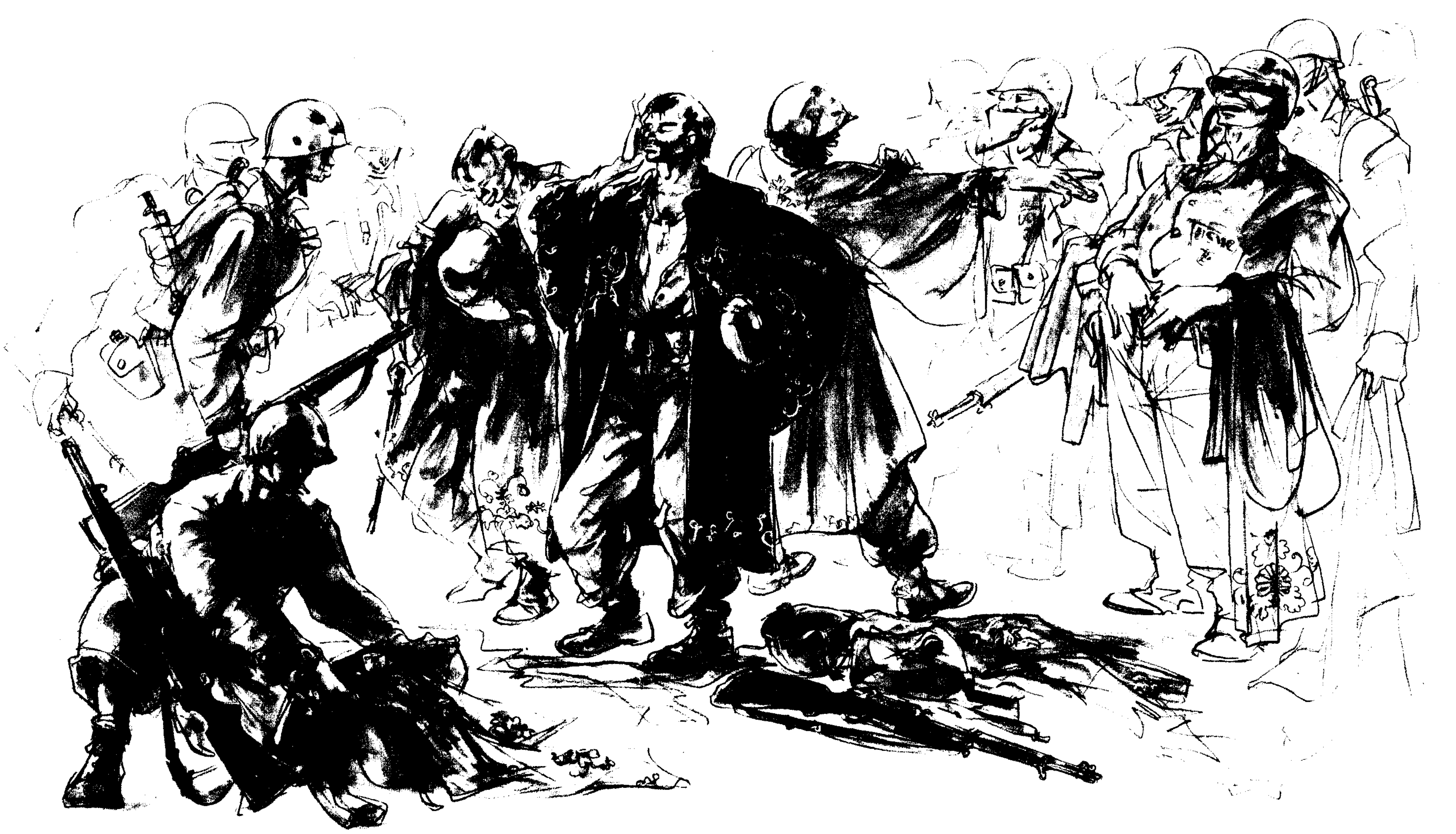
The Walkie-Talkie Boys

But we were very glad to have the tidings, because those guys up there were the very men we were looking for—an Air Liaison party patrolling the front lines and beyond with walkie-talkies, scouting for Japs and Jap emplacements. Having found such things, these lads would promptly radio a ship lying off the coast. In turn, the ship would notify the nearest available air coordinator, who would thereat dispatch a couple of his young men in bombers, torpedo planes or strafers to see what they could do to remove said Japs and Jap emplacements from the path of the American Army or, it might be, the Marines.

We thanked this character with a pack of cigarettes which pleased him no end, and a bar of chocolate which he held out at arm's length and surveyed doubtfully with one eye closed. And then we rattled and careened down a road that was terrible even on Okinawa. We found our Air Liaison party exactly where Mr. Kima had indicated, and to any but another group of Americans they might indeed have seemed a bit touched.

These Okinawans are perfectly safe—they're in Uncle Sam's custody. But Jap propagandists had done a good job on them, and they were afraid the Americans were going to torture and kill them. Later most of them lost their fear and began to smile

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. NAVY



A bale of kimonos left at the roadside by a fleeing merchant gives our soldiers an opportunity to stage an impromptu fashion show.

This, after all, was war. Moreover, it was carrying the fight right up to the shabby back door of the Japanese empire. Therefore the occasion called for a stern and sober attitude. To be sure, the situation could not be called immediately menacing. From somewhere off to the southeast, in a notch of one of the gentle purple hills that look nostalgically like the Berkshires, a Jap machine gun was spitting forth short, tinny bursts.

On the pine pompadour of a hill to the east, a Jap mortar was burping lazily and thus far ineffectually. A heavier Nip artillery piece—perhaps a six-incher—was coughing spasmodically somewhere beyond, its shells groping for that terrible road over which American trucks, Ducks, Weasels and other personnel and supply vehicles careened without a suggestion of regard for ever-impending disaster.

Our business was with these outpost liaison groups but we're not of that calm and critical school of war correspondents that surveys the battlefield with tactical eyes, particularly when there's no battle. Very frankly, too many things were happening at once and we were having a hell of a time concentrating on any one of them. For example, down yonder on the plain at the foot of the slope off to our left, three soldiers were trying to catch a horse.

It was a young horse turned loose, as hundreds were, by Okinawan farmers when the Yanks came and the farmers fled to the north hills, leaving behind them only the very old or the very young whose defenselessness would be their salvation. The colt was full of beans, coyly letting the Yanks come just so close and then bolting off in a fine frenzy of legs, head, tail and whinny. But a pilot and his fighter plane joined the fun. Swooping low, not more than twenty feet off the ground, the plane herded the cavorting colt into a corner of the field. There the foot soldiers grabbed the critter, and the plane headed for the clouds again, the pilot waving good luck at the soldiers.

That's the sort of thing that was always distracting us. Nevertheless we arrived presently at the wood which sheltered our Air Liaison party. A morose pfc. was sitting on the ground, a portable generator between his knees. In complete boredom he was turning the generator's cranks, occasionally bidding a couple of other members of the party—tommy-gun men—to take the lead out of their pants and get him a couple of them monkeys out there. If he was doomed to be an organ grinder, he ought to have a couple of them monkeys—Japs—on leashes.

Paying no attention whatever to the embittered fellow, a lithe young second lieutenant, clearly snatched pink and white from a campus, was crooning into a microphone: "Crucible, Crucible, this is June Bug."

We were paying very close attention to this young June Bug because we were out to write the story of a late development in modern warfare—particularly amphibious warfare—but we were having trouble again. Two of this Air Liaison party's triggermen had laid down their arms and were chasing a horse. The whole Army seemed to be chasing horses. It was good exercise, because the horse, like the Japs, was elusive. But so embittered was the juice-box grinder—the fellow at the handles of the generator—that something had to be done for his morale. So they caught the horse.

They led the beast back to the lieutenant and said: "Lookit, Lieutenant, what we got. Now the best juice-box grinder in the world won't have to carry it on his back when we move. He can put the box on this Seabiscuit's back and ride behind it grinding in comfort."

Not a Photogenic Horse

But the lieutenant was busy talking to Crucible again, and the soldier at the handles was surveying the horse with doubt. It was a most dilapidated creature. "Maybe," said he, "it can carry me and the box. But here's these reporters with a camera. Suppose I was to be sitting on that heap when they shot my picture, and suppose that picture gets in the papers back home. What are my folks going to say? They're going to say if that's the best I can do, it's no wonder I'm still a pfc. Go on out and get me a—"

But just then three Marine bombers came zooming in from the east. They swung low over us, clearing the treetops by ten yards, and presently we heard the crash of their bombs.

With the juice box high on the horse's shoulders, the grinder behind it and the kid lieutenant walking alongside, microphone in hand, we started with the party down the road again.

We were in the sector assigned to the 24th Army Corps. Thus far, except for a few dead ones who hadn't pulled out fast enough, we had seen no Jap troops. And we were almost all the way across the island. For seven days we had sat aboard a flagship off the western coast, one among more than 1,500 Yank ships—fighters, freighters, transports and so on down the endless classification. For seven days we had poured every known devastator short of land-launched buzz bombs upon the dark island.

The direction of all this downpour had been from several flagships—one supreme flagship and other headquarters vessels. The latter stood in close to shore, each directing the scorching of a corps sector, one the Army and the other the Marines. Far to the southeast, during all those seven days and for a week or more thereafter, were the baby flattops otherwise known as jeep carriers or CVEs.

Above our heads on stations designated were the planes from the baby flattops, and out inland from these aerial stations roamed the carrier-based observation planes. Thus the preinvasion setup. All these—the flagships, the planes on station and the roaming observation and detection planes were linked together by radio. A soaring observer would detect what he believed to be a gun emplacement, a blockhouse, a troop concentration, a road block, a nest. He'd notify his flagship or—to be more precise—he'd notify a group of officers in a small room on the flagship of that sector. And from that room the word would go to the air co-ordinator on the station in the clouds. And he in turn would assign a plane or planes to see what could be done about that Jap position. In the meantime, the guns of battleships, cruisers and destroyers combed the island. All this for seven days.

All this until Love Day—the day of actual invasion. Nobody seems to be quite sure why it was called Love Day—L-Day. Usually such days are D-Day—Dog Day. But this was Love Day, and it was also Easter Day and April Fools' Day. Maybe the Japs who, according to the Intelligence officers, were waiting for us inshore, seventy thousand strong, knew it would be April Fools' Day and wanted to contribute their little something to the surprise that awaited us when at last we should land. For they were absent, withdrawn to the traplike Naha sector to the south.

It doesn't matter here. By now you will have been told where those 70,000 Japs went. But what we have just described, and even oversimplified, is that aspect of amphibious warfare known as Air Support. Presently, with some modifications, after we'd actually landed on Okinawa's beaches, it would become Close Air Support. For very obvious reasons we are not going into the technicalities of Air Support.

Technicalities of Command

There are functions which may not be discussed. There are technical twists which would bore you to death. The whole operation is cluttered up with such cabalistic terms as CASCU and JASCO, with SAR and SAO and SAD, with CAP, ASP and DUMBO, with FD, GW and LAW. We shall ignore them. After all, they work together toward one end: to see to it that your son, husband or whoever he may be out there on the front lines has a better chance to emerge from battle alive, intact, and to return to you presently to tell you all about it with such embellishments as he sees fit.

For seven days from the Kerama Retto, the bleak island steppingstones to Okinawa, we spent hours in the small rooms below the decks of flagships listening to Air Support control units direct the preinvasion blasting. They were groups of men to whom war was mere noise, who saw the war through their ears, who were young and pale and serious. They talked in jargon and co-ordinates, in such meaningful words as Angels, Bogeys, Tallyho and Vector. They were enmeshed in telephone cable, surrounded by maps and charts and tally boards; an interesting lot.

As a sample, at one such round table there were three men who had been musicians before the war, one a professor of liturgical music. There were three lawyers, one a state senator and one who plans to run for the United States Senate. There were two artists, one a sculptor with bronzes in New York, Chicago and Washington galleries. There

(Continued on page 63)

DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Words and Music

Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II go together as smoothly as their famous product, Oklahoma! Now, with Carousel, they've done it again

By Amy Porter

PEOPLE don't usually cry at a musical show. They go to a musical show to laugh, and they gauge their enjoyment by the number of times they do laugh. But when people see Carousel, the new Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, they cry; and to Mr. Rodgers and Mr. Hammerstein, hovering in the back of the theater, the little sound of sniffling is good. It indicates that they have accomplished something special, something different in the theater, something they've been working toward for a long time.

Yet, in spite of its tragedy, Carousel makes an evening more glad than sad. It's as full of good-humored bounce and wit and wonderful, singable tunes as that other Rodgers and Hammerstein product, Oklahoma! But where Oklahoma! barely touched the audience emotionally, Carousel, based on Molnar's play Liliom, dares to deal with ultimates, to speak of life and death and to speculate as to why we live at all. These are great big subjects for a musical, and that's the main reason Rodgers and Hammerstein decided to do the show. They wanted to test out their belief that *any* story can be told in the American musical form, if it's told right. The rest is—or soon will be—history. These two men triumphantly survived the ordeal of competing with their own outrageously successful Oklahoma! They didn't fall flat on their faces, the way a lot of envious people half hoped they would.

From now on, it looks as if this Richard Rodgers, composer, and this Oscar Hammerstein II, playwright and lyricist, can do just about anything they want to do in the theater. They'll even be able to commit art and get away with it. Already Rodgers can and does throw saxophones out of his orchestras, coming up with a lovely kind of unorthodox, string-predominated music that shouldn't be, but is, popular; and Hammerstein can and does write lyrics that are poetry.

The opening scene of Carousel: At left, the barker, Billy Bigelow (John Raitt); seated center, Carrie (Jean Darling); the two riders, center, Julie (Jan Clayton) and Aunt Nettie (Christine Johnson); and at right, the jealous Mrs. Mullin (Jean Casto)

If it didn't sound too fancy for a couple of Broadway boys, they would confess that their idea is to assist the evolution of the American musical comedy into a serious art form, which they think should not be called American opera, because the word opera suggests a number of things they don't like. What they think of conventional opera, they can tell you in one word or several: "It has fat sopranos and the orchestra plays too loud. . . . It's uncomfortable for us Americans. . . . It's moribund."

The Rodgers and Hammerstein aim, at the moment, may as well be art. It cannot be money. Before Carousel, this highest-paid team in the business was making about as much money as the tax laws allow. Their gross income for 1944, Rodgers says, was vulgar, but their take-home pay was less than the year before. No matter how big a hit Carousel turns out to be, it cannot, after taxes, add more than an infinitesimal amount to what they make without it.

The great backlog of their previous work yields steady returns. For more than twenty years, each of these men has been turning out hit shows. Rodgers, in collaboration with his former partner, the late Lorenz Hart, did Connecticut Yankee, On Your Toes, I Married An Angel, I'd Rather Be Right, Pal Joey, and others. Hammerstein wrote book and lyrics for Rose Marie, Desert Song, Wildflower, Sunny, Show Boat and others. Dozens of their songs are "standards," played constantly on the radio, at night clubs, in juke boxes—everywhere. Sheet music and records go on selling and yielding royalties year after year. The Oklahoma! songs have broken every popularity record in the business.

For Hammerstein, there's another little item—the musical Carmen Jones, produced with Billy Rose; and for both Rodgers and Hammerstein, there's that profitable hit, I Remember Mama, which they produced in their spare time. And they've done movies—one called State Fair being due for early release. The list goes on and on.

So, if they wished to, Rodgers and Hammerstein could sit back and live on their royalties without turning a hand. But they'd rather work, even for free.

"I'd like to shoot the man who says he won't do any more work because of taxes," says Dick.

Hammerstein agrees, in milder words: "A man should be grateful for the income tax, I mean once he is beyond making a living. The ceiling on income does influence your work, for the good. You can afford to be choosy about what you do. You aren't tempted to bat out a careless job. The best work isn't done for money in any case. It's done for love. Look at all the scientific research men, working on small salaries."

"I don't say I wouldn't like a swimming pool for my kids," says Dick. "But what the hell! I've seen a lot of unhappy people in swimming pools.

(Continued on page 55)

Bambi Linn, who plays Julie's daughter and is also the dancing star of Agnes de Mille's ballet in Carousel, watches a rehearsal with Hammerstein and Rodgers. Rouben Mamoulian, of the Oklahoma! quartet, again directed

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BALKIN–PIX

Sentimental Week End

BY ELIZABETH DUNN

The Story:

The week end at Windmill House had become a catastrophe for Sylvanus Horne. Valentine, the girl he wanted to marry, now said she no longer loved him, accused him of being dominated by women. The Committee, an absurd affair composed of his dictatorial sister, Lydia Herrick, Val, and beautiful Sophie Burnham, seemed to be intent on redecorating his house—and his life. It was time, Sylvanus told himself firmly, to accept the job in England offered by his British friend, Colonel Hugh Lomas, despite the protests of Lydia and her husband, Charles—and get out. But an added complication arose when Eva Szekely, a charming Hungarian countess, appeared to be taking over his house and him with it. Considering Eva far more sympathetic and civilized than the committee, Sylvanus didn't object too strongly, but Sophie and Val, of course, did. And so, surprisingly enough, did Hugh—for some mysterious reasons of his own.

Conclusion

THERE was a curious silence after the shotgun sound of the door closing behind Valentine.

One would have expected, Sylvanus thought, a sudden relaxation, an almost audible sigh in the air . . . the men were alone. But he himself was boiling with a variety of emotions, none of them peaceful, and it was obvious that Hugh Lomas was as tense as a bowstring. Of the three of them, Charles was the most nearly normal—and he, Sylvanus knew very well, had had a quarrel with Lydia, God help him. It was, however, Charles who spoke first.

Charles said: "They're fundamentally immoral. Women."

"I don't know," Sylvanus tried to rationalize his own emotions. "They certainly went berserk this evening—"

"They hit each other," said Charles in an outraged mutter.

"They even hit you," Sylvanus pointed out, smiling. "At least Sophie did. But you know it's no more than men do, on occasion. Even quite civilized men. It just seems more shocking when women do it."

He glanced toward Hugh for agreement, but Hugh was frowning at his well-polished shoes in deep preoccupation.

"I admit," said Charles, "that Eva was driven to it. But Sophie—well, that was quite a wallop! I know she and Eva have been at swords points all week end, but that doesn't explain why she should slap *me!*"

He glanced at Lomas, who lifted his eyes absently. Charles grinned. "If she'd slapped *you*, Hugh, I could understand it better."

"Slap me?" Lomas repeated, looking startled.

"I've known her a long time," Charles said to the fire, "and slap or no slap, if that girl was crazy about a man, I bet you she'd lie and steal for him and misappropriate funds—I bet she'd—"

"Misappropriate funds?" Hugh Lomas hadn't moved but the words were barked like a military command. Charles turned his head slowly, in surprise.

"Why, yes," he said mildly. "Or shoplift or anything else. And yet at heart I suppose she's more honest than most women."

"Who?" said Lomas.

Charles looked puzzled and a little put out. "I was talking about Sophie," he began.

Hugh's gaze went back to his feet. "Oh," he said. "Sophie. Yes, I suppose she is."

Charles met Sylvanus' eye inquiringly. Sylvanus shrugged a shoulder, and Charles said gloomily: "Some of them don't even need love to be immoral. They just run amok for the hell of it."

"My dear Charles, so does a man," Sylvanus protested. "There's no difference—do you think, Hugh?"

"What? Yes, rather I say, I haven't heard a word you said. I must be half asleep. Forgive me, will you? I'd better go to bed. . . ." And Lomas got to his feet and said good night abruptly.

Charles stared after him. "What's wrong with him?" he asked fretfully. "It's this damn' cold house—everybody's loony. I'm going up, too. Coming?"

"In a moment," Sylvanus said. "So long, Charlie."

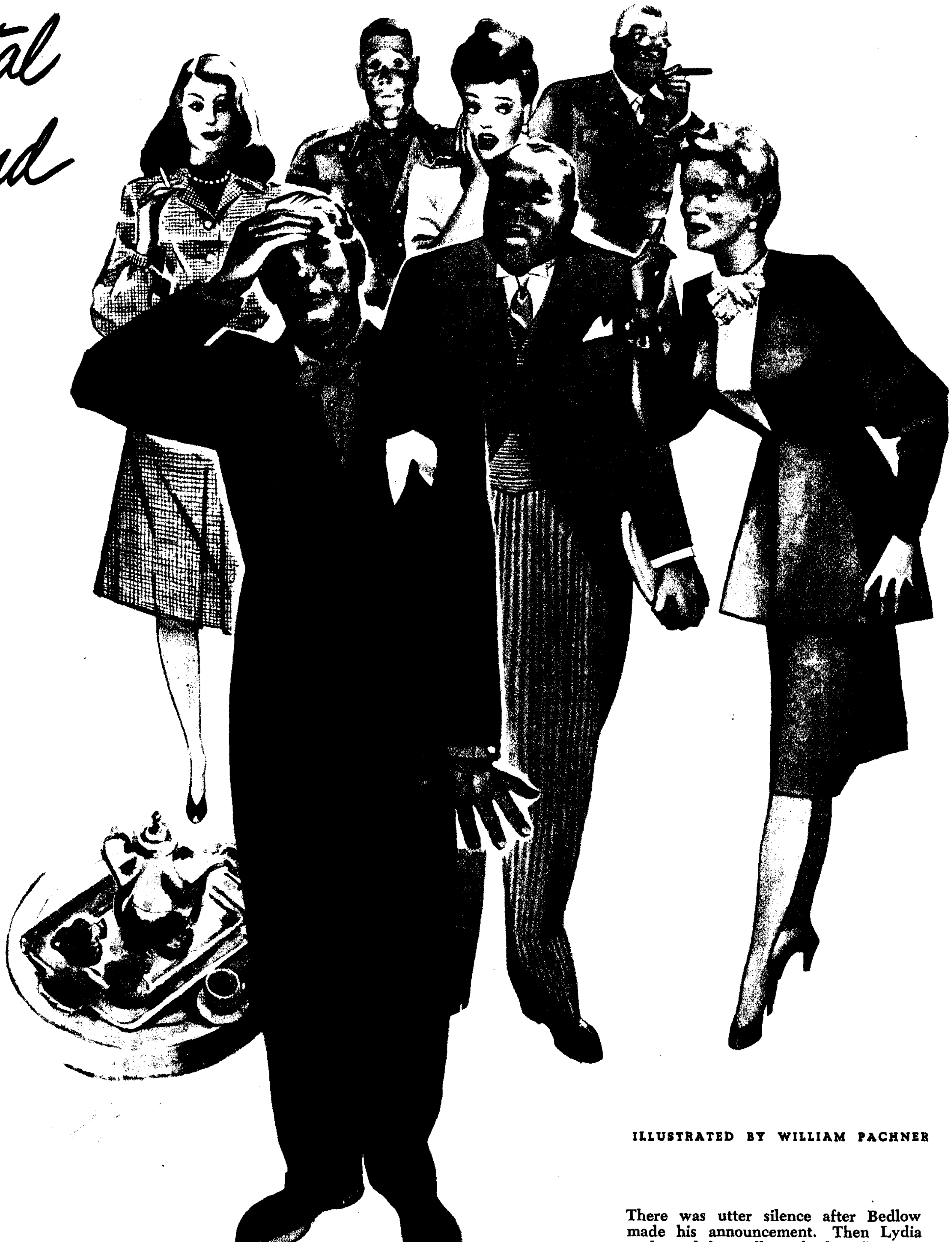
But after Charles had gone, he poured himself another drink, and sat down before the dying embers of the fire. He was in the grip of a depression as vast and overwhelming as a desert. He had made a fool of himself. He had learned long ago that to lose his temper was fatal; it warped his judgment and distracted the facts. And yet this evening he had deliberately allowed his temper free rein for the first time in years—and it had landed him precisely where he deserved to be landed. He had wanted to give Sophie an object lesson in gratuitous rudeness, and so he had acted that silly charade. To Val, he was showing off; showing her in the silliest, most childish fashion that he was a big strong fellow, who was master of his own house.

As a result of his idiocy, Val was farther away from him than ever, Sophie was off on a spree of temperament—and poor Eva Szekely had been most upset of all.

He got up and put another log on the fire. Then he sat down and stared at the little licking flames. The desert of depression grew vaster and darker, and he seemed to be more than ever alone in it and lost.

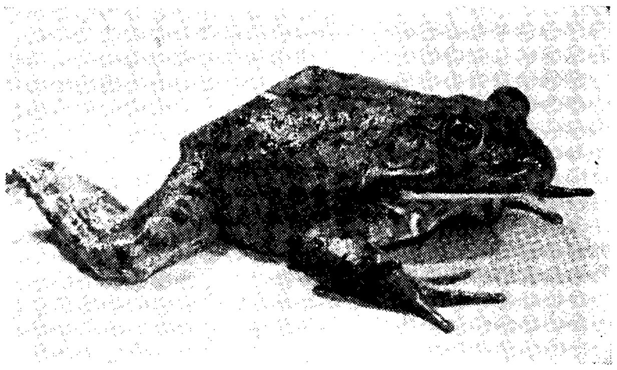
He tried to hold his imagination steadily toward the thought that there was nothing for him and Valentine; and his imagination shied away from it in terror. She had brought a warmth into his life that had never been there before—for him. Sylvanus was given to helping other people; he had never needed help himself. Women had found him attractive, and some of them had pursued him; but

(Continued on page 66)



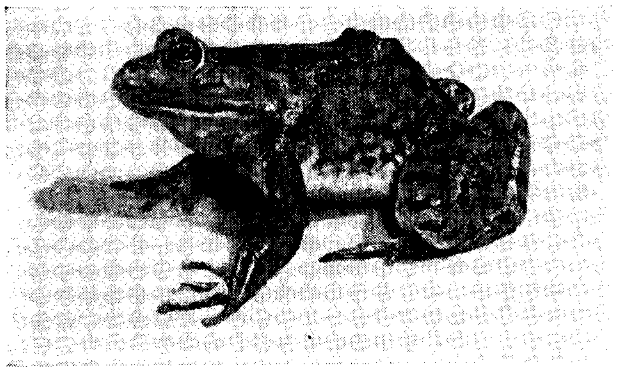
ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

There was utter silence after Bedlow made his announcement. Then Lydia spoke and the spell was broken: "Do you mean to say the countess took Beryl?"



THEY'RE OFF AT ANGEL'S CAMP

BY DUGAL O'LIAM



YLLA-GUILLUMETTE

DRAWING BY COLIN ALLEN

But they're frogs, not bangtails! Several thousand batrachians jump their little legs off every year in the annual Jumping Frog Jubilee of Calaveras County, locale of Mark Twain's immortal story

IN FRONT of the Angel Hotel in Angel's Camp, California, stands a ten-foot quartz shaft surmounted by the copper figure of a frog staring exophthalmically down upon the following inscription:

ANGEL'S CAMP
(Home of the Jumping Frog)
ROMANCE, GOLD, HISTORY

Founded in 1894 by George Angel. A rich gravel mining area and one of the richest quartz mining sections in the Mother Lode. Production record of over One Hundred Million Dollars in Angel's Camp and vicinity. Locale of Mark Twain's famous story, The Jumping Frog of Calaveras. Frequented by Joaquin Murietta, Black Bart and other early-day bandits

Thus Angel's Camp, named for a lusty saloonkeeper and not, as is commonly supposed, for the chronic proximity of its founders to the Pearly Gates, appraises its distinctions.

It is proud of its romance, gold and history, of Mark Twain's residence during his gold-seeking career and of its attraction for the swashbuckling road agents of those robustious days. But it is proudest of all of its jumping frogs, and its most marketable asset today is the Jumping Frog Jubilee at which the champion of the batrachian world is annually determined amid pioneer wassail.

Angel's Camp gives two days of each year to crowning this unique titlist. On these days, all businesses close except those devoted to refreshments, games of chance and Terpsichore, and as many as 40,000 frog lovers (sportive, not gastronomic) crowd into an area normally inhabited by eleven hundred of the friendliest souls on this planet.

Upward of 5,000 frogs have jumped in a single two-day meet. So great did the congestion become at one time and so sated were the natives with Frogs' Legs *Meunière*, harvested from abandoned losers, that measures were taken to limit the entries.

Elimination tournaments were established in Sacramento and Riverside. Owners were limited to six frogs each in the finals, regardless of preliminary records, and were required, after the meet, to remove all but their more succulent losers from Calaveras County.

No fantastic financial bait lures this lively interest. The winner's owner receives $150 in cash and a modest loving cup; place and show owners get appropriately lesser awards. Honor and distinction, and access to the peculiarly amiable type of potables stocked by the local vintners, are the principal rewards and they are demonstrably adequate.

At a convention of advertising salesmen, the Jumping Frog Jubilee would be as popular as an extroverted civet cat. Although the attendance ranges from 25,000 to 40,000 annually, the jubilee committee spends less than a hundred dollars a year in publicizing the event.

How word of the date, changed each year, reaches such remote points as Paris, London, Shanghai, Honolulu, Oslo and South Carolina is a mystery, unless it be by osmosis. The committee normally gets around to fixing a late May date along about April 30th, after which the seepage process is free to begin of its own accord.

In spite of this official apathy, the jubilee has never laid an attendance egg. An effort was made this year, because of shortages, to keep the crowds to a minimum, and no foreign publicity was sent out. Yet long before the dates were fixed for mid-May, entries were inundating Jimmy Luly, chief flunky without portfolio to the jubilee committee.

Distinguished visitors are a dime a dozen, and range from United States senators and movie cuties to harassed operators of metropolitan French restaurants hoping for a culinary bonanza. The governor of California usually throws out the first frog, and in 1939, New York's ubiquitous Mayor La Guardia found time to attend as honorary referee.

The simplicity of the contests conceivably explains their popularity—that and Angel's Camp's unaffected hospitality. Few rules encrust the competition. A dozen circles, a foot in diameter, are drawn ten yards apart. One frog at a time is placed in a ring and, at a signal, allowed three successive jumps. The total distance covered is his mark for the tournament.

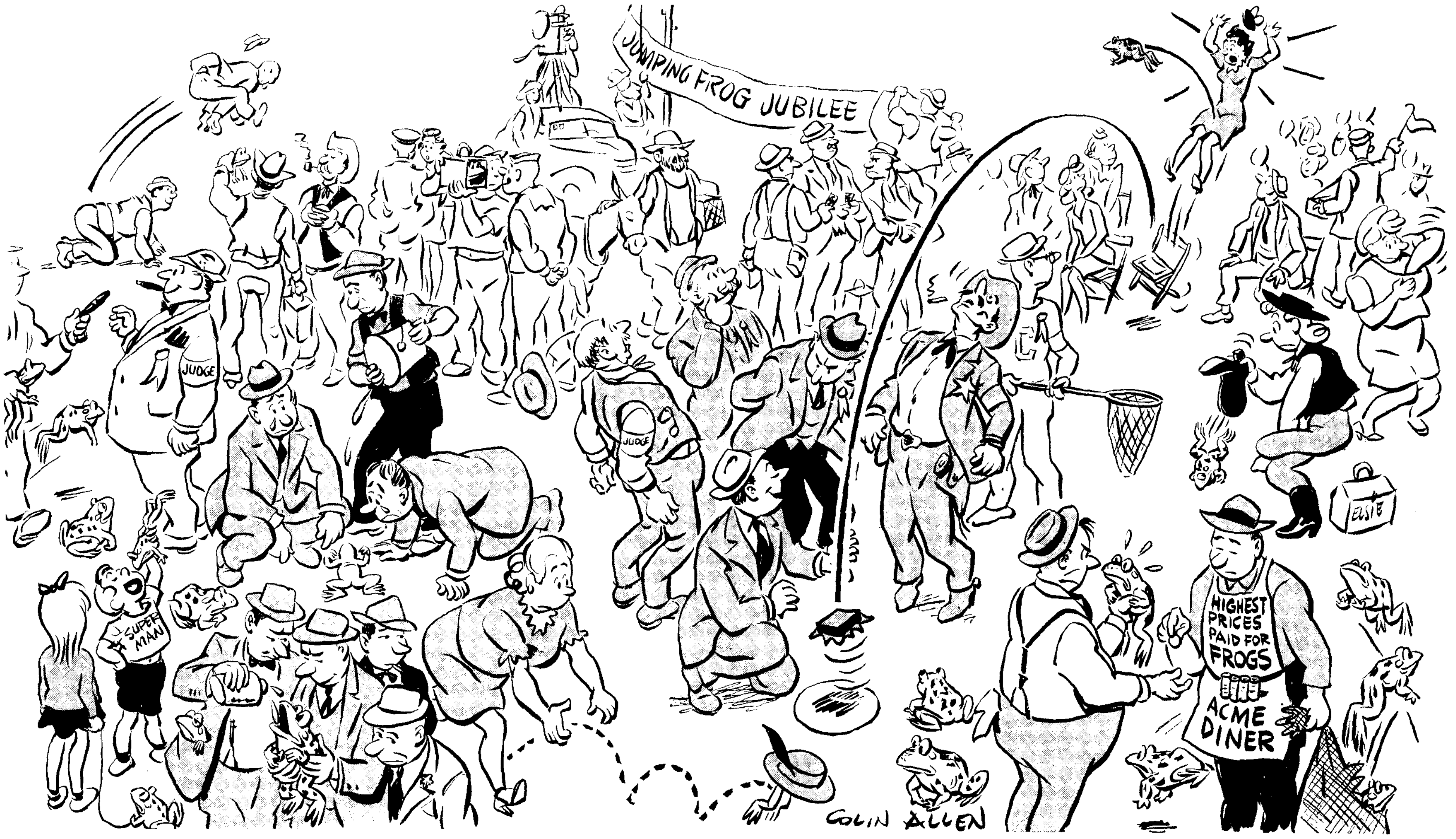
Jesse Mayo, Calaveras County publisher, explains the triple leap. A frog merely loosens his muscles (like a boxer cuffing himself on the chin before the bell) on the first jump. On the second, he feels out the turf, and not until the third does he really let go and spread himself.

"A frog with the right stuff in him makes the three jumps in the same direction, like a hop, skip and jump, getting his most distance on the last," Mayo says.

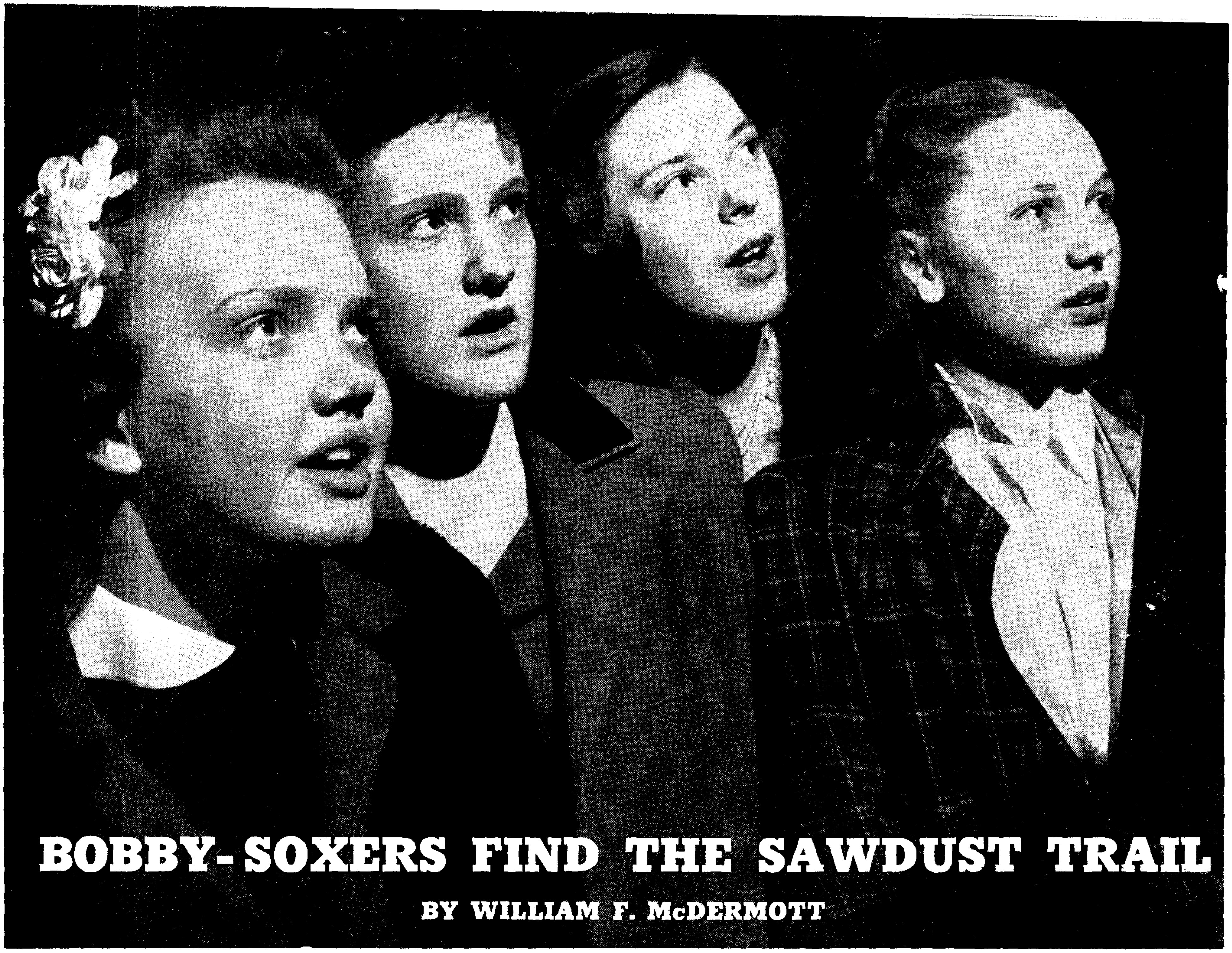
The genesis of the sport does not lie directly in the Mark Twain apocrypha, as the Frères Warner of Hollywood implied in their biography of Tom Sawyer's creator. According to the late Judge William Carlow, who witnessed the episode about which Twain wrote, Twain was not present on that day in 1849 when Jim Smiley, Angel's Camp's slickest slicker, was taken in by Pete Stag, a peripatetic Brooklyn boy.

Twain heard the story (Judge Carlow told

(*Continued on page* 41)



"As many as 40,000 frog lovers (sportive, not gastronomic) crowd into an area normally inhabited by eleven hundred of the friendliest souls on this planet"



BOBBY-SOXERS FIND THE SAWDUST TRAIL

BY WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

War Worker Bob Haenisch, one of the revivalists, works hard for converts. Here, with a sailor, he prays and reads Bible

PHOTOS FOR COLLIER'S BY H. J. KNOPF–PIX

IT WAS Saturday night in Chicago. Bobby-soxers poured into the Loop in droves and scattered a dozen different ways: some to the theaters and movies, some to the downtown hot spots, and many to the servicemen's centers.

What seemed strange was the laughing, shouting, singing horde of youngsters, a lot of them carrying Bibles, who surged into staid Orchestra Hall, famous for its symphony concerts and artists' recitals. Stranger still was the fact that they were going to church!

The meeting resembles a pep-up session of high-school students before the basketball finals. Nothing indicates it is a revival service, except for the streamers bearing Scripture texts that bedeck the hall. Although the meeting is set for 7:30, by 6:30 several hundred kids are waiting. Within the hour, the huge structure is packed from pit to gallery and the stage overflows with visitors. More than 1,000 are turned away.

The service begins on the split second. Song Leader Bob Cook, backed by a high-school girls' choir of 100 voices, launches it with the crowd singing Nothing But the Blood of Jesus. Scarcely has the last note died out before the Galilean Male Quartet takes the spotlight and sings Breath of Calvary. They have to do an encore.

Major William Beeby, just back from two and a half years in the Pacific, where he was wounded, then stands before the microphone. Handsome, stalwart, his face deeply tanned, he swings immediately into a serious appeal:

"I praise the Lord for what he has done for me. In New Guinea, I found the same reaction to the call of Christ as I find here. In Morotai we had a revival, and many were baptized. Other boys were converted just before the Leyte invasion. They came trooping down the sawdust trail, and they were deadly in earnest. The Lord has kept us all. You need Him, too."

Then comes the half-hour broadcast over Station WCFL, Chicago's Voice of Labor outlet. The varied program of songs, prayers and sermonette moves with the precision of a professional broadcast. As it comes to a close, thousands of bobby-soxers are singing I Surrender All, and Cook prays that the broadcast may "pay out in souls for God."

After several solos, Torrey Johnson, founder of the youth revival movement in Chicago, gives a bristling ten-minute sermon on How to Make a Failure Out of Life, which ends:

"The fellow who always says 'Me first' never gets there, but the man who prays 'You first, O God, myself last' is the one who arrives"

Prayer for Servicemen Everywhere

One of the high spots is the regular tribute to members of the armed forces. The audience stands. A spotlight is thrown on the nation's flag and the church flag. A deep silence envelops the audience as a bass voice is heard singing:

God bless our boys, wherever they may be,
God bless our boys, on land or on the sea,
Or in the air; we'll follow with this prayer,
God bless our boys, God bless our boys.

It is repeated by a woman who changes the wording to "girls." There is a moment of silent prayer, followed by a prayer from Major Beeby for all members of the armed forces everywhere.

The spell of solemnity is broken by a trumpeter nicknamed the "Harry James of the Sawdust Trail." He gives a swing version of Ye Must Be Born Again, and applause brings him back for an encore

In rapid succession come an appeal for clothing for war sufferers in Europe, and a free telephone call home by a six-foot-six sailor with the crowd listening in.

Thirty-two attractive usherettes dressed in white take their places for the collection. Not one wears rouge, lipstick or fingernail polish.

"This is a spiritual investment and requires no begging," Torrey Johnson tells the crowd. "Practically all of us are working for nothing, and your gifts go for the rent of the hall and for advertising. The Lord will bless you for your gifts, both here and in the life to come."

Bobby-soxers, soldiers, sailors, Wacs and Waves dig up dimes and quarters, half dollars and even dollar bills, dropping more than $500 into the plates.

The program continues with more hymns. Then Song Leader Cook tells the crowd, "Now shake hands with two people near you, and say 'I'll meet you in Sunday school tomorrow morning'—and let's all do it. Let's everybody attend Sunday school and worship tomorrow morning."

The final few moments have arrived—the time for the call for conversions. It is a tense moment; the kids lean forward with expectancy. Lean, bespectacled Gil Dodds, champion indoor mile runner, makes the appeal to hit the sawdust trail.

"I feel God at my side in every race," he tells them, "and I can say that prayer has helped me to win as much as training ever did. Take God with you in the race of life, and you'll be a success."

The dramatic moment is at hand. Someone on the platform starts singing and the crowd swiftly joins in on the current favorite:

He lives. He lives. Christ Jesus lives today.
He walks with me, and talks with me,
Along life's narrow way.
He lives. He lives, salvation to impart.
You ask me how I know He lives?
He lives within my heart.

In a moment, youth workers, some of them not over fifteen years of age, move quietly along the aisles, looking for those who may be receptive. A sailor leads another sailor and a soldier to the improvised altar. A bobby-soxer comes down the aisle with two girl converts, one of them a Japanese. A Wac lieutenant makes her way forward with a Red Cross nurse. Converts are about equally divided between civilians and service people.

Soon the front two rows of Orchestra Hall are filled with penitents. The benediction is given promptly at 9:30, but many linger for an hour or more about the scene.

This Chicago gathering is typical of the remarkable Saturday-night revivals that have been held in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Minneapolis and other cities for a year or more. They call it the Youth For Christ movement. It is a spontaneous sort of thing which mushroomed in a dozen different places at once, and has spread like a prairie fire. The unheralded upsurge of spiritual interest on the part of jitterbug youth has the earmarks of the beginning of a great religious movement, qualified observers say. It is now ensconced in 300 cities and towns, including most of the great metropolitan centers of the country, with more than a quarter of a million kids involved.

National headquarters have been set up in Chicago, and the goal for 1945 is 1,000 communities, covering every state in the Union, having revival services every Saturday night, with an average attendance of 1,000 each – that is a million a week, plus four million more the leaders expect to contact by radio, all exposed weekly to the challenge of religion.

On the evening of May 30th, the youthful religious crusaders expect to jam 110,000 people, along with a 5,000-voice choir and a 500-piece band, into Soldier Field, Chicago's great outdoor stadium.

Johnson and Cook's first crowd at Orchestra Hall was 2,500, though the summer was the hottest in years. By midseason it was a case of holding two services or turning 1,000 or more away. At different times, both courses were pursued.

Then late in October, Johnson and Cook and their cohorts essayed a smashing Stadium revival meeting. They had to underwrite $8,000, but they plunged in. Approximately 30,000 people turned out. A Stadium official was so impressed he sent his check for $500 to the movement.

The Youth For Christ movement leads teen-agers to religion. Its Saturday-night revivals have taken the younger set by storm

New York, long considered the graveyard of any ambitious evangelist, was oddly enough the setting for one of the forerunners of the national Youth For Christ movement. Jack Wyrtzen, an insurance man and ex-jazz player, noticed teen-agers haunting not only movies and hamburger stands, but also the dives and the taxi dance halls around Times Square. He decided to launch a revival meeting in that area.

Using his own savings, he secured a big auditorium near 8th Avenue and 44th Street, and started a religious campaign for youth called Word of Life. Steadily Wyrtzen has been turning them away on Saturday nights. In one of his Madison Square Garden meetings, he registered 721 conversions. His Word of Life program is carried by the radio and is short-waved around the world.

Glenn Wagner, former All-America football star and pal of "Red" Grange, started the big weekly youth rally in Washington, D. C. In St. Louis, a youthful Christian and Missionary Alliance pastor, Richard Harvey, put up his small salary and his modest home as security for funds enough to take over the Kiel auditorium for the Saturday nights of last spring and summer. He assumed an obligation of $600 a week on faith. Two thousand came the first night and the collection was enough to pay the next week's expenses. His campaign has resulted in several thousand conversions.

In Minneapolis, George M. Wilson took over the Municipal Auditorium to accommodate the 6,000 to 8,000 teen-agers who gather for devotions. One academy sends its entire student body of 250 boys. In Philadelphia, the Youth For Christ sponsors, headed by Horace Dean, former business manager of the Philadelphia School of the Bible, have taken over the 5,000-seat Academy of Music. Dan Iverson, six-foot-four Presbyterian pastor, spearheads the Miami meetings.

The Movement Is World-Wide

The movement is spreading beyond the borders of the United States. A former cartoonist on the Toronto Globe requires a hall seating 3,000. Two sailors recently set up meetings in the city hall at Hamilton, Bermuda. In Honolulu, a crowd of youngsters, both Oriental and Occidental, pack the hall. Havana, London and New Zealand have programs under way.

Converts run the gamut of humanity. A blues singer in a St. Louis night club was persuaded to attend the youth revival. She gave away her music and became a singing evangelist. The church which she joined is now packing them in.

"Ever since I left the protection of my home," a sailor convert explained, "I have felt almost adrift, with no sense of security. I don't want to get caught in the current of vice. I needed something to stabilize me and, in my new faith in Christ, I have found it."

Two boys who were converted confessed later that they had robbed a drugstore. The authorities, taking their profession of religion in earnest, put them on parole. Youngsters quitting the booze habit frequently report their reform. A 20-year-old divorcee, who had deserted her soldier husband and was running around with other men, was converted at a Youth For Christ meeting. She wrote her ex-husband and told him about it and her desire for a reconciliation. By a strange coincidence he had had the same experience in another city. A little later they were remarried.

Why the Youth For Christ movement should have taken such a startling hold on youth is hard to explain. It is one of those unpredictable, dramatic things for which religion is famous. Its leaders are mostly younger businessmen with dynamic personalities, of all denominations, but representing none in their campaign. Few are paid for their services.

There is no effort to establish a new church, or even a new youth organization. In fact, all the emphasis is on youth getting sparked up with a religious fervor, growing out of their personal experience of conversion, and then going to their own churches and spreading the spiritual enthusiasm they have acquired. Said one pastor: "I've got a new church since some of my young people caught the thrill of this youth crusade."

Money is kept in the background, the promoters working on the old-fashioned "faith" basis, namely: Have the guts to tackle the job, and the Lord will provide the means. They take long chances, talk about "miracles" in the way of unexpected financial support—and they get by.

Fanaticism and self-exploitation are avoided like poison ivy. Even organization is being kept to an absolute minimum, the theory being that the more machinery there is, the more time and effort and money have to be given to its operation. By and large, it looks as if the teen-agers, or some of them at least, have taken to the straight and narrow, but they are getting a kick out of doing it. They seem to be having as much fun as other juveniles who haunt the night spots and keep their parents sleepless until dawn waiting for them to toddle home. ★★★

Mainspring of the Chicago Youth For Christ drive is 35-year-old Torrey Johnson (right), former pastor of a Baptist basement church near the Loop. Bob Cook (left), ex-garage mechanic, was also a pastor. Together, they make a militant team

Above: Part of revival technique is to avoid having only preachers and choirs, and to feature young talent. Trumpeter left is Dan Mielke, right, Ernie Meyer. The vocalist is Ray Dahlberg. Below: During prayers, the kids have reverent attitude

"I Can't Make Your Party, Pete"

U.S. COAST GUARD

DEAR Pete: This is to say that I cannot accept your kind invitation to attend a party in "quiet but joyous celebration of V-E Day." I don't want to seem pompous or self-righteous about this. You know that I am normally glad to celebrate anything (or nothing) without waiting for someone to perform the ceremony of dropping a hat.

But this one I must pass up. I can't help remembering that, even if the last shot in Europe has been fired, there are still an awful lot of shots to be fired against Japan.

I can't help remembering that there are a great many men who have given their lives—such as "Butch" O'Hare and John Basilone and Rodger Young and Franklin D. Roosevelt and Ernie Pyle—and there will be more.

I can't help remembering that there are still 150,000,000 Germans and Japs alive—and what are we of the United Nations going to do with them? And how are we going to relieve all the hunger and dispel all the poison they have spread throughout the world and all the hatred they have generated?

The other day I saw a letter from a friend of mine, an officer in the Second Division in Germany. He is an exceptionally calm, level-headed, unemotional young American. He is plenty tough and has seen a lot of action. He described the entry of his outfit into a Nazi murder factory:

"I was staggered to learn that they were still murdering people even after we came into town. I immediately had the whole staff arrested and put MPs all over the place. We found a gas chamber, crematorium and mass graves which held almost 5,000 bodies.

"One of the officials stated that more than 20,000 people had gone through the place in five years. The system was to starve the victim until very weak and then either gas him or give him a hypodermic. At first they cremated them, but the townspeople objected to the horrible stench, so the staff buried them.

"Maybe—since there were correspondents here—it got into the papers back home how the skull of the 10,000th victim was hollowed out, and the entire staff drank a toast out of it. This was testified to in my presence by one of the SS guards who had participated in the ceremony. All orders came direct from Himmler's office in Berlin.

"I threw up three times during the investigation and nearly fainted once during the exhumation of the body of a girl who the guards testified had been tortured to death because she had persistently refused to sleep with a prominent Nazi official.

"I thought after nine months of warfare that I was just about as tough as anyone, but I came back and drank nearly a quart of whisky before I felt normal again. . . . I tell you these people are beasts—absolute, utter beasts."

I imagine that many American families with sons or brothers in Germany have been receiving letters like that.

Perhaps you saw that Associated Press dispatch from Gardelegen in which a sergeant from Long Island was quoted as saying: "Before this, you would have said those stories were propaganda, but now you know they weren't. There are the bodies, and all those guys are dead." And he added: "I never was so sure before of exactly what I was fighting for."

Strangely enough, I heard that same statement from another American soldier, a pfc. in the 38th Division. He had been through all of General MacArthur's campaigns, from New Guinea to Luzon.

"When we got here to Bataan," he said, "the Filipino people began to come down out of the hills where they'd been hiding out from the Japs. They wanted to welcome us. They wanted to give us everything they had. The women and children and old people wanted to work for us, even though they were half starved; the men wanted to fight with us and kill Japs. Believe me, brother, when we saw those Filipino people and when we saw what the Japs had done to them, we knew what we'd been fighting for all these years."

You know enough of our G.I.s, Pete, to know that they usually hate to talk about what they're fighting for; they're self-conscious about that. The sergeant at Gardelegen and the private on Bataan had to feel very strongly to say what they did.

There's another I'd like to quote, an American lieutenant colonel who commanded an artillery battalion in Normandy and was captured by the Germans. He had been a prisoner for ten months when liberated by British troops. He said:

"These Krauts have made me bloodthirsty. I hope I get a chance to kill some more of them before this war is over in Europe. After that, I want to go home and see my young kid, and then I guess I'd like to help to clean up the Japs."

From what I saw and heard around the Pacific, I can assure the colonel that if the Krauts didn't make him bloodthirsty, the Japs will.

I'm afraid I can't make your party, Pete. I don't want to interfere with your celebration, but I wish that you could have been with me in Manila. I've seen plenty of destruction in Europe, but Manila is the most shocking sight I've ever seen. It's not only the complete physical wreckage; it's the evidence, which you can see and hear and smell everywhere, of the horrible, savage ferocity which the Japs visited upon this lovely place and upon its lovely people. Those Filipinos are the salt of the earth, and we must never stop honoring them for what they have done in this war.

Years ago, when I read stories of Jap atrocities in China—especially in Nanking—I tried to skip them. It is always comforting to dismiss the unthinkable by saying it is just "more propaganda." But our fighting men who have been forced to see these things cannot dismiss them now and never will.

That's the main difference between this war and the last one. In 1918, we would celebrate an armistice by getting drunk and dancing in the streets. But then we hadn't really seen the Germans and we had never seen the Japs. This time there are several million Americans who have had a bellyful and have thrown up, like my tough friend in the Second Division.

And, speaking of the last war, I was in a hospital just outside London on Armistice Day, well on the way to recovery and able to walk about. That day I felt so exuberant I got onto a bus and went into London and stayed AWOL for three days, celebrating. London was wild with hysterical joy. It was wonderful. But I have learned that the 1918 celebration was a trifle premature. It was a bitter lesson. I don't want to have to learn it again.

In his letter my friend in the Second Division also wrote, still speaking of the Germans:

"Do you remember a book, an excellent little book by Ham Armstrong, called We Or They? I thought I knew then, and I know I do now, that the world is not big enough to hold us and these people at the same time. They are animals dressed in human clothes. I firmly and seriously believe that we should kill every single thing that lives or breathes in this country, sow it with salt and then plow it under. That is what Rome did to Carthage and it seems to have worked pretty well. At least, I don't recall having heard of any recent trouble with the Carthaginians."

In the Pacific, not long ago, I ran into an officer who had been a prisoner at Cabanatuan when the Japs brought in the survivors of the Death March.

"You people back in Washington are kidding yourselves," he said, "if you think you can reform the Japs, or re-educate them. There is only one solution for the Japanese problem—and that is total extermination."

He knows what he's talking about—but I don't think we can do it, Pete. I don't think Americans are built that way; the actions of our troops so far have proved it. The Jap soldiers brutally bayoneted little Filipino children—hundreds of them. But wherever we have encountered Japanese women and children on Saipan and Okinawa, we have given them tender treatment and care.

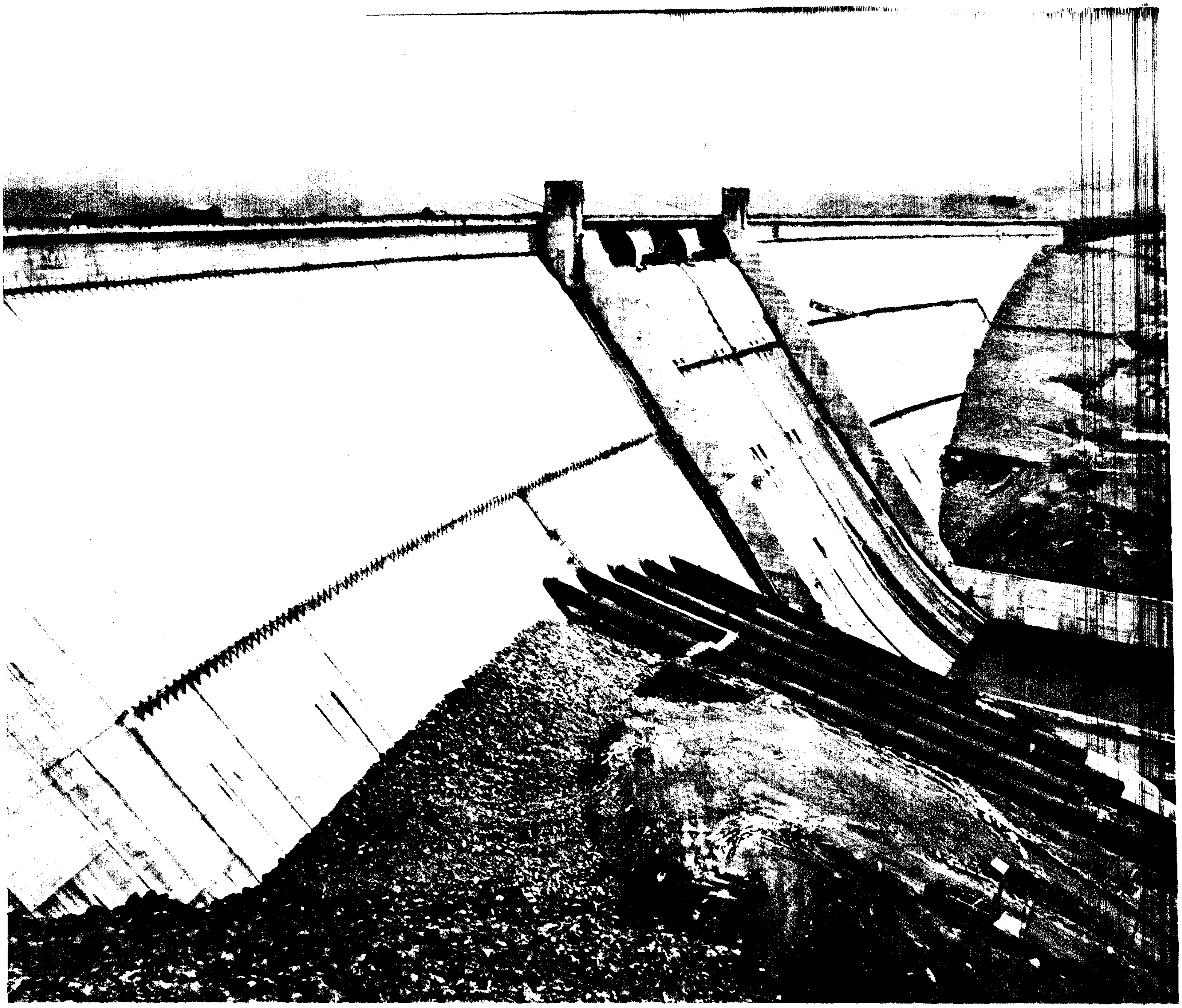
What are we going to do with the present crop of children in Germany and Japan to keep them from starting it all over again in another twenty years?

It seems to me, Pete, that after the last shot is fired, after the Allied fighting men have finished their magnificent part of the job, the main job for the rest of us will just be beginning. For the years of Fascism and the years of war have left a gruesome mess which must be cleared up before we can have an orderly, civilized world.

But this letter is running off limits. I merely wanted to say. "No, thanks, Pete. I don't feel like celebrating V-E Day. I don't see how we can be particularly happy at the prospect of the long and tough and vital job that lies ahead of us before this war is really won."

As ever,

Robert Sherwood



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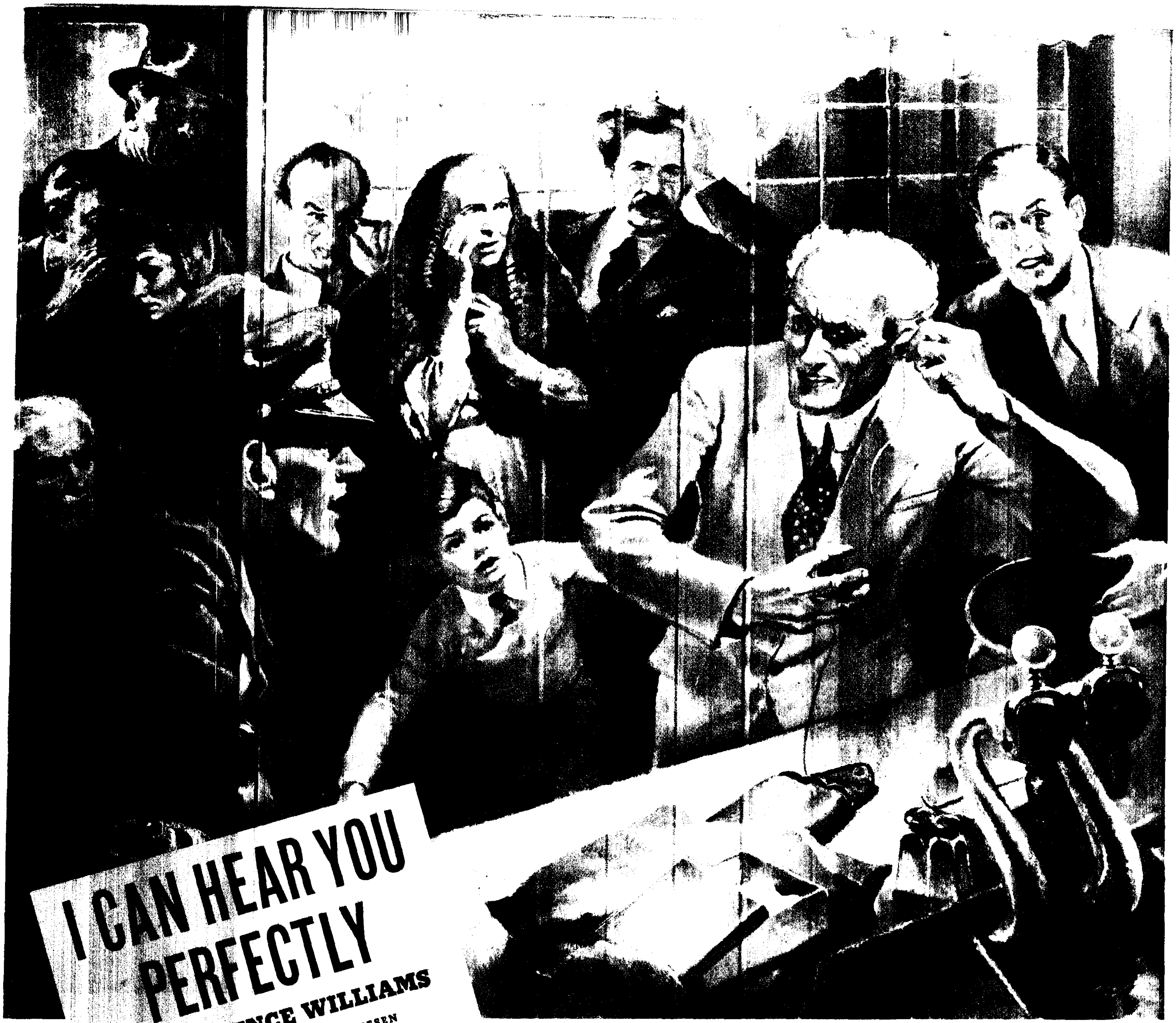


I CAN HEAR YOU PERFECTLY

BY LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN GIESEN

Sudden terror came into the old man's eyes. As his fingers clawed at his ear he shouted, "Otis, it's broken! Stop the noise!" Petey stared at his grandfather in alarm

Any gift should come as a surprise, but perhaps not such a surprise as the gift which brought back the familiar sounds of life to Mr. Tennet

THE surprise for old Mr. Tennet had been arranged to take place on Saturday afternoon so that all those who had taken part in its conception would be at liberty to witness it. The neighbors in the block would be home from work, and Petey, old Mr. Tennet's grandson, would not have to be in school.

So well had the secret been kept in the neighborhood that old Mr. Tennet, sitting in his upholstered rocking chair on the sidewalk in front of the drugstore, suspected nothing out of the ordinary. He rocked very gently in the chair, allowing the pattern of sunlight which dropped through the elevated pillars to bathe his face. Petey sat on an upended fruit crate beside his grandfather so that he would be certain not to miss any part of the excitement. A few of those who passed the old man knew about the surprise and they smiled wisely as they greeted him.

"Hello there, Mr. Tennet. Getting some sunshine?" they asked, although they knew he could not hear what they said.

The old man always replied in the same way, smiling and nodding his head. "That's right," he would say. "This is a beautiful day. If it weren't for winter, we wouldn't appreciate a day like this."

Usually the passers-by only nodded pleasantly and moved on, but occasionally someone who knew him less well, or who had some minutes of his day to spare, would stop beside the old man to speak further.

"You're looking very well, Mr. Tennet."

"La?" That was what old Mr. Tennet always said when he was unable to understand, cupping his hand behind his ear to catch the sound.

"I say you're looking very well," the speaker would repeat, speaking more loudly.

"Ah. I must apologize for my hearing, sir. I am not always able to understand perfectly any longer. I appreciate your courtesy."

In spite of old Mr. Tennet's great age and the infirmity of his hearing, he was a respected citizen in his small community, and not without reason. He had lived in the neighborhood longer than anyone else who was still alive, and as long as all but a few who were dead had lived in it. His memory stretched back to the time when it was little more than farm land, and his father's pharmacy had been one of the first three shops in the community.

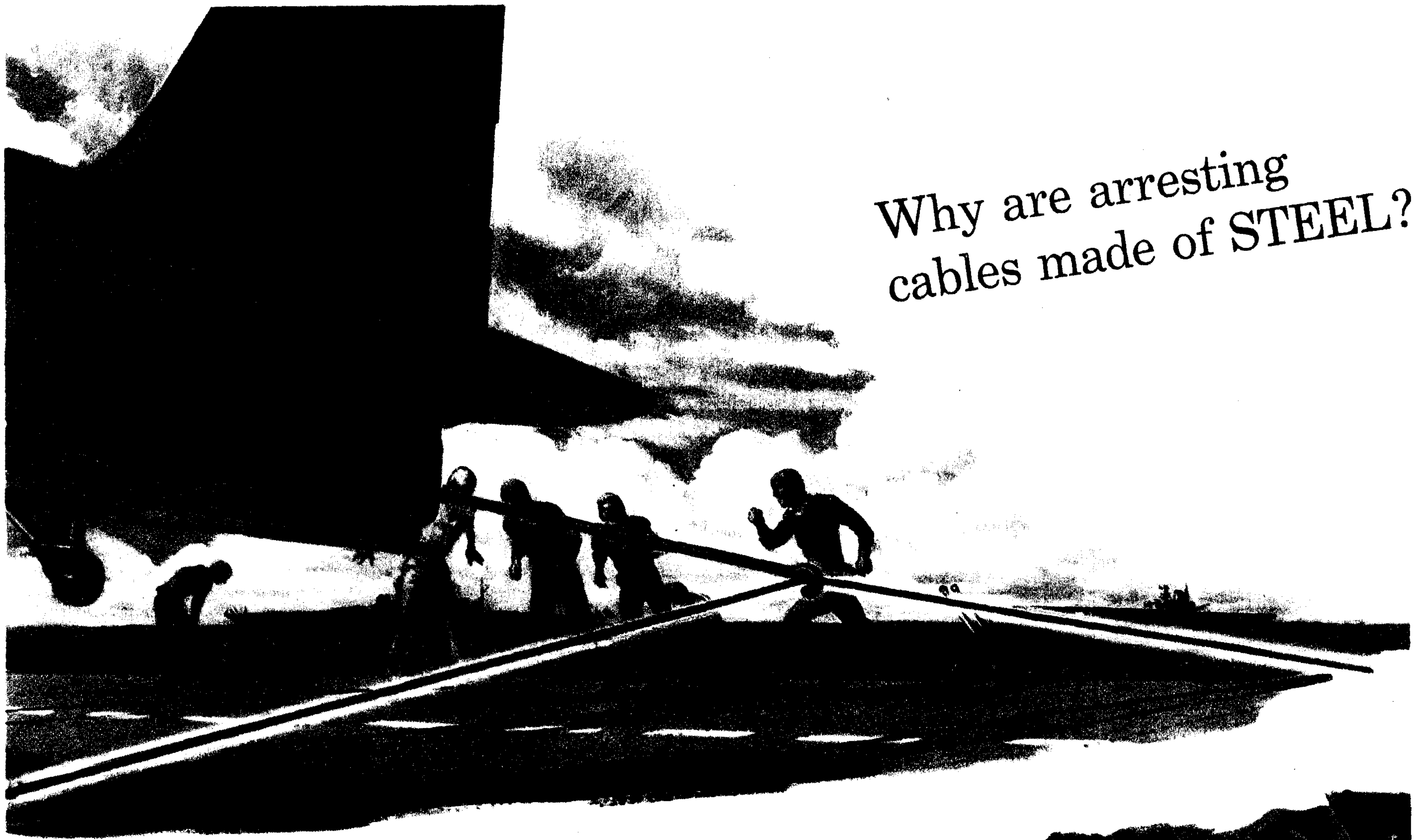
Furthermore, Mr. Tennet was not the sort of patriarch who found virtue exclusively in the past, and he was respected for that. He believed in progress; he could point to his soda fountain, installed in the year 1916, as evidence of his belief, and his pharmaceutical standards had always been of the highest.

Nowadays Mr. Tennet was eighty-two and spent the greater part of each day sitting on the sidewalk in the sunshine while his son, Otis, ran the shop. But his hand was steady and his carriage erect. He spoke with courtesy, dignity and assurance to all who addressed him.

Petey, who was only eleven, had discovered and made use of this quality of assurance in his grandfather. Old Mr. Tennet was by far the most satisfactory conversationalist Petey knew. When Petey asked questions of his mother and father they were irritatingly apt to give him yes-and-no answers, and inside him Petey felt a great need to know that certain things were so, definitely, finally and incontrovertibly so. For this reason it always gave him a warm rush of pleasure and security to watch old Mr. Tennet gravely nod his head and say, "Yes, Petey, this is true."

When Petey had first been told of the surprise which was planned for his grandfather his reaction had been one of rejection. He saw it only as something which would change

(Continued on page 83)



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88

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*F-N the famous Finger Nail Test

1. It's F-N, the test for men! The "Finger Nail Test!" Scratch your head and see if you find dryness or loose, ugly dandruff. If so, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy the large size.

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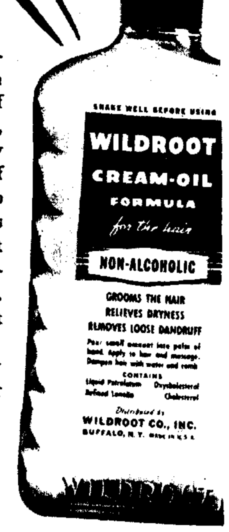
3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test prefer it to preparations formerly used. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long, long way. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.



SPECIAL NOTE TO WOMEN...

Thousands of women use Wildroot Cream-Oil to remove loose dandruff, relieve dryness, and help beautify their hair. Try it before a shampoo . . . also after a permanent wave to relieve dryness. Excellent for training children's hair.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

Happiness Around Her

Continued from page 15

Mother was getting ready to entertain her bridge club. She was shaving almonds at the table, her face small and serious under the knot of dark hair. The almonds would be shaved just so. The linen on the bridge tables would be white and smelling of sunshine. The ladies would come in dressed in black satin, tight over firm thighs and bosoms, with insteps swelling over new, black pumps.

It was no day for a mouse. Mother was very nervous about these ladies. Some of them had maids, and Mother didn't—probably never would have because Father couldn't manage it.

"Can I keep the mouse in the basement until Father comes home?" I said. "He'll want to see it." I had hopes, because Mother would do almost anything that she could to please Father.

"Nora," Mother said, shaving almonds so fine that the light shone through them, "you can't keep a mouse. You might as well let him be killed first as last."

Edmund's ears were as fine as the shaved almonds, the linings were shell pink. He moved and settled down in my hand, asleep.

"Mother," I said, "just one little mouse? Just until he can feed himself?"

"There is no such thing as just one mouse," Mother said. "Where there's one, there's twenty. I won't have a mouse smell in my house. You can tell it the minute you come in the door."

But I knew that I could keep Edmund for a while. He was in the breadbox in the basement when Father came home from work.

"I think he's rather attractive," Father said when he saw him. "We'll just keep him until he grows up."

MOTHER was lying down upstairs after the party, so we could let it go at that. We didn't know exactly what to do with Edmund. Only there was something about him. He was young and pink and gray. His whiskers were the mere beginnings of whiskers. Perhaps when they were grown out, we could think of something to do with him.

"I wonder if he'll have long whiskers, Father," I said.

"Oh, I think so," Father said. "He has good blood in him—distinction."

That was the day I knew that spring was coming for sure, and the day it really came was the day Eulalie came up the steps of our house to knock on the door and inquire about renting the room.

As I say, I wasn't there so I didn't see them, but I know that Mother must have been nervous, must have smoothed her hair and taken a last despairing look around her house, for she was letting a stranger into it for the first time and she was doing it because Father couldn't make ends meet. At least he couldn't the way Mother thought they must be met, for she had plans for me. I was to go to college. She wanted me to make *something* of myself.

It must have been very hard for Mother, showing Eulalie the house, for Father wasn't there to ease her as he always seemed to be able to do. There was no one to make her laugh and, left alone, Mother couldn't find things to laugh about for herself. She must have walked up the stairs with dignity and a silent little terror all her own, seeing with fearful thankfulness that there was no dust under the bed.

But Mother liked Eulalie at first. "She said she liked the clean smell in the house, Nora," Mother said when I came home from school. "She sniffed it, really sniffed it in. She almost made me smile. She's very girlish," Mother said, "for all that she's employed."

"What does she do?" I hadn't seen Eulalie yet, but already the house was different. There was a handkerchief lying on the table in the hall. It must be hers. Ours we kept in bureau drawers, in pockets or in the laundry basket; there were no other possibilities. Yet there the handkerchief lay on the dark surface of the polished table, careless, unconcerned and primrose yellow! Ours were always white.

"She's a typist," Mother said. "Imagine! I don't know what girls are coming to these days." But Mother was smiling. She seemed to be more careless herself. She let the handkerchief stay there with hardly a glance. She had rented the room, and it hadn't been so terrible after all. The girl was nice. She had almost made Mother smile.

"Her name is Eulalie," Mother said. "Eulalie Kent. It's an odd name."

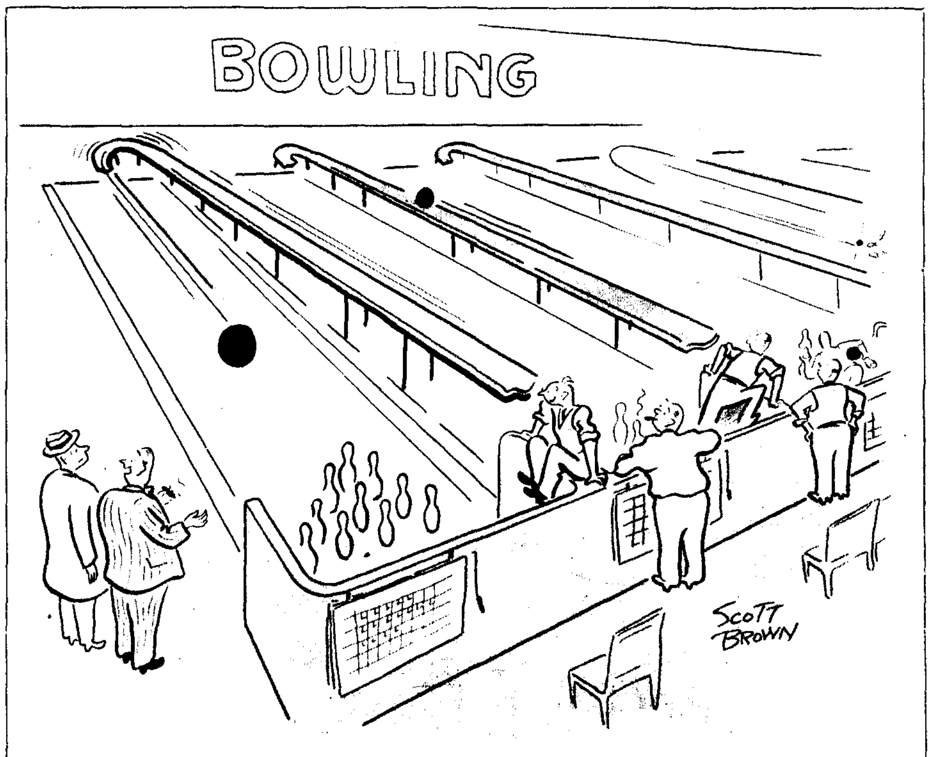
"It's pretty," I said, "isn't it?"

I suppose Father was about thirty-six years old that night in spring when he came home from work and found Eulalie there. I don't know what he would have been thinking. Maybe that he was getting old, or maybe about having been young with Mother and how she had clung to him and tried to laugh at everything he did because she thought he was wonderful. How she still thought he was wonderful, but laughter that you try to laugh comes harder as time passes.

If Father saw the handkerchief on the table as he came *in, he didn't mention it.* He went into the kitchen.

"Here I am, Edith," he said. He always said that and although Mother didn't stop in her bustling about, it was the thing she needed. It was the thing that had to be for her.

"She's going to have supper with us," Mother said in a hurry. "I asked her to take it with us since it's her first night here."



COLLIER'S "One of our former pin boys made the suggestion" SCOTT BROWN

"She?" Father said. "Did you rent the room? I thought you weren't going to take a woman."

"She's different," Mother said. "I don't think she'll be fussy. She didn't seem to notice—well—things," Mother said.

Father went out then to fix up the clothes pole that was sagging. Mother had asked him sixty times, she said.

IT WAS that night at dinner that I found out that Eulalie Kent didn't intend to make anything of herself—ever. When I heard it, I could only sit staring at her, wondering that she could sit there, small and warm and golden and complete, and still *think like that, too. Mother had always told* me that I must make something of myself, that I must amount to something. And here sat Eulalie who wasn't going to and didn't care. I couldn't believe it.

It was Mother who asked her. Father had been just looking at her and not saying very much, when Mother said, "I suppose your present position is a steppingstone to—better things?"

Eulalie kept on eating her custard. She loved it, you could see that. She liked the warm evening and the food. She was tired and happy at finding a place to stay.

"Oh, I don't think so," Eulalie said, "I like my job just fine." Her hair was golden and her eyes were brown. She had little brown moles flecked on her skin, and they were lovely.

"This is a nice town," she said. "I think I'm going to like it."

Somehow the way she said things made them be your very own. "It's a nice town," she said, and I thought of all the things I liked about Conorra, the high blue sky over the prairie and the cottonwood trees. The way it was hot in summer and the way the warm winds came down in winter and kept it from being too cold. "It's a nice town," Eulalie said, and it was. "This *is* a nice house," and it was. Being able to do that, why should she amount to anything more than that? But of course, that didn't change things for me. I would have to amount to something, somehow.

Mother had been quiet, perhaps bewildered as I was, but she tried again. "But naturally," she said, "you intend to make *something* of yourself, Miss Kent? Everybody does!"

"No," Eulalie said, "I guess not."

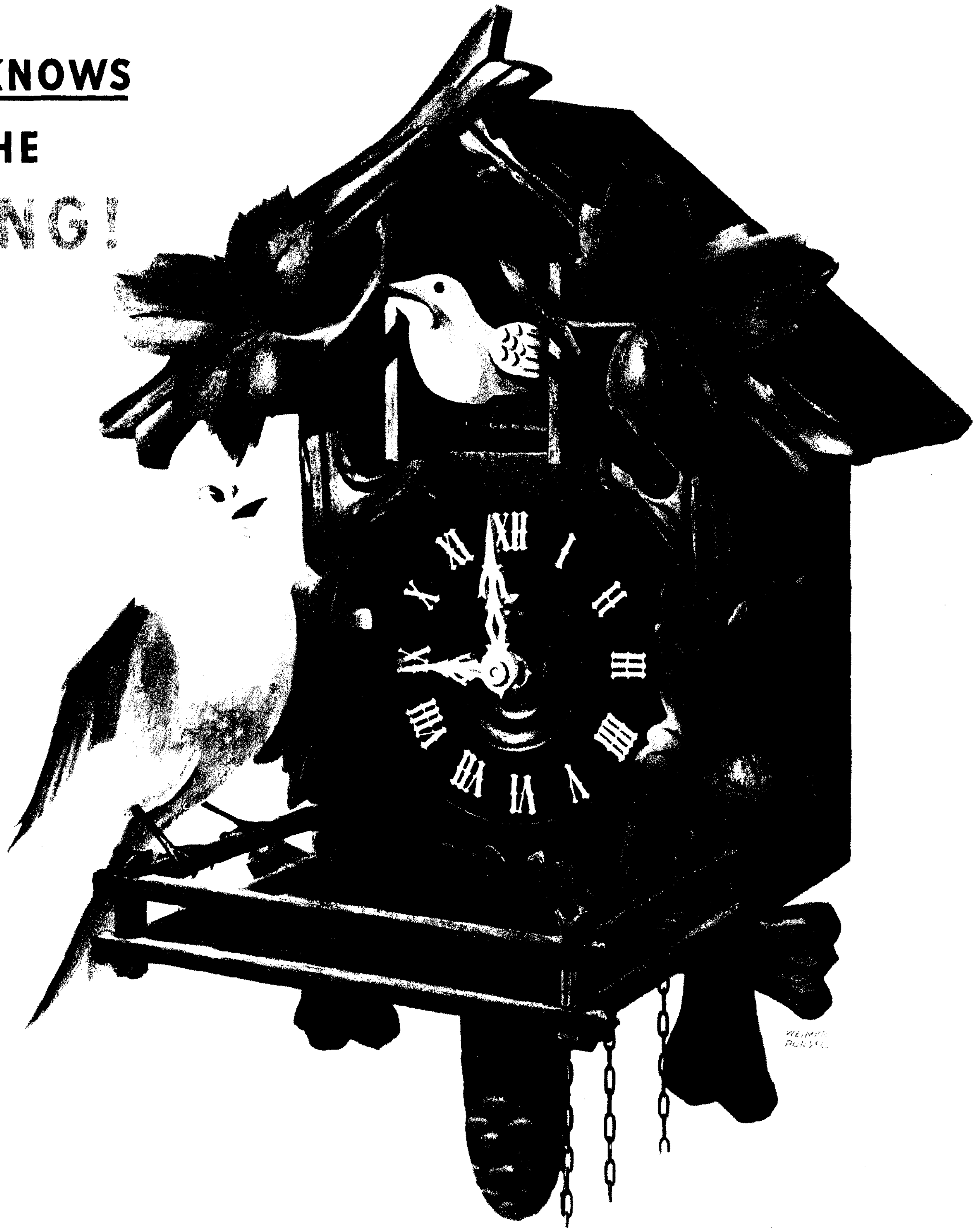
THE peace of the calm night settled over the table. While the spell of her words lasted we sat there living and breathing, not trying to be something. She could make that happen. It was the most curious sensation I have ever known. . . .

The summer days began, each one more green and warm and flower-laden than the one before. When school was out, I started to make a blue gingham dress, and Eulalie helped me with it in the evenings. She never had anything in particular to do. Sometimes she went to the movies with one of the young men in town, but often she stayed home and then she would find her way downstairs. She didn't help me much with the dress, really. She touched it here and there, saying that the buttons should be over here, the neck like this, and when it was done, I thought it was the prettiest dress I had ever had. It gave me a guilty conscience to think so. The dresses Mother made for me were *finished like embroidery even to the inside* seams, but I didn't feel the same about them.

"It's darling," Eulalie said. "Put it on and wear it!" Mother always said about a new dress, "Put it away, dear, and keep it for best."

One night we showed Edmund to Eulalie. It was on that night that I first began to know that Mother was afraid of Eulalie, that she was afraid of the change that Eulalie made in Father and me and in the house itself. A house cannot be different from what it is. It can't be gay and full of new laughter where before it was quiet and purposeful. If

ANYONE WHO KNOWS CAN TELL THE REAL THING!



...THAT'S WHY CLEAR HEADS CHOOSE Calvert

Ask any judge of fine whiskey, and he'll tell you Calvert is "the real thing." It has a pre-war quality and excellence that simply can't be imitated . . . There's just no substitute for Calvert.

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7 A. M. . . . You're in a state

POOR YOU! That not-sick-not-well feeling has you down. Maybe it's a laxative you need—a sparkling refresher of Sal Hepatica! Now—before breakfast—how's about a tingling glass—to help give you needed relief?

9 A. M. . . . You're feeling great

NEW VIEW! Same person, new outlook! Wonderful, what Sal Hepatica can do to help! If you take it first thing in the morning, it usually acts within an hour, bringing speedy, ever-so-easy relief. It's a help in counteracting excess gastric acidity, too; and in turning a sour stomach sweet again.

Since 3 out of 5 doctors, interviewed in a survey, advise this sparkling saline, why don't *you* try it, next time *you* need a laxative?

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy* SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica from your druggist today, remembering this. Caution: use only as directed. Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Ask your doctor about the efficacy of this prescription. Sal Hepatica is a product of Bristol-Myers.

TUNE IN "EDDIE CANTOR"—Wednesdays, NBC, 9:00 p. m., E.W.T.—
"THE ALAN YOUNG SHOW"—Tuesdays, Blue Network, 8:30 p. m., E.W.T.

it changes like that, then someone is unhappy in it, and a balance is disturbed that has been built for years.

We were in the basement, looking at Edmund. Eulalie thought that Edmund was adorable. Father was watching Edmund and smiling, lifting his eyebrows in a way he had.

It was Father's "Let her rip" look, and Mother had never liked it. Things did not rip where Mother was. If they did, they were put back together with such fine stitches that you would never know they were torn. I don't know why I thought of this then. There we were in the basement looking down into the breadbox. We were all laughing, Mother as much as any of us. Eulalie had just said that she wondered if Edmund could be taught to do tricks. It would be fun to teach him.

Mother stepped back from the breadbox and smoothed her pink lawn skirt. She was fresh and neat and pretty. She was a lady on a candy-box cover. "I'm afraid he won't be here long enough to do any tricks," she said. "Jim, you'll have to do something about him tomorrow!"

Hearing her, I guess no one would have known except Father and me that we had to get rid of the mouse tomorrow—or why. But we knew that she meant that things had gone far enough, that we had had our way for a while, and now she wanted hers, that if we held out against her she would think that we didn't love her. Father and I knew that we must get rid of Edmund, but Eulalie didn't know it yet.

"Oh, Mrs. Killorin," she said, still smiling, "he's so cute and clean. You don't mean it. Just wait and see the tricks we teach him!"

Mother burst into tears and frightened us all. "It isn't my fault," she sobbed. "You'd think that I made mice and all the nasty things they do. I didn't have anything to do with it, but I won't have them around. You'll keep him, and then some night he'll get out and you'll forget all about him, but I'll have to cope with him and all his children!"

Father said, "There, there, Edith. I'll dispose of him." He cleared his throat and turned his back to me. "Tomorrow," he said.

Eulalie put her arm around me as we went upstairs, but I knew that she didn't understand yet about Mother. "She's upset," Eulalie said. "It's so hot. She'll change her mind. I expect she'll be down there first thing in the morning, admiring him."

I didn't know that I cared so much about Edmund, but I must have because I started to cry, too. "No, she won't. She never changes her mind. She can't!" and Eulalie let me cry on her shoulder, the tears soaking through her openwork blouse.

I wasn't crying just about Edmund. There was everything else: the tired look that Father had when he said, "There, there, Edith," the balance that always had to be kept between Mother and Father, and, more and more, I was wondering why it had to be kept. Why couldn't Father let her rip just once—just once? There was Eulalie, too, and she was part of my grief, for she was an enchantment. She was light without shadow, she was golden and giving; I wanted a part of it for myself to keep always and I didn't see how that could be.

I sobbed on her shoulder and perhaps she understood about Mother then. "Don't cry, Nora," she said. "It's all right." Somehow, standing with her there in the dark of the basement stairs, it was.

IN THE morning Edmund was gone. He had got out of the breadbox in the night and was gone. Nobody knew how he got out.

"There! I told you so," Mother said.

Eulalie and Father and I didn't say anything at all.

It was nothing. A mouse had got out. It was such a little thing, but Father and Eulalie and I were glad that it had happened, and Mother was not. It made a strangeness that had not been there before—or had been, but had been concealed.

Mother began to ask Eulalie more questions about herself, where had she lived before she came to Conorra? Had she worked there? How long did she stay? Did she think she would move again? Eulalie answered her politely, but Mother didn't like the answers. Eulalie had worked in quite a number of places, but she liked change. It was so much fun to see everything, go everywhere. She thought that she would try the West Coast sometime, or even Hawaii. Mother listened and later I heard her tell Father that Eulalie was a drifter. "I don't like to have Nora with her so much," Mother said.

I DON'T know what had happened to Father that summer, but I remember him as he was then. There was a glow about him that nothing could touch; he was apart from us all in a world of his own. He remembered things that he had forgotten for a long time: funny songs and funny stories. At night he sat on the front porch with Mother and Eulalie and me, and while the swing squeaked back and forth, he talked.

I never knew before that Father had been a member of a male quartet. I never knew that he had played baseball on the Conorra baseball team before he was married. He had hidden in a boxcar, too, and gone all the way to New York and back once when he was a boy. I never knew these things, but he was telling us now. He was telling Eulalie.

"She'll be moving along again soon," Mother said; "that kind always does!" Ever since the night that Edmund got away, I knew that Mother wanted Eulalie to go.

But now the day of Bell's Carnival was almost here. It came every year, and every year Father and Mother and I went and took a lunch, spent the whole day there, and the evening, too. It was the supreme thing, the rose of the summer, the thing to look forward to beyond all others. I thought that all the tinsel sights of the carnival would be heightened for me this year because Eulalie would be with us. I thought that the balloons would be redder, the sugar candy more fairy pink, that the Ferris wheel would swing a wider arc because of her and I was right, but I didn't think it would end as it did.

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"Bonds are a Better Buy!"

The day started out wrong, somehow, although the sun was bright and hot, soaking into the limp leaves of the trees, turning them to an olive green. Eulalie was dressed all in yellow, a soft yellow dress and a sun hat that dipped around her face. Mother thought that Eulalie's slippers were too high-heeled for walking.

"You'll tire yourself out in those," Mother said.

"I'll never be tired," Eulalie said, "at a carnival. How could I be?"

At the gate, the carnival burst upon us as it always did—the heat of it, the color of the pointed pennants over the tents, the way it smelled.

Eulalie drew in her breath and held it. "Oh," she said, "it smells so exciting."

That bothered Mother, too. "You like everything, don't you?" she said.

But Eulalie wasn't angry. She never got angry over anything. Each day was a picture for her to fit herself into—this one most of all.

We had always had a way of seeing the carnival. First find a place for the picnic, the place where the blanket could be spread

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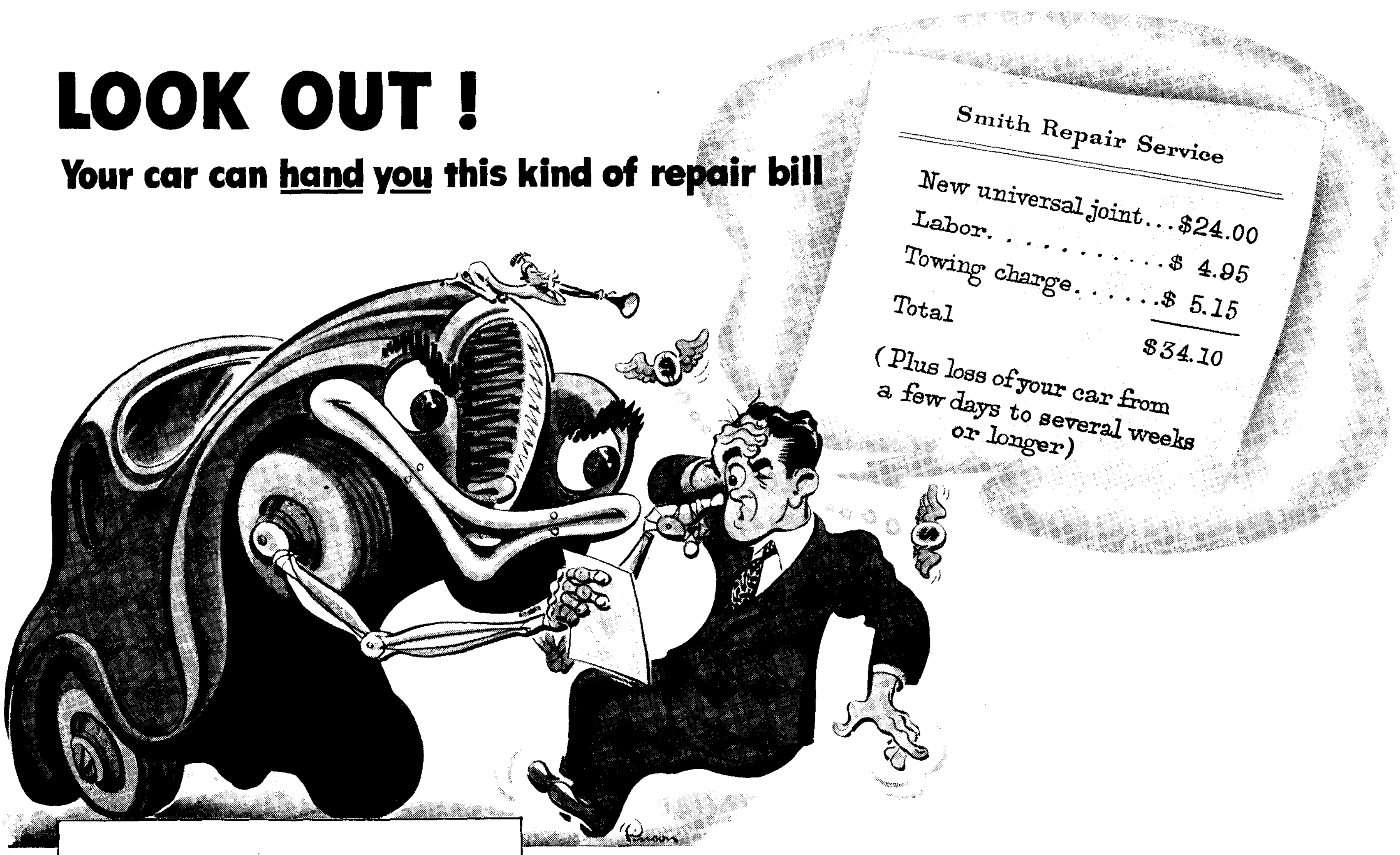

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out on the grass. There Mother could sit, if she liked, waiting for us. She would be there smiling, crocheting when Father and I came back from the Ferris wheel or the fun house. We had lunch there, and in the evening we watched the fireworks from there. Sitting on the blanket, Mother could hold the carnival in check. Serving us deviled eggs in white paper frills, she could make us remember that the carnival was for only a day, a few hours.

Today it wasn't to be like that at all. The change began right away. We got inside the gate, and Father looked at Eulalie. He put down the picnic basket.

"Let's really see the carnival this time," Father said. "What do you say, everybody?"

Mother's smile was hurt. "I thought we always had seen it," she said.

Father hardly heard her. "Let's go to everything, and tonight, let's have seats in the grandstand. I'll go and get them now." He disappeared.

We were silent; Eulalie because it all seemed perfectly natural to her, I because I was stunned, and Mother because she was near tears.

And Mother didn't leave us that day, not once. She didn't sit on a blanket in the cool. She was with us every minute and yet it seemed that she wasn't with us at all. I saw her face, small and white, drifting beside us, saw Father helping her up and down steps, I talked to her, he talked to her, we tried to bring her along with us, tried to make her love it as we did, but somewhere we stopped trying, the hours were too short, there wasn't time. We stopped trying for we were seeing the carnival—everything—in a way that we had never done before—with Eulalie.

We had our lunch out of the basket quickly, pulled the sandwiches out without noticing whether they were chicken or cheese, drank pop without waiting for the lemonade mixture that Mother had brought.

Eulalie shot at the shooting gallery. She was a good shot. She played keeno and won a kewpie doll that she gave to me. When she won it, the barker said that the prettiest lady at the table had won, and Mother was sitting right there.

And Father was like a duck in water. He and Eulalie were cut from the same piece of goods; it was a simple fact for all to see.

As it came on to twilight, and the shadows sifted through the dusk, dimming the colors, there was one more place to go, the Isle of Dreams, and we went there, as we had gone to everything else.

There was a sign in the Isle of Dreams that said, "Kiss Your Girl Here," and you had to do it. You had to, because by the time you were under the sign, you were also in a turnstile that wouldn't release you until you did. It was a trick. Nobody knew it was there.

Father was walking with Eulalie, and Mother and I were close behind them. There were other people there, maybe twenty of them. Father and Eulalie were caught in the turnstile. "Kiss your girl," screamed a man with a megaphone, and everyone stopped to watch.

Father didn't look at us. He looked down at Eulalie. Her yellow dress was crumpled, and she held her hat in her hand. She smiled at Father and waited. He put up his arms and touched her shoulders. He bent his head and she stood on tiptoe, raising her lips. He put his mouth to her mouth, he had his hands on the soft yellow cotton that covered her shoulders. He kissed her right there.

Everyone was quiet in the tent; it was a beautiful kiss.

Mother put her hands over her face and turned. She ran out of the Isle of Dreams, bumping into people, stumbling, crying, and nobody noticed her at all, except me. I followed her, but she was quick. I didn't catch up with her until she was on the road home. She had the picnic basket in her hand.

"Mother," I said, "don't cry. Please don't."

THE picnic basket made me feel awful. There it was with all the deviled eggs that hadn't been needed. Mother had made them for the day, and they hadn't been touched or noticed. I took the basket from her hand. It bumped against my legs with every step, tearing my stockings.

"Oh," Mother said, "what a terrible day! What an awful day!"

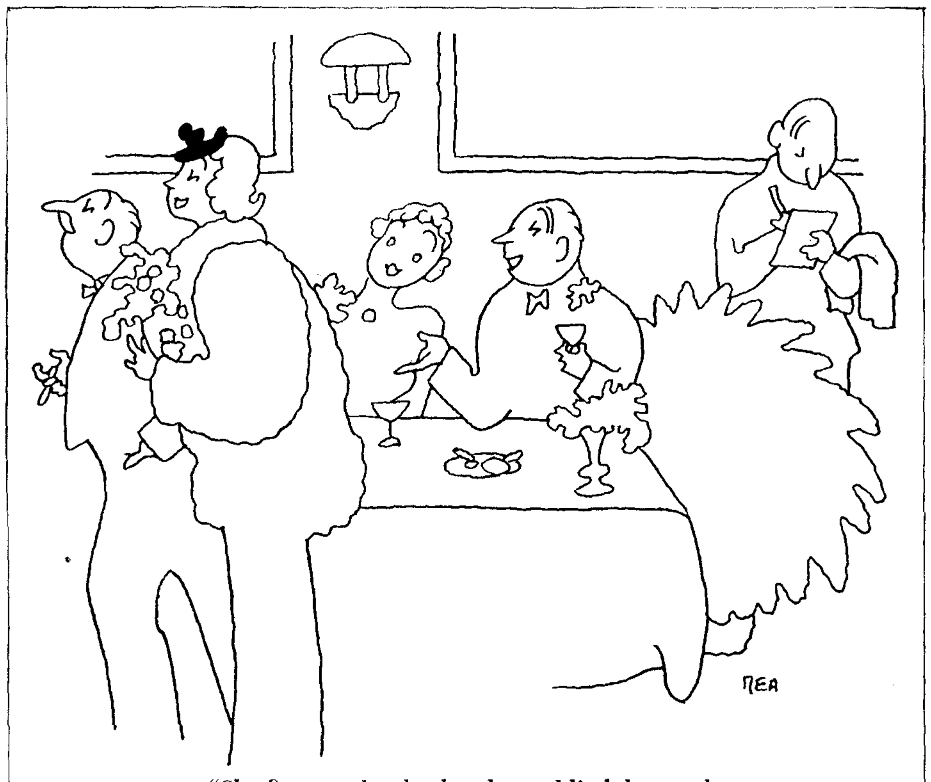
"It was very hot," I said. I didn't know how to comfort her.

Father had kissed Eulalie, and I had been glad. It was as though he had kissed the whole rich, beautiful core of the day when he touched her lips—the early morning when the townspeople were getting up knowing it was a holiday, the noon when they had rested together, the evening when the fireworks rose, a clear blaze above the grandstand. He couldn't not have kissed her. . . . But what could I say to Mother? What could I tell her about that?

But Mother said, "Oh, I've never liked it—never! I went because he wanted it, and you. I like to watch you have a good time." She bit her lip to keep her voice steady. "I like to watch you," she said, very dignified, "even when I don't have a good time myself. But today—"

Today was over. We went silently down the road, and it was getting very dark. . . .

I wasn't surprised next day when Eulalie said she was leaving. The summer was ending. You could see it in the brown grass, tell it in the smoky air. The carnival had left in



"She first met her husband on a blind date and five years later she met him on another one"

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For years our scientists beat their brains out looking for the Fountain of Youth, or a reasonable facsimile thereof, in a cream that would make shaving positive fun . . . that would make you spring out of bed in the morning just rarin' to get in front of the bathroom mirror.

Up to now, we have had about as much success as that old Spanish barber, Ponce de Leon. We've huffed and we've puffed, we've tested in chemists' tubes and on their mugs, but shaving still remains pretty much what it always has been: a pain in the neck, if not in the chin!

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the night, and Eulalie couldn't stay any longer, not in our house.

"I have a friend," she said, "in Spokane. She says there's a job there if I come."

Mother said yes, very politely. Father had gone to work.

That night Father saw her to the train, carried down the little brown grip that Eulalie had brought up our walk that day in spring, went with her to the station and told her goodby while I stood behind the packing boxes watching them.

WE WALKED home, Father and I, saying nothing, listening to the sound of a train whistle far away, farther away all the time. I tried to figure it out as we walked there, why I felt that so much was lost, and yet knew that I must let it go.

It seemed to me that Mother needed Father and me the way we needed Eulalie, and that Father knew it. It seemed to me that if we didn't stand by her, the light would go out for her the way it was doing for us this night, and she would have nothing to help her stand it. Father and I had things to help us all the time. We had each other. We had lots of things; not as many as Eulalie had, but some. We would always be all right in a way, because we had happiness around us, and Eulalie would, too, because she had more than we.

So we walked along together in the August night. Father with his shoulders straight and his hat still in his hand. There was a light in the window when we came to our house. Mother was sitting under the lamp doing her needlework. Father stopped just a minute on the porch looking back, and I wondered if he was seeing the vanishing light of a train, hearing Eulalie say goodby. I thought that he would always think of her whenever he saw a lovely woman all the rest of his life, and that there would never be one just like that for him again.

Then we crossed the porch and went into the vestibule where there was the smell of camphor and of rubbers and—of mice!

Father smelled it when I did. He stopped and looked at me.

"Edmund!" I said. "He—"

"Eulalie let him out," Father said. "She never said so, but I think she did."

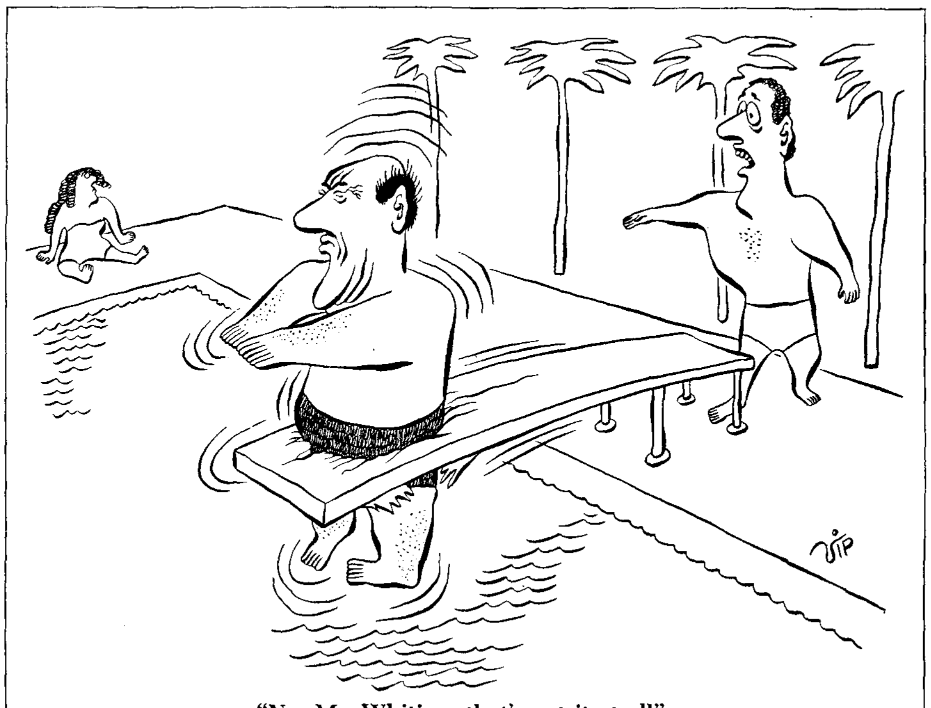
That was the last time we mentioned Eulalie.

"We'll have to set traps, I suppose," Father said, "but maybe Edmund's too smart for them now. He's a big mouse now. He's had all summer."

"There's no such thing as just one mouse," I said, and we both laughed and it was a big relief. Then we opened the door to the room where Mother was waiting.

"We're home, dear," Father said, and he smiled at her in the lamplight.

THE END



COLLIER'S "No, Mr. Whiting, that's not it at all" VIRGIL PARTCH

Any Week

Continued from page 4

comes a tale by a Marine Corps combat correspondent, Sgt. Dick Dashiell, about Pfc. Richard Zimmerman, of Teaneck, New Jersey. Seems Pvt. Zimmerman and two Third Marine Division buddies, while patrolling close to Jap lines, sat down to rest against tree trunks, each facing in a different direction. Worn out, Zimmerman was asleep in a moment. A few minutes later he awakened and felt a hand on the back of his neck. He didn't dare move. "Where are your hands, Mac?" he whispered to the guy on his left. "On my rifle," said Mac. "Where are yours, Joe?" asked Zimmerman. "Got 'em right here," Joe replied. "Well," said Zimmerman, "somebody has his hand on my neck." With which he grabbed his jungle knife and took a swipe in the general direction of his spine. But before he did any damage, he discovered it was his own hand, still asleep and numb from its function as a pillow.

THERE'S a nine-year-old named Jimmer, who belongs to a friend of ours. One of Jimmer's pals owns a dog called Muellers. Every weekday morning, promptly at 7:45, Muellers trots over to Jimmer's house and waits to escort him to school. Or used to. One Monday recently, Jimmer leaned out of the window and told Muellers to go home. "I'm sick," he said, "and won't go to school for a week." Muellers stayed away all that week. As a matter of fact, he hasn't come back since. There isn't much point to this story except that, for our money, Muellers is a mighty smart pooch.

FROM his files, Mr. John O. McIntosh, who sells insurance in Van Nuys, California, sends us a letter signed "Herman." Herman is burned up and quite apathetic about insurance. "Dere sir," he addresses Mr. McIntosh, "you say time for me to pay money for insurance. I tell you. Two days ago I'm sitting in my house and next door woman come in. We maybe kissing little bit on davenport and accidental I get her hot cigarette stuck behind my ear. Maybe you not holler, but hell, me I do. My wife maybe sleeping in back room, but no more. She catch lipstick on me, also catch woman next door. You think that is fun? Me, no. I get hell out of there fast and maybe go to bar for beer. I stay one maybe two hour and go back home. Furniture break all up and no wife clothes and no wife. Me I think California not good for me. Too much woman. Trouble, damn yes. Six month ago I break car and sell junk. I now quit job and go back home. I no pay. goodby. . . ." G. W.

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"We Were Never Nazis!"

Continued from page 13

the women said that if they had enough to eat and could live quietly they did not care *who* ruled them. The men said they had not talked politics for eleven years and no longer knew anything about government. However, democracy is a fine word and in frequent use in Germany.

Then I asked them whether they had traveled during the war. Had anyone made a side trip to Paris? No one had traveled anywhere at all: they were assigned their work and they stayed to do it, twelve hours a day. After that, the talk degenerated into the usual condemnation of the Nazis.

We went down to the river front to call on some airborne pals. The company command post was in a candy factory and we were taken to see the vast stocks of sugar, chocolate, cocoa, butter, almonds and finished candies that remained. Then we were led to a huge wine cellar, only one of three they had located. Next we visited a flour warehouse which had more flour in it than any of us had seen at one time. After this (and by now we were all in a temper thinking how well off the Germans had been) we went through a jumble of factory buildings used as a general food depot and we looked with anger on rooms full of Dutch and French cheese, Portuguese sardines, Norwegian canned fish, all kinds of jams and canned vegetables, barrels of sirup and so on.

The Germans had not given up butter for guns but had done very nicely producing or stealing both.

Tears of Frustrated Greed

There was a line of German women sitting outside the white tape which marked off the military zone. They were watching their houses. No roof or window remains, and often there is not a wall left, either, and almost everything in those houses has been blown about. But there they sat and kept mournful guard on their possessions. When asked why they did this, they started to weep. We have all seen such beastly and fantastic suffering accepted in silence that we do not react very well to weeping. And we certainly do not react well to people weeping over furniture.

I remembered Oradour, in France, where the Germans locked every man, woman and child of the village into the church and set the church afire, and after the people were burned, the village was burned. This is an extremely drastic way to destroy property. The Germans have taught all the people of Europe not to waste time weeping over anything easy like furniture. Farther down the river, the Military Government was registering German civilians in the villages.

During all the war this village had lost ten civilians dead; during the last week German shells had killed seven more. We talked with some German women about the horrors of war.

"The bombs," they said. "O God, the bombs! Two thousand eight hundred bombs fell on this village alone," they said.

"Don't be crazy," we told them. "There would be no sign of a village if that were true."

"Ah, the bombs!" they said, firmly convinced that their village was flat and they were all dead.

Just across the river the German ack-ack continues to operate. Yesterday it operated effectively and a B-26 was shot down and a column of black smoke rose straight and mountain-high. It looked like a funeral pyre to all of us. The tanks of the Thirteenth Armored Division were moving up across the river behind the burning plane, but the crew were there in a belt of Krauts and no one could reach them. From a 505th observation post, some paratroopers had seen four men get out of the plane. That was at about one o'clock on a soft clear day.

At six o'clock, across the river on the green bank, someone started waving a white flag. This was ignored because it does not necessarily mean anything. Then a procession came down to a landing pier. They carried a Red Cross flag; through binoculars we could see a priest, a medic, and two German soldiers carrying a stretcher. A landing craft put out from our bank, well covered by our machine guns in case this was all a sinister joke. Presently on both banks of the Rhine there was an audience. Normally you would never have moved in this area in daylight. Now we stood cheerfully in the sun and gaped.

Slowly three more stretchers were carried down to our boat. We could see civilians over there, children, German soldiers: everyone was out staring at everyone else. We could not quite believe it and were still prepared to dive for cover. Then the little boat was launched into the current. It landed, and our medic who had gone over to get these four wounded men—the survivors of the B-26 crew—shouted to clear the banks, because the Krauts said they'd give the ambulance time to load and then they would open up.

The war had stopped for approximately an hour on a hundred-yard front.

"I never saw the Krauts act so nice," one soldier said.

"They know our tanks are coming up," another soldier said. "Krauts don't act nice for nothing."

The DPs (Displaced Persons, if you have forgotten) tell us that Krauts never act nice. There are tens of thousands of Russians and Poles and Czechs and French and Yugoslav and Belgian slave laborers around here, and they pour in every day in truckloads to the camps which the 82d Airborne now runs.

There is apparently an inexhaustible supply of human beings who have been torn from their families and have lived in misery with no medical care and on starvation rations while working twelve hours a day for their German masters. They do not feel very kindly toward the Germans, as you can imagine. The only time I have seen a Russian cry was when a Russian nurse, a girl of twenty-five, wept with rage telling of the way her people were treated. They had all seen their dead thrown into huge lime-filled pits which were the communal graves.

"Everywhere the graves became as high as a mountain," she said. The anger of these people is so great that you feel it must work like fire in the earth.

Martyrs to Ghoulishness

British prisoners of war are starting to come through now, still joking, still talking in understatement but with bitterness behind the jokes and the quiet words. The ones we saw had walked for fifty-two days from the Polish frontier to Hannover, where their tank columns freed them, and on that fearful march those who fell out from hunger and exhaustion died. Their Red Cross parcels kept them alive during five years, but since last November no parcels had arrived. In one small group, nine men had died of starvation after the long march, and their bodies lay for six days in their crowded barracks because for some unknown reason the Germans did not feel like burying them or allowing them to be buried.

"They're not human is all," a New Zealander said.

"I wish they'd let us take charge of the German prisoners," a boy from Wales said.

A man who was lying on the grass near him now spoke up thoughtfully. "You can't really learn to like those people," he said, "unless they're dead."

Meantime, the Germans, untroubled by regret (because after all they did nothing wrong; they only did what they were told to do), keep on saying with energy, "We are not Nazis." It is their idea of the password to forgiveness, probably to be followed by a sizable loan. "We were never Nazis! We are friends."

There are hundreds of thousands of people in khaki around here—and equal numbers of foreigners in rags—who simply cannot see it that way.

THE END

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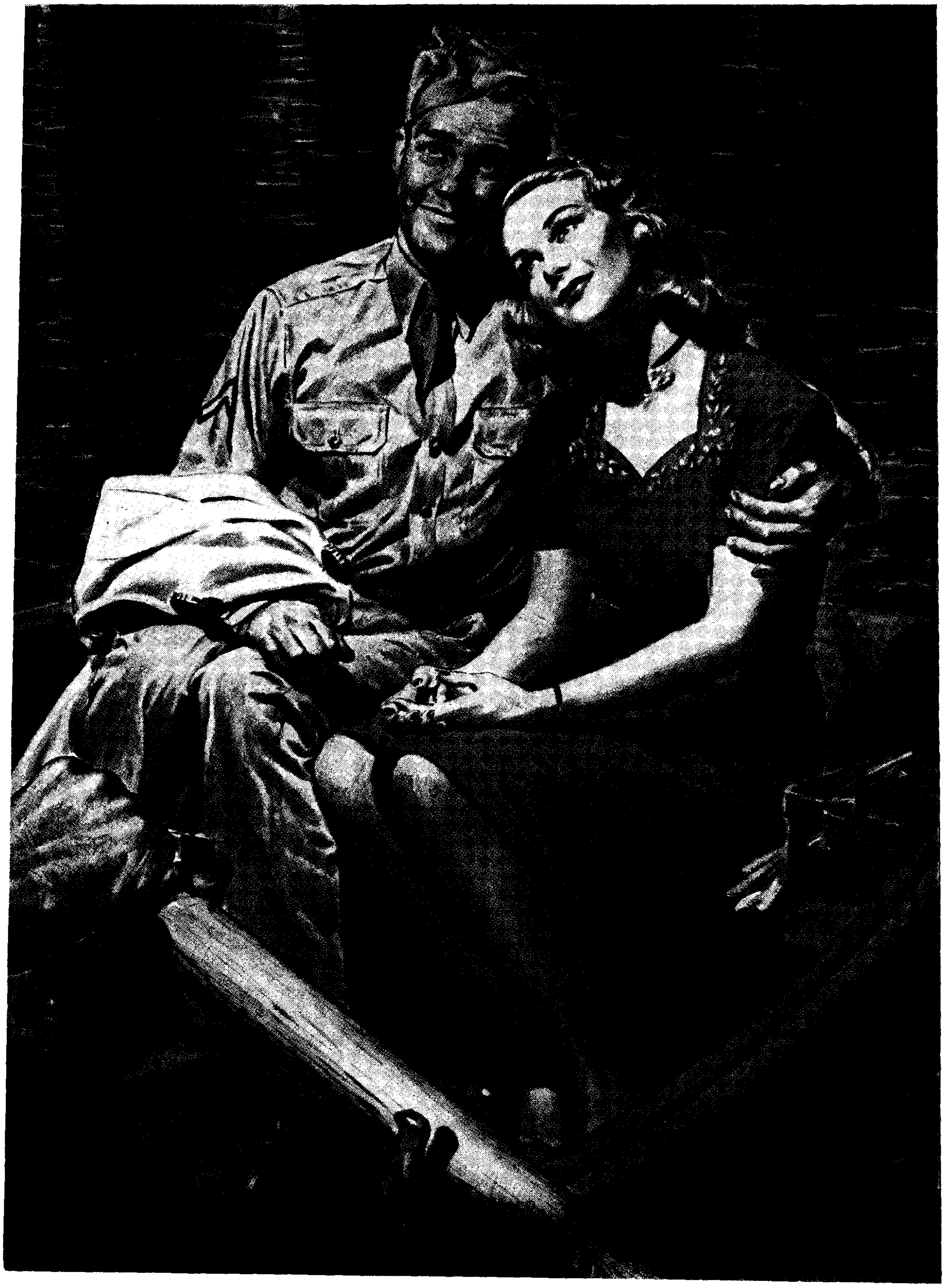
Spring IS A BOOBY TRAP

BY IRVING NEIMAN

Marriage certainly wasn't on Joey's calendar—but spring was in the air, Mabel was in his arms, and suddenly Joey's heart was giving him a very delightful double cross

Mabel leans her head on my shoulder and says, "You know, Joey, on a night like this, you think big thoughts, don't you? About the future and all?" I put my arm around her. "Yeah," I says, feelin' like there's music in the distance



YOU hear a lot about spring bein' the time of the year when a young man's fancy turns to love, and it's a fact. Only what they don't tell you about is a young woman's fancy, which goes one step further and more permanent. A young woman's fancy is thinkin' about wedding bells, and that's somethin' that takes more than the old sulphur and molasses. I'm tellin' you.

It ain't that I don't get no warnin' about what happens. My girl friend Miss Mabel Stooler and me are walkin' along this day, and a bird starts chirpin'. She pulls up in front of a furniture store like a fire engine at a three-alarmer.

"Look," she says. "Furniture. The kind that young couples get to furnish their homes when they get married." And she looks at me.

We continue walkin', with this bird still blowin' his top. The next stop is a jewelry store.

"Gee, just get a smell of that spring air," she says. "You know, they sell you rings now for only twenty-five cents down. Any kind. Wedding rings, too." And she looks at me.

The bird follows us down the street, like we got him on a leash.

"Gee, look," says Mabel. "Look at the cute things they're makin' nowadays for babies."

I take a breath of the nice spring air and I nearly choke on it.

This marriage routine ain't exactly right off the griddle. I mean, it ain't nothin' I ain't heard before. Except this time it's springtime, and I ain't comin' up with the right reactions. When she says this about furniture and wedding rings and the rest of the stuff, it sounds kinda good to me. This is a way of thinkin' that leads only to "I now pronounce you . . ." —which ain't on my calendar for the near future.

I take it up with Steponkus the Wolf, which is a kind of a nickname we got for Pvt. Harry Steponkus, who sleeps in the bunk next to me. They don't call him Wolf because of what big teeth he's got. This guy's got experience. I give him the whole story.

"H'mmmm," he says, like he's feelin' my pulse.

"Yeah," I says. "I know."

"I had a similar experience once with a widow in Hohokus, New Jersey," he says.

"I don't want your biography," I says. "What do I do about Mabel?"

"With this widow," he says, "I worked out the Steponkus Method."

"Is that good?" I ask.

"She's still a widow," he says.

"Okay," I says. "How does it work?"

Steponkus the Wolf leans back in his sack, where he's reclinin', and gives me the whole experience he has with this widow, with details on the clinches, and what he said to her, and what she said vice versa. He also throws in how he bowled over a welder in Peoria, a waitress in Denver and a dressmaker in St. James, Missouri. That's for nothin'.

"Fine," I says. "You're a Romeo first class, and I can't get over you. Only what's that got to do with the spring, and what I'm askin' you?"

"The Steponkus Method," he says.

"So what?" I says.

He shuts them big romantic eyes he's got, and gives out a sigh. "Look," he says, slow, like A-B-C. "I've been out with all these dames, in every season, includin' spring. I'm still single—right? That's the system."

"Oh," I says, only I don't get it.

He finally decides the only way is for the two of us to go out on a double date, and he'll give me a demonstration. I can't see what I'm gonna lose.

"Just watch the system," he says. "All you have to do is keep the conversation off marriage."

"You don't know Mabel," I says.

"You don't know Steponkus," he says, and rolls over on his sack. The interview is over.

FOR his date, Steponkus the Wolf takes along a Wac by the name of Gertrude he's been foolin' around with. He asks me to pick out the most romantic spot I can think of, the idea bein': If it will work there, it will work any place. I pick Central Park, in a rowboat. I shoulda had my head examined.

It's one of them nights. Just a little bit of moon, and the stars shinin' like the chrome finish on a prewar sports model. Just a little wind, and that sweet spring smell comin' across the lake. It's quiet in Central Park, except when you hear a car tootin' its horn way in the distance. A romantic night.

Just before we get in the rowboat, I take Steponkus the Wolf off to one side.

"Look," I says. "You sure you know what you're doin'?"

"Don't worry," he says.

"The way I feel, I'm liable to propose to Broadway Rose," I says, and I ain't kiddin'. The spring does somethin' to me. I feel kinda light in the head. Sorta queer, like a hang-over, only rosy.

(Continued on page 50)

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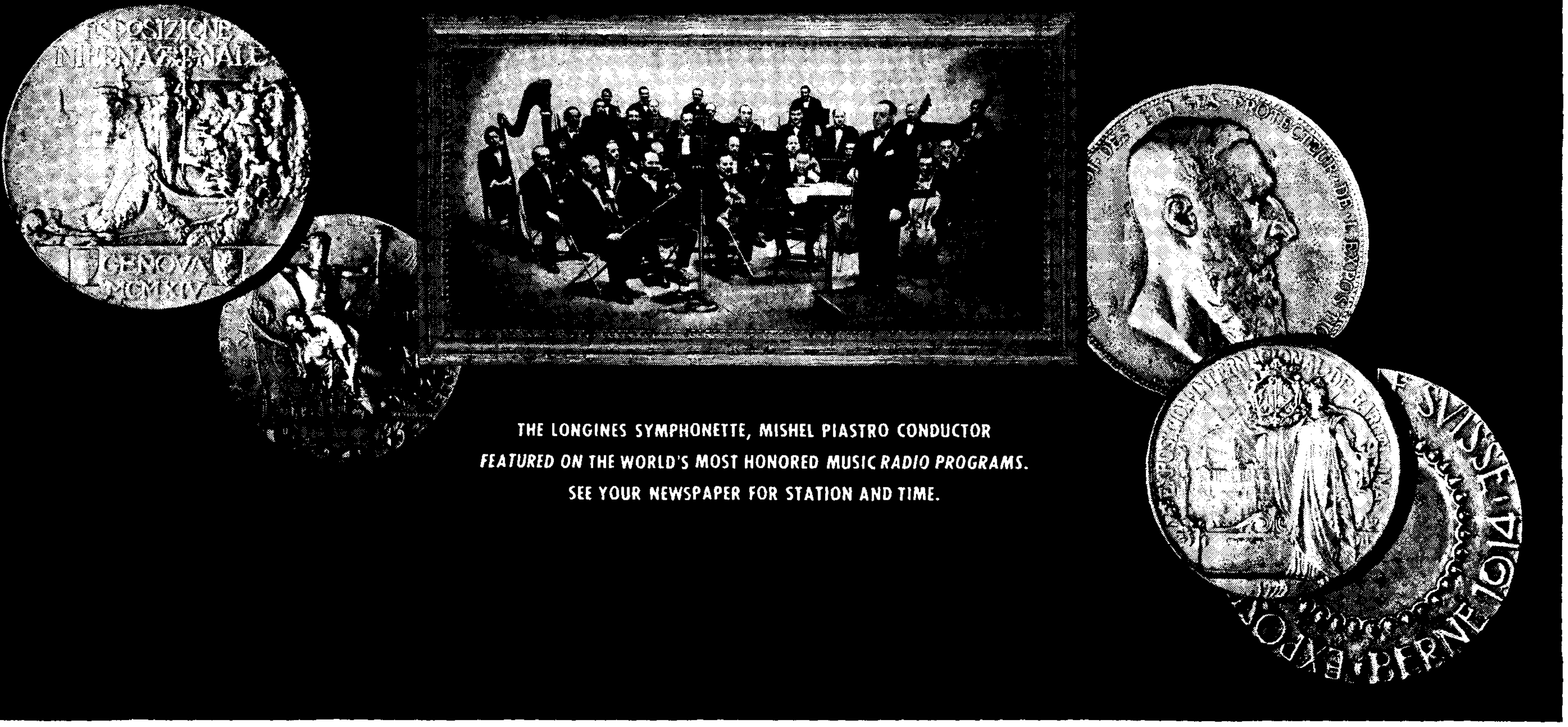
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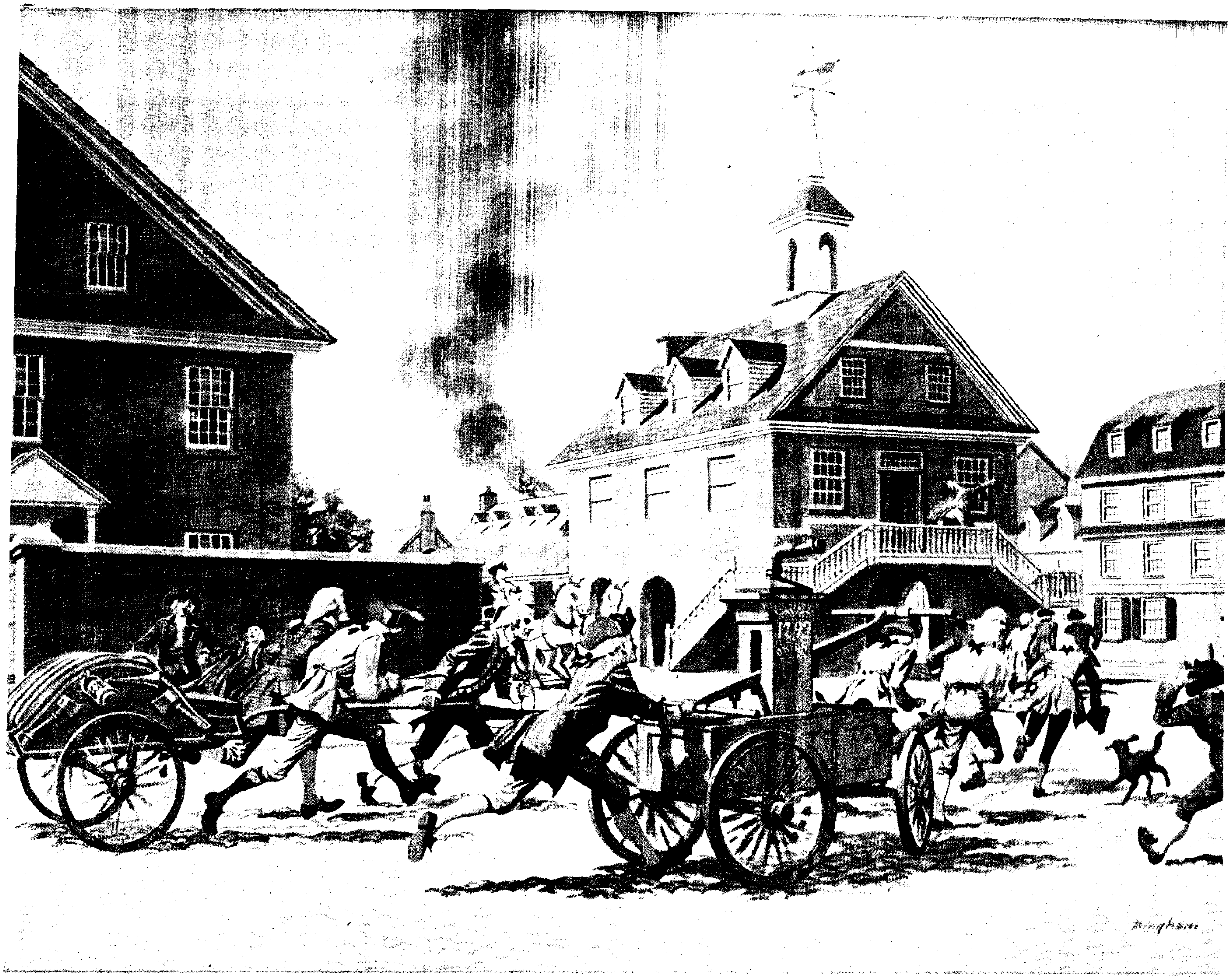
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They're Off At Angel's Camp

Continued from page 21

his son, Judge Ben Carlow of Angel's Camp) from Ross Coons, a minor genius then presiding over the Angel Hotel bar, and made it into one of the world's masterpieces of humor.

Jumping-frog contests continued without benefit of formal organization until 1928. In that year, Angel's Camp became involved in a dispute over the locale of the Twain saga with San Andreas, Calaveras County seat, a settlement of 800 population with a letter-S main street slightly wider, but far more picturesque, than a church aisle.

Having just spent $15,000 of their taxpayers' money to pave Main Street, the Angel's Camp boosters determined to establish their town's claim to the Twain locale beyond peradventure. This, they figured, would enable them to hold a Jumping Frog Jubilee as a formal dedication of the asphalt. Grizzled Forty-niners from Poverty Flats, Jimtown, Pound Gulch, Murphy's Diggings and other euphemistically named hamlets dropped their picks, locked their cradles and rushed in to testify to the camp's right. With proof in, the Jubilee dates were announced, and Cyril Clemens, a cousin of Mark Twain, was transported from Hannibal, Missouri, to act as the first referee.

It had been planned to hold one Jubilee, but the 30,000 attendance, plus innumerable frogs, many of which reached the community's skillets instead of the jumping rings, encouraged the boosters to organize a permanent jubilee committee and proclaim an annual meet.

Artistically, the first contest was scarcely a success. It was won by Pride of San Joaquin, owned by Louis Fisher of Stockton, with an uninspiring series of leaps totaling only three feet six inches. Sixteen years later, Maggie, jockeyed by Merlin, Fisher's 13-year-old son, retrieved the family honor with a winning and world's-record mark of sixteen feet four inches.

Loaded with Dynamite

Although the most benign spirit prevails at the tournament, it has not been without its scandals, which threatened to rival even those of horse racing and boxing. As early as 1929 Willie Hop, an Orange County entry which had been leaping fabulous distances, died on the eve of the finals under mysterious circumstances. An autopsy disclosed a quantity of blasting powder and half a pint of a type of drinking liquor that never would be tolerated in the viscera, and the hue and cry was terrific.

Two years later, the Riverside meet was won by Leaping Lena, noted for her demure ways and appealing eyes, and sometimes referred to as the Sonja Henie of frogdom. Lena was on a triumphal tour, preliminary, it was assumed, to winning at Angel's Camp, when she expired suddenly, and once more ugly rumors clouded the Jubilee's horizon.

There have been many ingenious attempts to stimulate entries to unnatural feats. Four years ago a stranger insisted that his frog jump from a two-inch velvet-covered platform, which he furnished. When permission was granted, with reservations, the frog took off, sailed thirty-seven feet through the rarefied Sierra Nevada air and landed in the lap of a female spectator who previously had taken no part in the competition.

A check of the platform disclosed a large, overthrow type of rattrap, like a catapult, beneath the velvet. When last seen, the stranger was disappearing over a foothill in the direction of Sonora, a scant two jumps ahead of a cluster of buckshot from Constable Bill Hendricks' scatter-gun.

In 1943, a handler obviously unfamiliar with the batrachian nervous system concealed an electric battery in his palm. Instead of being encouraged to fracture records, the frog seemed delighted by the vibration. He sat down happily, then turned onto his back with his legs in the air in a coy invitation to try the device on his diaphragm. The frog finished the Jubilee on Kurt Kiethe's menu at the Hotel Bazinett, and its owner enriched the town treasury with a $25 donation for cruelty to animals.

Once a rumor got around that frogs would outdo themselves if inspired by a snort distilled from raisins and yeast. The frogs unquestionably were affected by the potation and leaped about feverishly, but the experiment backfired when they insisted upon hopping in circles, and there was no circular yardstick available to measure their performances.

The first of numerous foreign entries, which included Yumping Yimminy of Oslo and One Long Hop of Shanghai, appeared when Oscar Hellstrom of Pasadena imported Marshal Foch and General Joffre from France. He wagered heavily on the pair, but they seemed unimpressed by his faith and failed to get into the money, eventually ending their careers in Banker Charles Crespi's icebox. "They didn't taste any better than they jumped," Banker Crespi says. "No substance."

This year, a group of Hawaiian sportsmen led by the editor of the Honolulu Star-Bulletin entered a pair of Islands champions, refusing to be deterred either by the dangers lurking in the seas between Hawaii and the mainland or the depressing fate of Hellstrom's pea-green filly, Helene.

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cobean
"Bonds are a Better Buy!"

Helene met an untimely end as she was being taken by boat from Los Angeles to San Francisco en route to the Jubilee. Curious about the effect of the sea air on her form, Hellstrom took her on deck for a workout. She took the routine two preliminary hops and then cut loose with a truly prodigious effort. Hellstrom's last, stricken memory of Helene is of two olive-hued legs vanishing over the starboard rail. Cries of "Frog overboard!" brought lifeboats and other rescue gear, but all that was visible at the point where Helene had gone down was an assembly of gray bubbles.

The disaster all but crushed Hellstrom and he avoided the Jubilee for several years.

Probably the outstanding frog trainers of today are the Pecchinos of Sonora and the Fishers of Stockton. They have won almost half of the seventeen contests held to date and both have highly favored entries this year. It is typical of frog jumping and its informal charm that the training methods of these experts are wholly antithetic.

"Frogs are cannibals," John Pecchino says. "They're at their best when they eat other frogs. Then they're full of frog and frog sense. Their systems are loaded with jumping blood, so they jump."

Pecchino trains his frogs meticulously. The more a frog jumps, he says, the stronger his legs and the less weight he puts on. At feeding time, he plants young frogs behind a wire fence and makes his jumpers clear the barrier or go hungry. They always clear it, he says, and every time they do, they hatch a new jumping muscle.

The Fishers approach the matter from a more conservative angle. You can't become too friendly with a frog, Louis Fisher says. When you do, he grows affectionate and then feels put upon and sulks when asked to extend himself. The Fisher method is to catch a likely-looking frog and put him in a fenced swamp to shift for himself. Fisher sets sweets in the swamp to attract flies, which are caviar to frogs, but aside from this insignificant attention, they are left severely alone.

"They should have plenty of flies," Louis Fisher says, "and not too many little frogs, which make them dopey. Besides, they have to jump for the flies, and this keeps their legs in condition."

Unlike other contestants, the Fishers never exhibit their frogs before the meet, but keep them hidden, permitting no one to approach them. Old sportsmen, recalling that Jack Curley used the same method with Georges Carpentier when he trained to fight Jack Dempsey a quarter of a century ago, are often constrained to wonder if it's the French temperament.

"By keeping them away from people," Fisher explains, "the frogs are scared when they get into the ring, and a scared frog's a spry frog. The instinct of self-preservation adds thirty per cent to their jumps."

It is a facet of the quaint charm of Angel's Camp that it takes this prodigious event in its stride. Townspeople hang decorations, consisting principally of miners' red shirts, worn levis, ancient spades and quartz-encrusted shoes on wires above Main Street for jubilee days. Two extra dance halls are built —one on Main Street and one at the tournament site, at the edge of town—and the three restaurants and two hotels stock their larders to the limit, but that's all—unless one counts removing the door from the calaboose as a festive gesture.

Gold in Them Thar' Frogs

There's never enough food in town to serve all, and astute visitors bring their own. Souvenir merchants do a tremendous business in Calaveras County copper frogs in the form of paperweights, etc. All told, the town benefits by anywhere from seventy-five to a hundred thousand dollars left around by the visitors, chiefly in slot machines (a year-round feature of Angel's Camp social life, incidentally), bars and temporary gambling and dance halls, the latter two operated on a profits-to-charity basis.

These last profits find their way into a system of bulwarking Angel's Camp against hard times and, thanks to the Jubilee, relief agents have been conspicuously unnecessary.

The Jubilee also has provided the community with a statue of its most distinguished ex-citizen. In a characteristic outburst of sentiment, leavened slightly by a desire to advertise their Mark Twain picture, the Warner Brothers publicity department labored and brought forth an eight-foot Clemens figure. That was in 1944, and today it stands in Utica Park, at the head of Main Street, a tribute to the conjunction of California's earliest and latest literary El Dorados.

The Jubilee also is credited with launching, in an indirect way, a political career. A decade ago, before Chicago's famous citizen had been sequestered by the federal authorities, Jesse Mayo arranged for Al Capone to enter a stable of jumpers in the tournament.

Word of Capone's approach prompted the town's two most eloquent clergymen to hurl sizzling philippics at Al and Mayo. A band of vigilantes appeared, headed by Bill Hendricks, erstwhile Wells-Fargo gun messenger, and Capone prudently remained beyond the Calaveras County line.

Shortly thereafter, the story goes, a committee including Judge Ben Carlow, Philip Jariodi, A. F. Wilson, John LaMue and Banker Crespi met to decide what could be done to occupy Publisher Mayo's waggish mind, so that he would have no time to devise any more such potentially calamitous hospitality. "Send him to the state senate," Judge Carlow suggested. "I can guarantee he'll find plenty of Capones to entertain there."

Mayo was elected in a landslide, the Democrats declining even to name an opposing candidate. He has been a state senator since, and Angel's Camp has reclaimed the calm, Caponeless tenor of its way.

THE END

One of Nature's Rarest Varieties of Wood, Found in California, Produces these Sweet-Smoking MONTEREY PIPES

Giant Mission Briar Burls

MONTEREY
Specimen Grain
$5
(also Select Grain $3.50)

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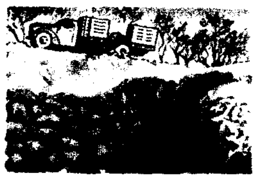
RARE GROWTHS THAT GROW JUST ABOVE-GROUND—MELLOW WITH AGE

Word came to us of "millions" of acres of Heath shrubs, producing a knob known as a burl, from which sturdy, cool-smoking pipes could be made. After exploring California's Chaparral-covered mountains, we found millions of shrubs, but only a small percentage of burls. The grain is interwoven in texture—yields a cool, sweet-smoking quality not found in ordinary pipes. Look for MONTEREY PIPES, made of MISSION BRIAR, at your dealer's—Select Grain, $3.50; Specimen Grain, $5.



Operation No. 3, Seasoning the Briar Burls by burying them in the earth where they gradually "cure." Next advertisement will show how the pipes are cut.

Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y.

Love is a Serious Thing

BY WARE TORREY BUDLONG

ILLUSTRATED BY SHEILAH BECKETT

If you've ever been in love, you'll understand this wry and touching story of a boy who learned that girls grow up

BUZZ lay on his back underneath his brother's car in the side driveway, and busied himself tightening a brake band. He could do this without wasting any thought on the matter, so he could use his mind for more important things.

A fellow can go along for quite a while, Buzz reflected, and know all he needs to know about women, without having to pay any attention to them. But maybe there comes a time in any guy's life, when he wonders if he knows as much as he thinks he does. Anyhow, Buzz told himself firmly, I'll be eighteen in five months—and I've got to the place now where it's morally certain I ought to pull up my socks about women.

The cause of these reflections was Dina Matthews, who could be seen, from Buzz's reclining position, walking along the sidewalk with much grace and some dignity. The way Dina had been acting lately could be disturbing, if Buzz would permit himself to be disturbed.

When Dina was nearly level with the house, Buzz slid out from under the car and went over to see if she had anything on her mind.

"Hi," said Buzz.

"Hello," said Dina, which sounded like a normal, harmless beginning.

But right away the conversation sprang a leak. As was usual nowadays, Buzz noted.

"You don't look much like Sunday afternoon," said Dina, looking him over.

She was all slicked up in a thin blue dress that was kind of crisp and cool, and the expression on her face was cool, too. She'd pulled her hair back with a blue band, and it made her seem older, and Buzz wasn't sure he liked it.

"What does Sunday afternoon look like?" he inquired, but she wasn't having any.

"Those slacks—" she said, looking at them as if they'd crawled out from under a particularly slimy rock.

"Well?" Buzz said, firm and curt.

"They'd be impossible—even if you did clean the grease off." Dina tossed back a piece of brown hair that had moored on her shoulder, and even her hair looked clean and disapproving.

"Just because you happen to have had a shower and a shampoo—" Buzz began.

Dina interrupted with dignity, which was quite a trick, Buzz thought. "My showers are my own personal, private business."

"So are my slacks," Buzz said.

That was where the conversation dried up completely. Buzz wondered what had struck Dina these days. They'd spent most of their lifetimes together, one way and another, what with living next door and their families being chummy. He remembered all the years when Dina had been a faithful shadow at his heels, no matter how many hills he climbed, or how many muddy catfish he caught. And now, look at her.

"Well—" he said finally, into the silence.

"How's Larry?" Dina asked, in such a casual voice that Buzz noticed it.

"Fine," he said, seeing no reason to rave on about Larry, who went right on being a brother, no matter how many Germans he'd killed. He added grudgingly, "Larry's home on rotation, and he's got twenty more days' leave, so you'll see him around."

"Oh, I saw him already, out the window," Dina said.

"That why you washed your face?" Buzz asked her.

She opened her mouth to say quite a lot, but then Betty Campion came along. Betty was pure whistle bait, Buzz reminded himself, and out of his league; but just the same, she was the sort of girl you don't overlook. She was smiling at Buzz with unusual flourishes.

"Hello, Buzz," she said in that slow voice of hers.

"Hello. Draw up a chair," he answered.

The two girls spoke to each other, as if they hadn't gone to school together and were meeting somewhere in the Arctic.

"I've got some new records, Buzz," Betty told him, and she did some fancy passes with her eyelashes.

"That so?" Buzz said.

"Why don't you come over tonight, Buzz?" Betty went on. "And we'll try them out."

"Buzz has a date with me tonight," Dina said.

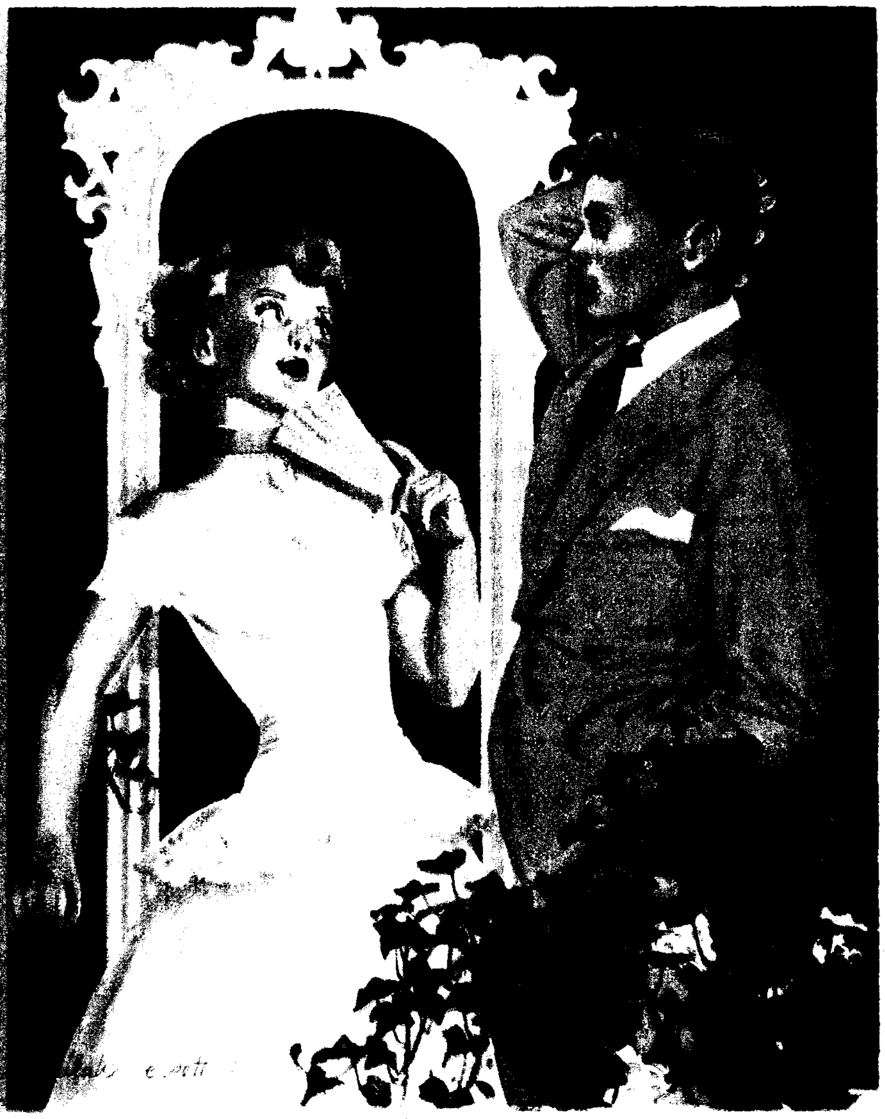
This wasn't so bad, Buzz told himself. Two dames practically fighting over him.

Betty asked casually, "How's Larry?"

That was how quickly Buzz stopped being pleased about two dames fighting over him.

"Look—" he said. "I haven't time to stand here and be an information service about Larry. Why don't you gals walk right up and ring our doorbell and ask Larry how he is?"

Betty tossed that off easily, she just laughed and said, "Be seeing you around," and drifted off down the street.



"Hello, Buzz," said Dina, suddenly appearing in the hall. She had done something really unusual to herself this time. "You don't look bad," Buzz said, staring at her. It wasn't going to be so hard to remember the romantic angle

But Dina didn't react as expected. She didn't seem to mind Buzz's crack about Larry. "Did you—want to go and listen to Betty's records?" she asked.

"Little late for you to worry about that, isn't it?" he countered.

"Well—if you want to go—" she said, and if he hadn't tumbled to the fact that his stock was up, because his brother was home on leave, he could have sworn she was worried.

"Betty's all right, but there's plenty of time ahead," he answered. "I'll be seeing you tonight."

And he started to give her a whack on the shoulder, just the way he did lots of times. But unexpectedly he found himself standing there holding onto her shoulder as if his hand had taken root, and her face looked different, not like Dina at all, and some piece of machinery inside him tore loose and began to pound itself to pieces.

This was just Dina, in broad daylight, he reminded himself dazedly. Maybe it was the different way she looked at him, maybe it was the way her shoulder moved into his fingers—anyhow, it wasn't on the program.

"Hey, what gives?" he said. He took his hand away.

Dina said, "You're sort of sweet, even in those slacks." She sounded tolerant, almost kind.

"What's come over you?" Buzz asked her. "You're seventeen, not thirty. The way you talk today—"

Dina smiled, as if she'd moved off on a different wave length. "Age," said Dina, "is relative."

"You don't tell me," said Buzz.

It was all too much for him. What he needed, maybe, was a little time to sort himself out. "See you tonight," he said, but it wasn't as offhand as he'd have liked it.

AND when she started off to her own house next door, he didn't go back to the car, he went home and located Larry. It was about time Larry delivered.

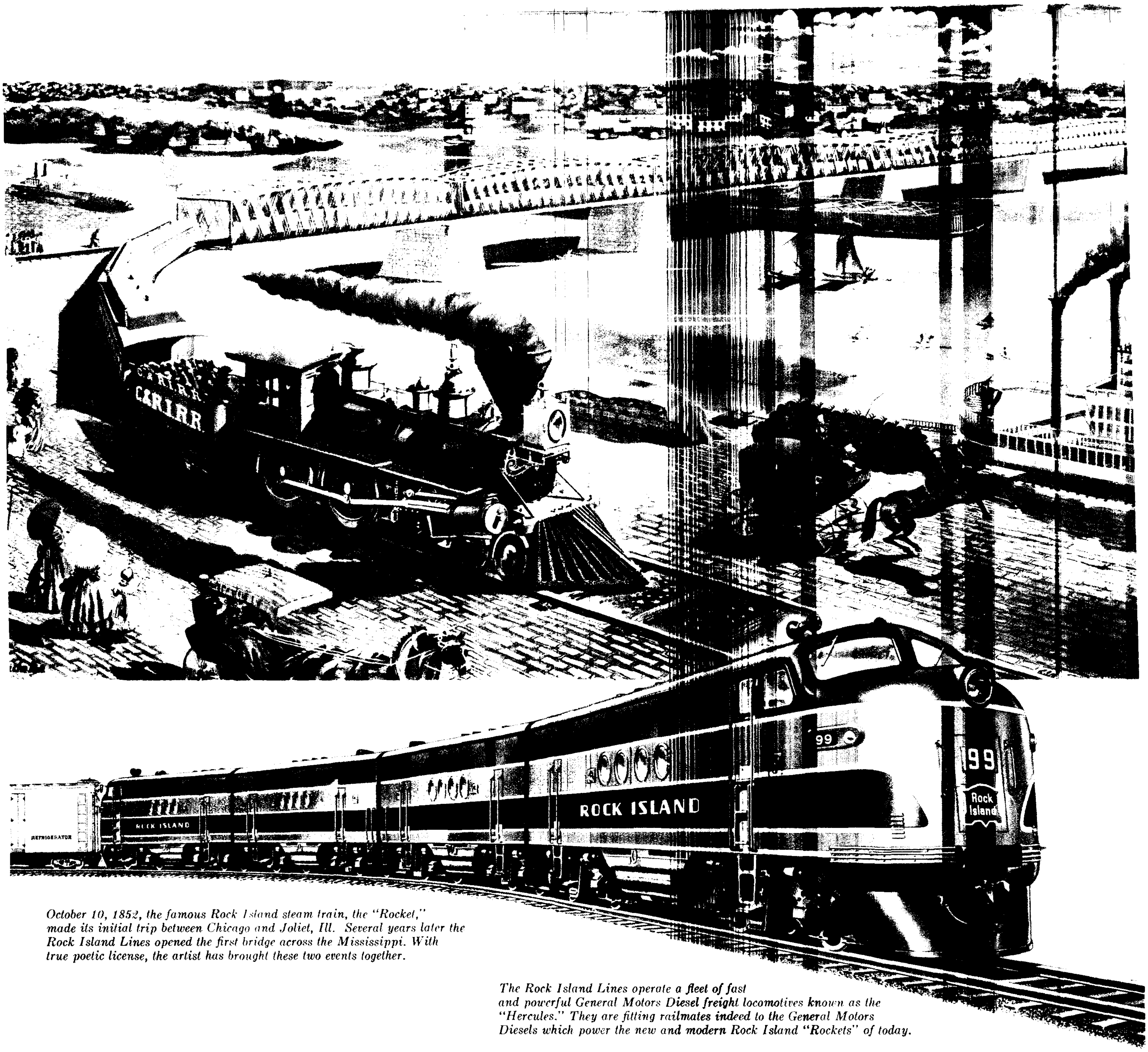
He found Larry up in his room, putting a little more shine on his shoes, which didn't need any more shine anyway. Larry was tall with plenty of muscle, where Buzz was tall and stringy, but after all Larry was four years ahead of him. They both had the same kind of hair, brown with a mind of its own so it wouldn't stay flat, but the Army kept Larry's snipped down like close turf. And Larry had the kind of grin you wait for, a grin that flashed quick out of his brown face, and Buzz preferred to forget the times it had made a sucker of him, when Larry wanted an errand run.

He looked up now and waved the shoe buffer. "Got the car fixed?"

"She'll hold together. Long enough to use two gallons of gas." Buzz leaned against the wall and stared at his brother. "You know, Larry—the way the girls in this town line up to see you go by, that's certainly impressive."

"What you want out of me?" Larry asked suspiciously.

"Don't be that way," Buzz said. "I just



October 10, 1852, the famous Rock Island steam train, the "Rocket," made its initial trip between Chicago and Joliet, Ill. Several years later the Rock Island Lines opened the first bridge across the Mississippi. With true poetic license, the artist has brought these two events together.

The Rock Island Lines operate a fleet of fast and powerful General Motors Diesel freight locomotives known as the "Hercules." They are fitting railmates indeed to the General Motors Diesels which power the new and modern Rock Island "Rockets" of today.

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When people discuss travel you'll often hear mention of the big, powerful Diesel locomotives that are hauling so many of America's crack trains.

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mean, you ought to know your way around with women."

Larry shrugged modestly. "Oh, well—a fellow can't miss picking up a few ideas as he goes along." He gave Buzz a quick look. "What's on your mind?"

There he was, right where Buzz wanted him, ready to deliver. Buzz opened his mouth, but the words got all gummed up and wouldn't come out.

"I was just wondering—" he said finally. "Well, sometimes you think you've got a girl all added up, and then all of a sudden the total comes out wrong. I mean, you feel the way you don't expect to feel, instead of feeling—" He bogged down and quit.

"You're sort of littered up with feelings, aren't you?" Larry remarked. "Look here, kid—is there something you want to know about the bees and the butterflies?"

"Heck, no," Buzz said. "Not since grade school. I guess it's what you might call the sophisticated side of women that's unexpected."

Larry blinked. He rubbed one hand through his cropped brown hair and stared at Buzz. "Just exactly what's got you worried, Buzz?" he said.

Buzz moved his shoulder blade to a better place against the wall. "Well—how do you fix it so you're running the show?" he said. "Like this, Larry: When all of a sudden somebody you've taken for granted would stay put in the usual place, suddenly is a mile away and calling all the plays? I mean," he added defensively, "we can't let the women run us, can we?"

Larry tossed away the polishing rag and started to light a cigarette, and some of the smoke went the wrong way, and he had to cope with this before he could answer.

"You've got the right idea, Buzz," he said earnestly then. "It's a little hard sometimes, getting the idea who's boss across to the women. But that's your line and you stick to it. Now let's see—as the Great Minds say, exactly what is your problem? I mean, who is your problem?"

"Dina," said Buzz. He waited hopefully.

"Um," said Larry. He leaned forward, elbows on his knees, and his tone became careful and judicial. "Thing to do, Buzz, is keep ahead of her. You step the tempo up and surprise her. Masterful stuff, Buzz—and don't forget the romantic angle."

"Romantic?" Buzz repeated uneasily.

"Why not? Women expect it," Larry said. "And it's not so bad, once you get the hang of it."

"Well, okay," Buzz said, still dubious. Larry ought to know, though; look at the way Betty and Dina paid attention to Larry. . . .

So he went off to the date with Dina that evening in the masterful frame of mind that Larry had advised. He had made a concession of a clean pair of slacks, and he'd rooted out a sports coat of Larry's from the cedar closet. Otherwise, he was his own master. But when he went up the steps of her house, he felt so calm, he knew it was going to be a job to work up a romance angle.

"Hey—Dina," he called at the door.

"Hello, Buzz," said Dina, suddenly appearing in the hall.

SHE had done something really unusual to herself this time. Her dark hair was pushed back from her face, and there were her ears right out in the open and sort of cute, too. She had on a white dress, with a long skirt, and it was ridiculous, seeing how many times Buzz had gone swimming with her, that now he wasn't quite sure what her legs looked like. And she had on some kind of perfume, not too sweet, with a wallop in it, and that perfume reached right out and brought Buzz into the hall.

"You don't look bad," Buzz said, staring at her. It wasn't going to be quite so hard as he'd expected, to remember the romantic angle.

"You look wonderful—" Dina said. "Come on in the living room."

She touched his sleeve as she turned, and Buzz stared down at her hand against his coat and remembered all the times her fingers had been muddy and scratched with brambles, but that didn't help. He was done for again, with just that little touch, he couldn't even breathe straight.

He followed Dina into the living room, with such an unusual sensation of floating that he looked down to be sure his feet were behaving all right. Dina's family were all back in the library; he could hear the resigned muttering of voices. He and Dina settled down on the lounge by the radio, and the room stretched out around them, large and empty-feeling.

"I'm so glad you could come over tonight," Dina was saying as she tuned the radio to subdued, smoky swing.

Buzz watched the back of her neck, where the dark hair swept up so surprisingly. Funny, the way the back of a girl's neck looked sort of defenseless, sometimes. His hand wandered out toward her hair, and he jerked it back.

Step up the tempo, Larry had said. Thing to do was to plunge right into a good subject, and no messing around about the weather or school.

"Well, here we are," he said, bringing it out nice and firm.

Dina turned back from the radio to smile at him. This brought her about a foot closer and loosened up some of that perfume. Buzz found he was holding her hand in an absent-minded sort of way.

"Funny, the two of us sitting here, like this," he said.

"Why not?" Dina asked. "You come over lots of times."

"Well—" said Buzz, not caring to explain why this evening seemed any different, "it's a funny thing, about love."

"What is, Buzz?" asked Dina. She looked at him encouragingly, and her eyelashes seemed longer than usual.

"I mean, love is certainly a serious thing," said Buzz. He added a little desperately, "A very serious thing."

Dina nodded earnestly. "It certainly is, Buzz." She smiled again, expectantly.

Buzz thought he had summarized the matter very tidily, but evidently there was something more to be done.

"I mean, as people get older, they have got to expect—" Buzz began and realized he was still holding her hand, and, as her fingers tightened, something in his chest tightened, too. He cleared his throat and shoved his voice on. "As people get older, they have to expect that the way they feel—"

He stopped completely this time, for Dina had leaned toward him. He couldn't talk when his heart was trying to pound itself loose in his chest, and he couldn't remember what he was going to say, anyhow.

When he found himself holding her, he had time to be surprised, and then he kissed her and what happened to him then took him all apart and set fire to him. It wasn't till Dina pushed him gently away, finally, that he got things under control.

"Well—" he said, trying to remember if he had been masterful enough. He had kissed girls before, but that didn't count. He looked at Dina cautiously and found her sitting back away from him, tucking in a little gold comb.

"Well, you see what I mean," said Buzz, and managed a grin.

Everything ought to be all right now; he had kissed her just exactly when he intended to, hadn't he? With the romantic lead-up and all, just as Larry had advised. He might as well get things lined up, right now.

"I'll see you after football practice, tomorrow," he said firmly.

"All right," said Dina. She looked as calm and collected as if she'd been sitting over there on the other side of the lounge all evening, and Buzz felt his tie to be sure it was straight.

Dina was looking at him thoughtfully. "Let's make it after dinner, Buzz."

"Why?"

"That'll give you time to change your clothes and everything," she said sweetly.

"Look here, you needn't think I'm going to get dressed up like this every time I have a date with you," Buzz said. He made it very final.

"Well, then," Dina said gently, "we don't have to have so many dates."

IT TOOK a minute for that to get across to Buzz, and then he felt a slight uncertainty as to who was managing things. She couldn't expect him to go on the rest of his life being romantic. Still, that time he had kissed her had been definitely all right. . . .

He reached across to her again, with no further interest in conversation. But Dina stood up swiftly and smiled.

"We've got so much to talk about," she said, well out of reach.

"Have we? What?" said Buzz.

Dina looked away, so her eyes were shadowed. "People ought to know each other very well," she said, "before they get—personal."

"But we've known each other forever," Buzz exclaimed.

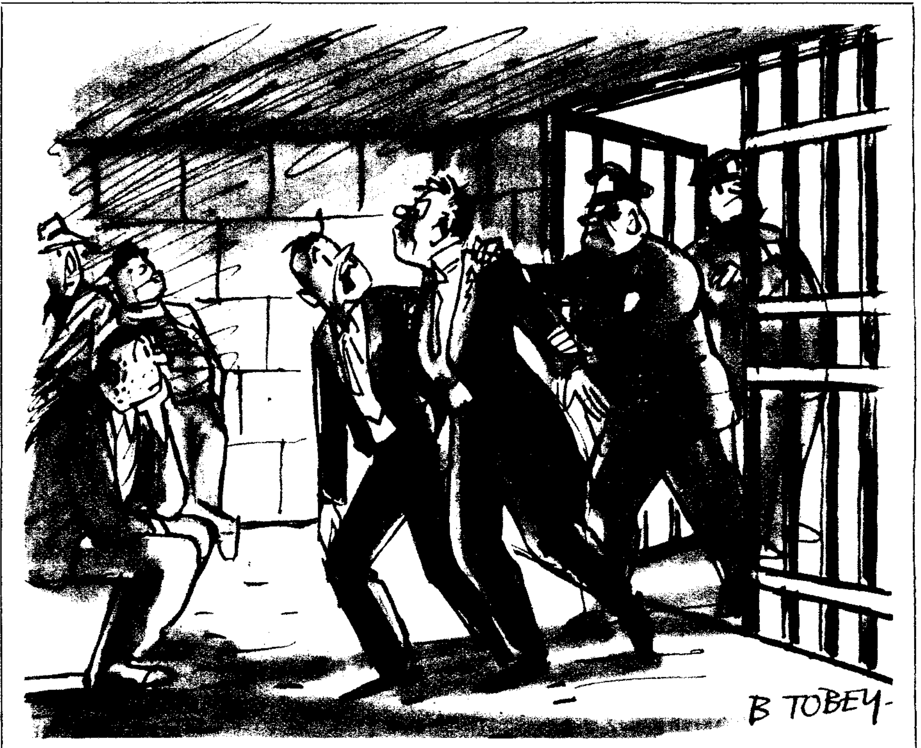
Dina shook her head. "We were just children," she said softly. "Buzz, you don't know me at all—the real me."

"You don't make sense," Buzz said wearily. He stood up, but he didn't move toward her. Larry's advice had been a washout.

"Let's go to a movie," he said resignedly.

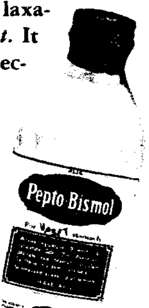
So they went to a movie, not the spy one he wanted to see, but some silly thing about night clubs. Then they stopped in at the drugstore because Dina wanted a soda, and they collected half a dozen people who left with them.

Buzz said good night to Dina in front of an audience of classmates, and there was noth-



"At what point does your influence begin to make itself felt?"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY



IS YOUR STOMACH OUT OF TUNE?

If upset stomach has you feeling flat when you should be sharp, get back in the groove the gentle way. Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL.

NEVER UPSET AN UPSET STOMACH!

Don't aggravate an already irritated stomach with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics!

Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL! This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither an antacid nor a laxative. *Its action is different.* It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls . . . thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets. Get a bottle today!

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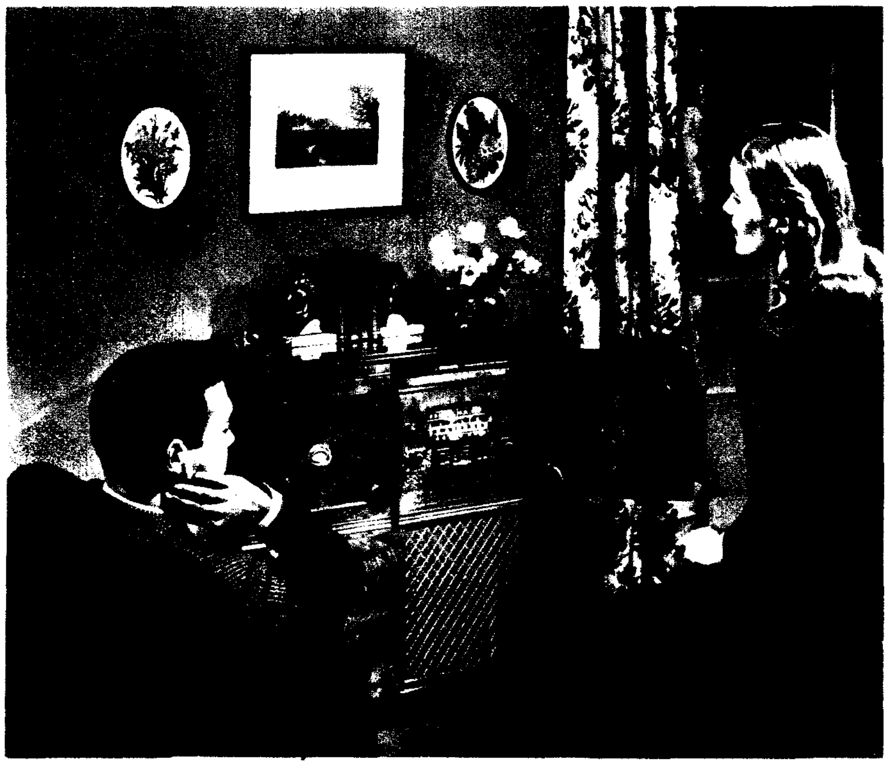
ONE SAW MOUNTAIN SNOW TURN TO GOLD...
THE OTHER STOOD IN A GREAT CATHEDRAL

You'd recognize the song if you heard it. But for you it would paint quite a different picture... one out of your own memories or your dreams.

That's what music does... grows into each of our lives in different ways. What matters most as you listen to the kind of music *you like best* is that you hear it at its best. So your enjoyment of music will become far richer when FM comes into your life. For FM will bring you music and all radio programs virtually without interference, without static.

Stromberg-Carlson FM will reproduce music for you as you are used to hearing it only in the presence of the musicians. With high and low notes and overtones, lost by ordinary FM sets! With beauty that will come to you at its best in both FM and standard broadcast reception, as Stromberg-Carlson's 50 years of fine tradition step ahead in combination with new electronic developments.



TONE GLORIOUSLY TRUE AND CLEAR in both FM and Standard Broadcast reception and reproduction of records—this was the difference people found in a Stromberg-Carlson before the war. When production can begin again, this important *difference* will stand out even more. For the beautiful instruments we will offer over a broad range of prices will more than live up to what you expect when you turn to Stromberg-Carlson for the best.

For the main radio in your home...
there is nothing finer than a **STROMBERG-CARLSON**

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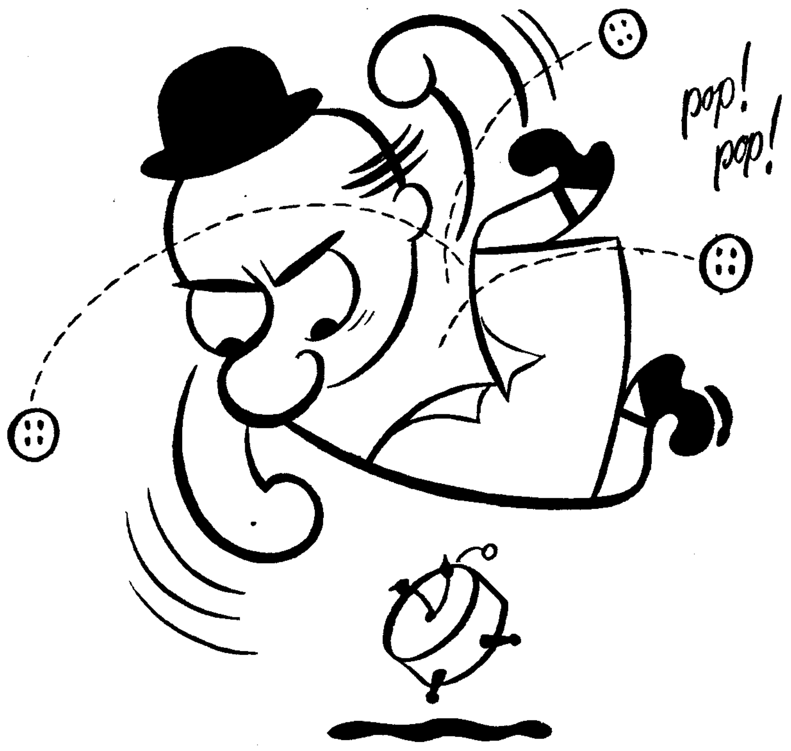
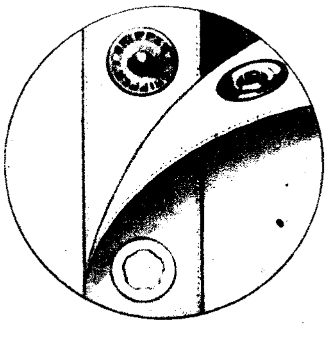


Hark to the tale of Alonzo McPlopp,
His temper went "bang" when his buttons went "pop."

He emitted shrill cries of dissatisfaction,
He pulled up his shorts and went into action…

Now he's buying Bonds, determined, we trust,
To get Yanks and Grippers back home, or bust!

THE CHOICE IS YOURS. No one is going to make you buy War Bonds during the 7th War Loan. You have a choice. You have it because young men fought and died, and are still fighting and dying. Each bond you buy says to these men: "Thanks for everything. I know there's still a tough war ahead. I'm behind you all the way."



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**The snap fastener that ends "button-bother"*

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ing romantic about his tone. He went home, definitely subdued.

His mother and father were in the living room as he went by, and he called good night to them without stopping. Going on upstairs, he left his bedroom door ajar so he'd hear Larry come in.

He sat down on the bed and kicked his shoes off morosely. The romantic angle hadn't paid off, that was certain. And yet—when he kissed her, he could have sworn she felt the same way he did, however girls do feel. Then—bingo, she was out of reach, saying she wouldn't have dates with him unless he dressed to suit her. Who did she think she was, anyhow?

By the time Larry got home, a long time later, he was feeling very outraged indeed. He yipped at Larry through the crack in the door.

"'Lo, fella," said Larry, looking in. "How'd you do?"

"Romantic as all hell," said Buzz. "It was a washout."

"Yeah?" Larry looked slightly concerned. "Well, if the romantic touch is no go, it's very simple. Just make her jealous. A little more work, but a sure thing."

"Old stuff," said Buzz.

"Old and tested and bottled in bond," Larry said. "Have a try."

"Maybe," Buzz said, watching Larry's head retreat through the doorway.

But why not skip the whole business and forget about Dina, Buzz wondered. And knew, from the instant sinking feeling inside him when he considered that possibility, that it wouldn't be easy to skip Dina. All in all, she was costing him quite a lot of sleep and peace of mind. And if making her jealous could keep her where you expected her to be, maybe it was worth a try.

HE DIDN'T get a chance to work on this next day, because whenever he saw Dina she was always in the middle of a bunch of boys. When he got home after practice, he dug around in the cedar closet and pulled out some more of Larry's old stuff. The plaid coat wasn't so bad, though it hung sort of loose on him. Mightn't be a bad idea to give it a workout.

He skimmed absent-mindedly through dinner, borrowed two dollars from his father against his next allowance and went over to collect Dina. There was some rough idea of drifting over to somebody's house to dance, he'd gathered that noon from some of the gang.

Dina came down her path to meet him. He decided that if he'd never seen her before, he'd think she was almost pretty. Well, at least pretty.

"Where's the party?" he asked her.

"Over at Kitty's," she said. "But it's early. Let's see who's at the drugstore."

Which was all right, but when they settled down in the big double booth that was headquarters for their crowd, Dina still wasn't acting normally, Buzz noticed. She was sitting across from him, same place as usual, but she was sitting up straight and formal, as if they'd just been introduced.

"You still feel you're not acquainted with me?" he inquired.

Dina just smiled at him, one of those no-admittance smiles. Buzz felt ruffled.

If he hadn't been ruffled, he probably wouldn't have stood up when Betty Campion strolled by. But he did stand up, and he put a nice polite flourish on it, too. Betty stopped and looked pleased and interested. She also looked pretty smooth.

"What are you doing out alone?" Buzz asked her.

"Killing time," Betty said. "Haven't you heard about the man shortage?"

"Why don't you sit down with us?" Buzz said, and glanced at Dina. But he was a little startled to see the nice smile she turned on Betty. The two girls looked each other's make-up over, politely. Betty sat down beside Dina.

Buzz set his jaw and proceeded to devote himself to Betty. This technique had results, but not the results he expected. After half an hour of it, he found himself taking both girls to the party, and, what was worse, Dina seemed very pleased with the arrangement. By the time they reached Kitty's house, Buzz was definitely worried.

The two girls seemed to have decided, by some mysterious arrangement, to carve him up between them. He danced once with Dina, once with Betty, again with Dina and found himself passed firmly back to Betty again. He was a pawn, he told himself, just a pawn in their hands.

The rest of the crowd seemed interested in the process, in their crude way, and he rather thought some of the boys were making side bets. When he found a chance to escape, he went into the telephone closet and closed the door tight.

He called his home, reassured his mother that nothing had happened to him and got Larry on the wire. "You got me into this," he told Larry desperately. "Now you've got to get me out."

"Out of what?" Larry wanted to know. He sounded sleepy.

"I started making a play for Betty Campion to get Dina jealous, the way you said."

"Yeah?" said Larry. "Did you ring me up just to tell me your troubles?"

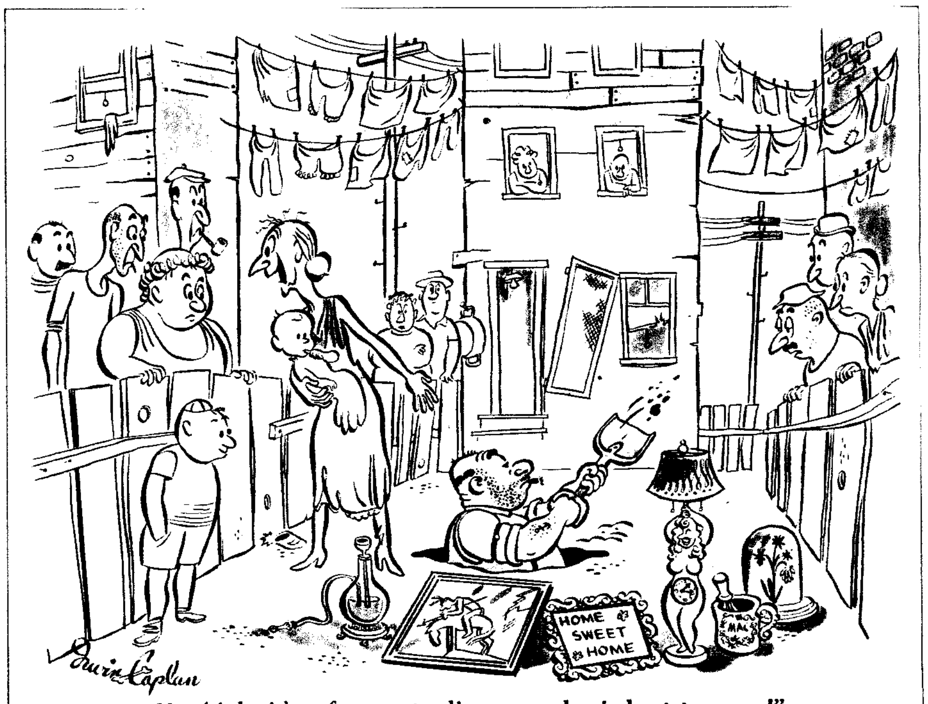
"You listen here," Buzz said. "Dina didn't get jealous. Betty just froze onto me, and here I am with the two of them."

"Nice going," said Larry.

"Will you cut it out?" Buzz said. "They're passing me back and forth between them as if I was a basketball." He added sourly, "It's not so funny, either. Will you stop laughing and make sense?"

"What's the good of my telling you things?" Larry said. "You seem to be doing all right." He hung up the receiver callously.

Buzz went back into the long hall and



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gloomily watched the dancing, everybody neatly paired off. It could have been a good party, plenty of room, a good radio, food coming up some time. . . .

He started toward the radio and was picked off by Betty. He saw Dina dancing with a tall lad from out of town, and she was sort of looking up at the guy, and Buzz suddenly realized that he was the one who was jealous. Which was the pay-off, on that racket.

It was a long, hard evening. Whenever he danced with Dina, she had a shiny gloss on her smile, much too polite and friendly, and the worst of it was, he found that dancing with Dina had all the calming effect of a high fever.

Dancing with Betty, on the other hand, was annoying but simple. She asked questions about Larry, and he answered them. As far as getting near any of the other girls, Dina and Betty didn't give him much chance. Once you would have thought those two girls hated each other, and now they were a sister act. Maybe it wasn't any use to try to figure out women.

The evening broke up at long last, and Buzz walked grimly along the dark street, listening to Dina and Betty, who were now both talking about Larry. It was just too damned bad that Larry's advice couldn't live up to his reputation.

Even after Betty was safely closed inside her own front door, the evening didn't take a turn for the better. Dina turned on a bright monologue, about what an attractive girl Betty was, and he didn't get a chance to say a word till they were almost home.

"Look—do we have to go on talking about Betty?" he broke in finally.

"Well, you like her, don't you?" said Dina. "And it's a fine idea for you to know a lot of girls, Buzz. It's more broadening."

"When I want to get broadened, I'll take care of it myself," Buzz answered irritably. He told Dina good night shortly and cut across the grass to his own house.

THE windows were all dark, and it gave him a closed-up feeling to think of going in yet. Girls were a headache.

He found himself standing still, looking back toward Dina's house, and this irritated him seriously. He was listening for her door to close, and what was the use of that?

Walking around to the garage, he turned on the hooded light, hung up Larry's plaid coat and began taking the carburetor apart. But the more he worked, the more he found himself getting stirred up. Nothing was right any more, and now he had to go haywire over Dina.

He was thinking of her so hard, that when he heard her voice behind him, he didn't even jump.

"Do you have to fix cars in the middle of the night?" Dina was asking.

She stood beside him, a dark coat wrapped around her and stared down at his greasy hands.

Buzz threw out all advice, plans and philosophy and answered strictly on his own. "If you want to stick around here, keep still and don't bother me," he said. Just the way he used to say it to a smaller Dina, for a lot of years.

She didn't answer, she just stood there, watching him. "I saw the light out here," she said after a long time.

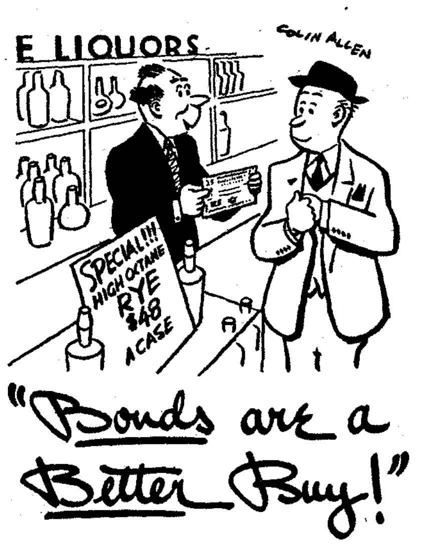
"Hand me that piece of waste," said Buzz.

It was just the way it used to be, Dina standing around and helping him. Only this time, he never for a minute forgot she was there, and he savagely told his hands to stay steady. She couldn't fool him this time; the minute he started to feel sure of her, she'd be off again.

After a while he said, "Larry might as well have a smooth-running car, for the little he can use it. He'll go back overseas soon enough."

Dina said unexpectedly, "Buzz—when will you go?"

He looked at her then, but her face was in the shadow. "I'll start training in five months." He added harshly, "Still got uniforms on your mind?"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When she didn't answer he looked at her more carefully. And when he saw she was standing there just looking in front of her and crying, he was shocked speechless. He hadn't seen her cry since she was six, the day she fell off the ladder.

"I just wanted to tell you," she said, "it's all right with me if you like Betty. I mean, you don't have to feel noble about me." She rubbed angrily at her face and he gave her a clean piece of waste.

"Noble?" he said dazedly.

"There's no use my going on pretending I don't care," Dina said slowly. "I just thought it would be more sensible, if you stopped being nice to me. So that's all, Buzz."

She turned to go, and he caught at her and the coat slipped off her shoulders and fell to the ground. He held her arm, and she still had on her short-sleeved dress, and his hand made a greasy streak on her arm.

"Wait," he said, rubbing at the streak and making it worse. "You're crazy. Betty? You're crazy." And he said, "You and Betty spend all the time talking about Larry. How do you add that in?"

Dina answered, "Every time I see Larry, I remember all over again that you'll be going pretty soon. I thought if I grew up fast, maybe you'd notice me before you went."

"Notice you? Notice you?" said Buzz. He said insanely, "I can't get your arm clean. I've got grease all over it."

"Betty is so sophisticated—" said Dina.

"Will you stop talking about Betty?" Buzz burst out. He pulled himself together and spoke carefully: "If your idea of growing up is playing hard to get, I wish you'd cut it out."

"But you never looked at me this way before," Dina said, with slow surprise. "Buzz—"

She was too near him, and he had her face in his hands before he knew what he was doing. He saw the smudges he was making on her skin, and he told himself dimly that Dina had something when she disapproved of grease, and he'd better get cleaned up before he came within reaching distance of her again.

He didn't know exactly how he'd got to this place, but he knew he was going to stay there. "Dina," he said sternly, "the next time you start worrying about some little thing, like Betty, just come and tell me."

"Yes, Buzz," she said. She added in a small voice, "I did."

"And when we have dates, Dina, don't be telling me what to wear."

"No, Buzz," she said, with satisfying meekness, but she was smiling.

He mopped a little more grease off her face and wondered who had won anyhow. Well, if Dina had started all this, he had no fault to find. It was a sound idea.

"You have swell eyelashes," he told her. "Don't let me catch you making dates with any other guys."

"Nobody else," said Dina with due submission.

Women weren't so complicated, once you got the hang of them. Picking up her coat, Buzz handed it to her.

"You'd better trot on home, before your folks call out the police," he said.

DINA started toward the garage door. She turned, just before she reached the heavy shadow outside.

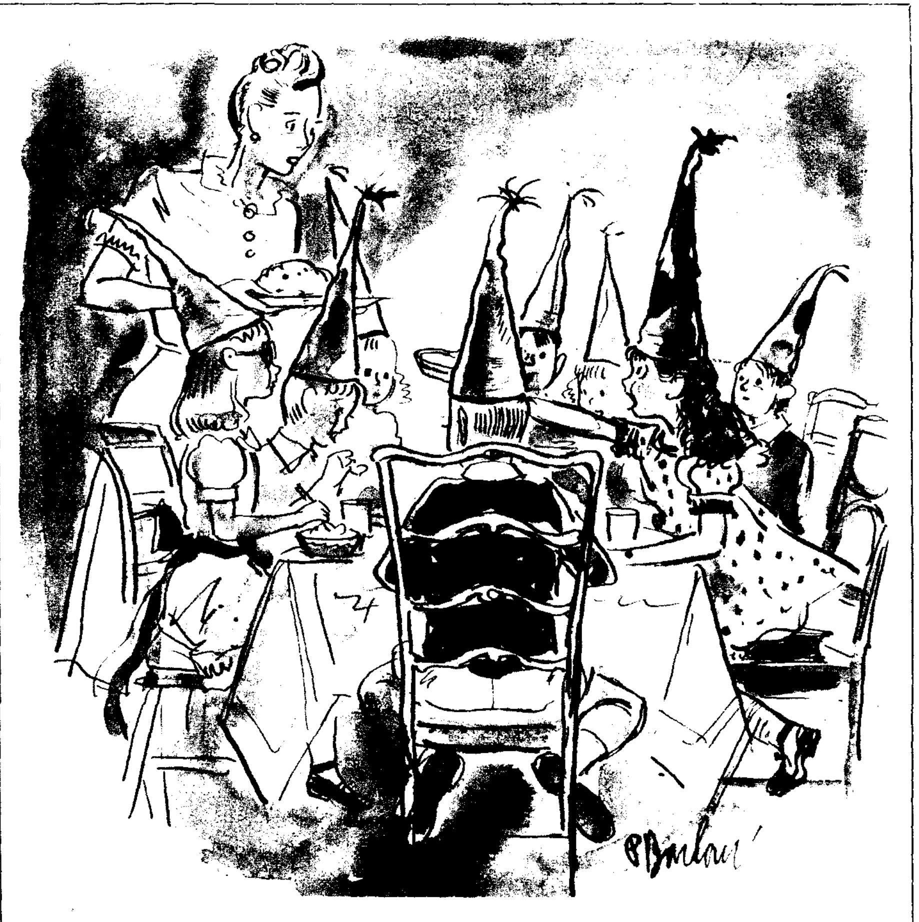
"Good night—" she said.

And there was something in her voice and the way she looked at him that drew Buzz right along after her. He caught her firmly and kissed her once. He had every intention of kissing her again.

Then he was holding onto air, and Dina was disappearing in the darkness. "See you tomorrow, darling," her voice came softly back to him.

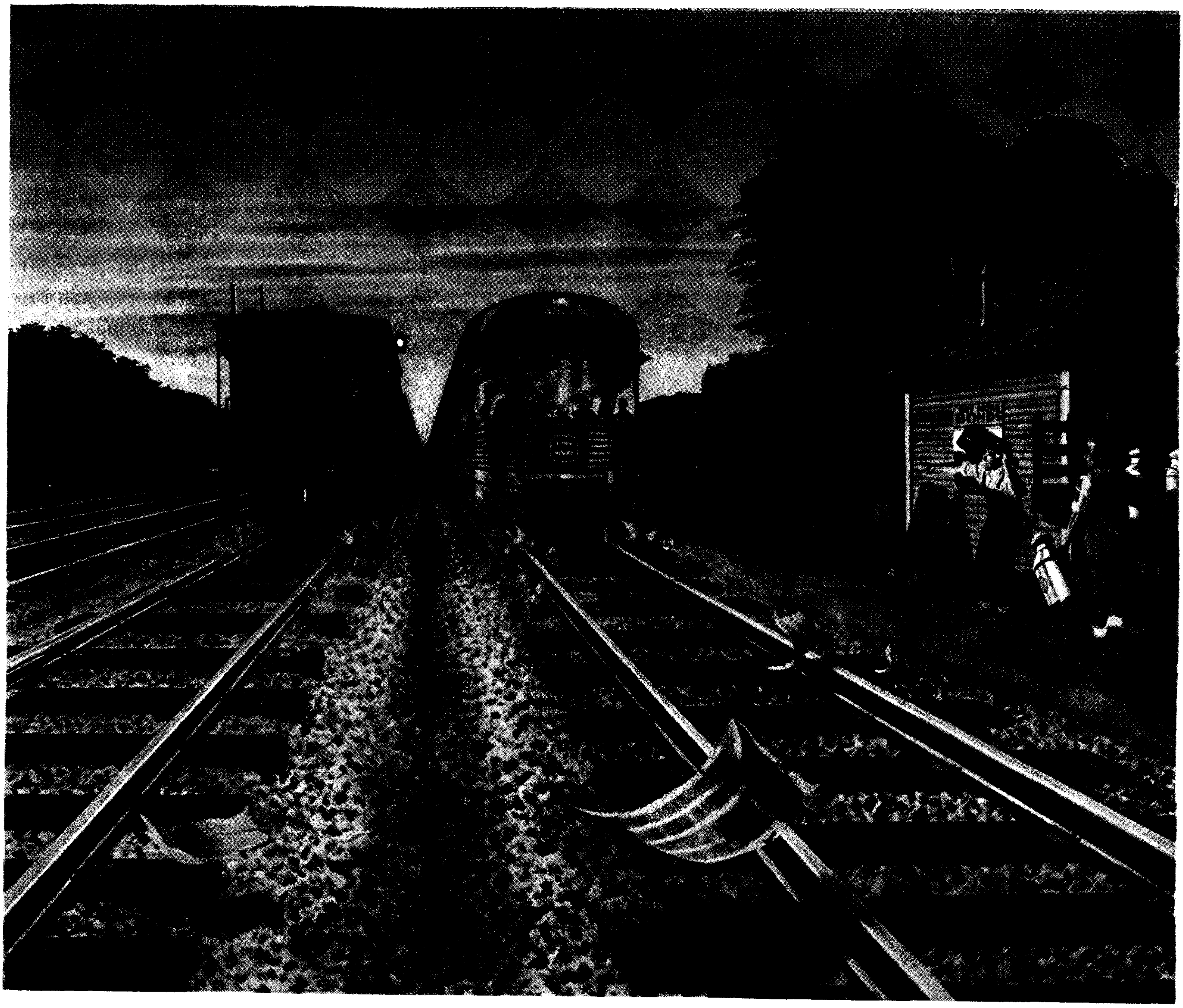
It dawned on Buzz that he had followed her over to the doorway, just because she had looked at him. He stood still for a minute sorting himself over. All right, women were complicated. But he felt swell.

THE END



"Oh, give me another helping. I haven't had the family up all night for weeks"

COLLIER'S PERRY BARLOW



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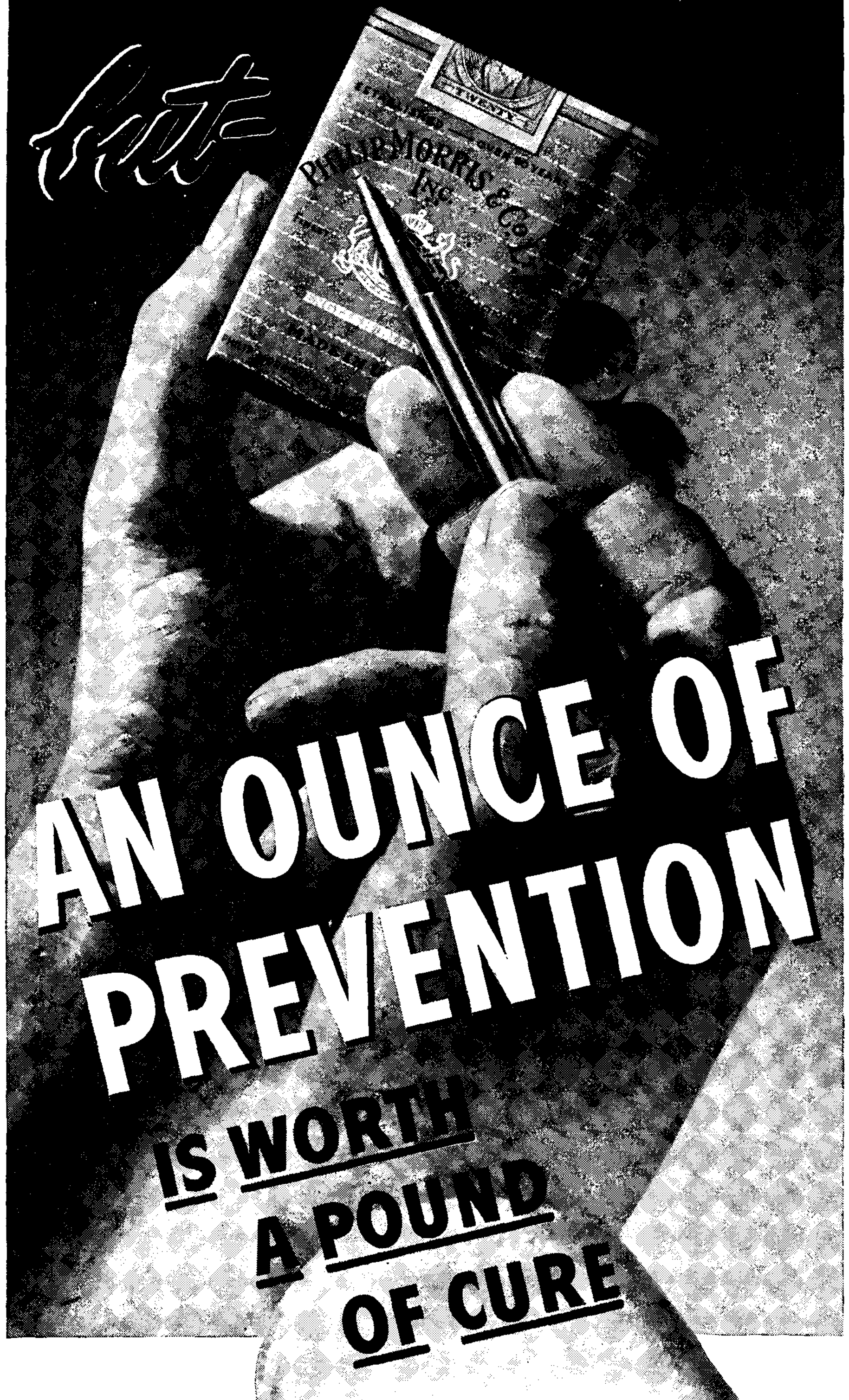

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Spring is a Booby Trap

Continued from page 38

"Don't worry," he says again.

"I'm worried, anyways," I says.

When we get in the boat, I can't help thinkin' how pretty Mabel looks, with her red hair, and how I'm pretty nuts about her, after all. It ain't a healthy frame of mind for a guy gettin' into a rowboat in Central Park.

"Gee, what a night!" Mabel says. I can guess about her frame of mind.

We row around a little, Steponkus the Wolf doin' the back work. This Gertrude the Wac don't say much. She's up in front of the boat, lettin' her hand slide through the water.

"Joey," Mabel says. Her voice has got rose petals on it.

"Yeah, baby?" I says.

"Ain't it nice bein' out here alone, just the two of us . . . driftin'?"

"How about Steponkus and Gertrude?" I says.

"Them, too," she says. "You know, Joey, on a night like this, you think big thoughts, don't you? About the future, and all?"

"Yeah," I says. I feel like there's perfume comin' up offa the lake, and there's music playin' in the distance. Mabel leans her head on my shoulder, and I put my arm around her.

"Joey," she says. It's like church bells.

"Yeah, baby?"

"It's like life, ain't it?"

"What is?"

"Driftin' along . . . the two of us, together, like this," she says. She lifts up her big blue eyes, and I'm floatin'.

"Yeah," I says. "That's life, okay. Just the two of us."

A SPLASH of cold water comes up and hits me in the eye.

"Hey!" I holler. "Watch out with them oars!"

Steponkus the Wolf don't bat an eye.

"We were drifting," he says, with significance. "I guess the Steponkus Method on the oars isn't so hot." He punches this "Steponkus Method" when he says it, and I catch on right away. "What were you saying?" he asks.

"Nothin'," I says, and I take my arm away from around Mabel.

Maybe I'm a little wet, but the mood is busted. The Steponkus Method. It ain't exactly clever, but it works. We drift a little bit more, and I begin driftin', too. We're talkin' about a little house in Flatbush, with nasturtiums growin' in the yard, when Steponkus runs the boat into another one containin' four sailors.

This interruption lasts maybe fifteen minutes, before we get everything said that's got to be said. Only this time Mabel is beginnin' to catch on.

"Look, Private Steponkus," she says, givin' him a look from way back in December. "Are you in a hurry to get some place?"

"Why, no," he says.

"That's good," she says. "Then why don't you put down the oars and stop rowin'?"

"Stop rowin'?" he says.

"Yeah," she says. "You're rockin' the boat, and you know what I mean."

"Oh," he says.

"Yeah, Harry," says this Gertrude the Wac, openin' up for the first time. "Come on up here and sit with me. I'm lonesome."

That's all Steponkus needs to hear. He gives me a big wink, in case I'm missing this business of how the dames go for him, and he climbs up front with Gertrude. Mabel lets out a sigh. I let out one, too, only bigger, and for a better reason.

"That's better, Joey, ain't it?" she says.

"Yeah, it sure is," I says. I know it's worse, only I don't feel that way about it, if you know what I mean.

"You know, the way I see a house in Flatbush is with a big back yard," she says. "A cottage for two . . . with room for additions, at a later date."

"Additions?" I says.

"After all!" she says, and giggles. The breeze blows over the water, and the rowboat drifts along. I can see that cottage in Flatbush, in Technicolor, and it looks pretty good. After all, I figure, other guys can have it, why not me?

"Why not?" Mabel says, kinda soft, in my ear. "Wouldn't it be wonderful?"

"Yeah," I says. "We could even have a garden and grow enough vegetables to eat the whole winter."

"Sure," she says. "Gee, why not, Joey?"

The stars are shinin' like the marquee at Radio City. For the life of me, I can't think of no reason why not.

I got my mouth open to say "Why not?" when I suddenly feel myself go sailin' through the air. And instead of the words comin' out, half the lake comes in. We're in the drink, swimmin'.

"Joey!" Mabel hollers. "Joey, I'm drownin'."

When she says this, I remember I can't swim, and I start goin' down.

"Hey!" I yell, and the lake goes down a foot, from the water I swallow. I can hear a lot of splashin', and Gertrude hollerin' like through a shower bath, and rowboats comin' up from all over the lake. I can see our own rowboat driftin' away, wrong side up, the way it tipped over. It's a flat bottom, and I remember thinkin', even then, that it's funny it should tip over. Then I go down again.

I come up, and a voice from a rowboat says, "Grab hold!" Then the rowboat clunks me on the head. I'm down again. This goes on a coupla times, and I'm a half-drowned turkey when I hear Mabel talkin' in my ear.

"Stand up, Joey," she says. "The water is only up to your waist. Gee, my blue dress is ruined, absolutely."

She's right. We drag ourselves over to the shore, where Gertrude and Steponkus are standin', lookin' like a coupla drowned rats. People keep poppin' out from in back of bushes, and there's a mob standin' around. Mabel walks right up to Steponkus, with water streamin' out in back of her like a comet. All I can hear is them last words I was gonna say before the boat tipped over, echoin' over and over in my head like on a mystery show on the radio. "Why not? Why not?" It makes me shiver.

"I guess you think you're pretty smart, Private Steponkus," Mabel is sayin'. "I seen the whole thing, don't worry. I only wish I was a man, I'd show you." I can almost see steam comin' off her, she's so hot.

"Now, Mabel, it was an accident," I says.

"As for you," she says, "the next time I see you, it better be without Private Harry Steponkus, the wise guy, or just without. Come on, Gertrude."

"Yeah, believe me!" says Gertrude.

"Now, Mabel . . ." I says, but they're marchin' away, drippin' but dignified. I take a look at Steponkus the Wolf, who don't look so romantic right then.

"The Steponkus Method," I says. "Fine! Wonderful!"

"Listen," he says, and I can see him sweatin' in addition to the water drippin' on his forehead, "you don't know that Gertrude. That wasn't the Steponkus Method. I was tryin' to jump!"

I woulda bust out laughin,' honest, except I can see Mabel marchin' away, mad. And the stars are still shinin', and spring is still givin' out the sweet smells. And I feel lousy.

THE next morning, which is Sunday, my fat first sergeant calls me in to the orderly room. I figure he musta heard how I looked when I come in the night before this. That guy figures you're drunk if you come in with your shoelace untied.

"Now look," I says, before he can get goin', "I can explain all about last night, so don't blow your top."

"Yeah?" he says. "That's somethin' I wanna hear, only not right now. Report to Captain Williams right away." That's our CO, which is short for commanding officer.

"Well, what are you waitin' for?" the first sergeant yells. To make him happy, I go over to see Captain Williams.

"Sparton," says the captain, after I give him a snappy salute, "I'm glad to tell you that your application for the paratroops has gone through. You're leaving today at 1600 hours."

"Huh?" I says. I put in this application a long time before this and practically forgot about it.

"I'm givin' you a four-hour pass," the captain says, "to take care of whatever local business you may have."

"Thanks," I says.

"Thanks what?" he yells.

"Thank you, sir," I says.

"That's all right," he says, and sticks out his mitt. "Good luck, Private First Class Sparton." He's a good egg, only it's hard to figure these guys out sometimes.

I got four hours. I go outside the office, and spring hits me in the face. The sun is shinin', and it's warm, and beautiful out. Four hours! I pick up my pass, call up Mabel to make sure she's home, and go tearin' out to say goodby.

It's an hour on the bus to Mabel's house. All the way out, I got so much on my mind I can hardly see straight. The paratroops, I keep thinkin'. I'm goin' away, I keep thinkin'. I keep thinkin' how long I had with Mabel. And what have I got now?

The paratroops, I think.

The windows of the bus are open, and the spring air keeps pourin' in. It hits me like a high-class Mickey. All this time I coulda been married to Mabel, I think, and I woulda had something. Only I was a wise guy. And now it's too late.

By the time I get to Mabel's, I'm kinda worked up, but I break the news to her as easy as I can. She just sits on the couch for a minute. It breaks my heart to look at her, she looks so pretty. She coulda been your wife—Mrs. Sparton, I keep thinkin'.

"Gee," she says finally. "Gee, Joey." I can tell she feels like cryin'.

"Don't feel bad, baby," I says, only I feel so low myself that it don't sound convincin'.

We talk about things in general, just to get offa the subject. I tell her I'll write to her, and she says she'll write to me. And before I know it, the time is up, and I gotta run to catch the bus back to camp.

I PUT on my hat, and she walks me to the door. When I look at her standin' there, lookin' so lonesome and pretty, I can feel my heart turn over like a flapjack. There's a kind of ringin' in my ears.

"So long, baby," I says. "I'll be seein' you."

"So long, Joey," she says. "I'm gonna miss you."

She reaches up and kisses me goodby. I can hear a bird singin' outside, and suddenly I know I gotta say it.

"If only we had a little more time," I says, "we coulda got married," I says, kinda loud.

She looks like I slugged her in the solar plexus, only happy. "Joey!" she says. "You really mean it?"

"I gotta run," I says. "Take care of yourself, baby. Sure I mean it."

And I'm runnin' down the hall. I take one last look at her, and she's smilin' and wavin'. I got a lump in my throat the size of a hard-boiled egg.

When I get back to camp, I look up Steponkus the Wolf.

"You're a pretty smart guy, ain't you?" I says.

"What do you mean?" he says.

I reach down to the floor, and bring one up on his button that practically turns him over. It makes me feel better, but not much. At 1600 I take off for the paratroops.

LIKE everything else in the Army, the paratroops school is hurry up and wait. I rush my head off to get there, and then we sit around for three days, and nobody pays no attention to us. They give us a couple of examinations, but I still don't see no parachutes.

I sit around and think about Mabel. I kick myself a hundred times over how I coulda been married to her all that time, and I wasn't. I write her a coupla letters, tellin' her how much I miss her, and how I meant what I said before I left. I know she'll feel good to hear it, anyways.

The fourth day I'm there, I don't hear my name on the roll call. I ask the sergeant about it.

"What's your name?" he says.

"Pfc. Joseph Sparton," I says.

"Sparton?" he says, lookin' at the list. "Oh, you're scratched. Flat feet. They're shipping you back to Brooklyn."

"What!" I says.

"You're disqualified," he says. "You're going back to your old camp."

"Oh!" I says. "Oh!"

Mabel, I'm thinkin'. Mabel! Now I can go back and get married. It starts goin' around and around in my head, like the music goes round and round. Mabel! Now I can get married! Mabel! Only suddenly I ain't so anxious.

Two days later I'm back in Brooklyn.

The first guy I see is Steponkus the Wolf. He gives me the big hello, and says he ain't sore about me poppin' him. I'm glad, because the way I feel, I gotta talk to somebody.

"You got back just too late," says Steponkus the Wolf.

"I ain't too late, I'm too early," I says.

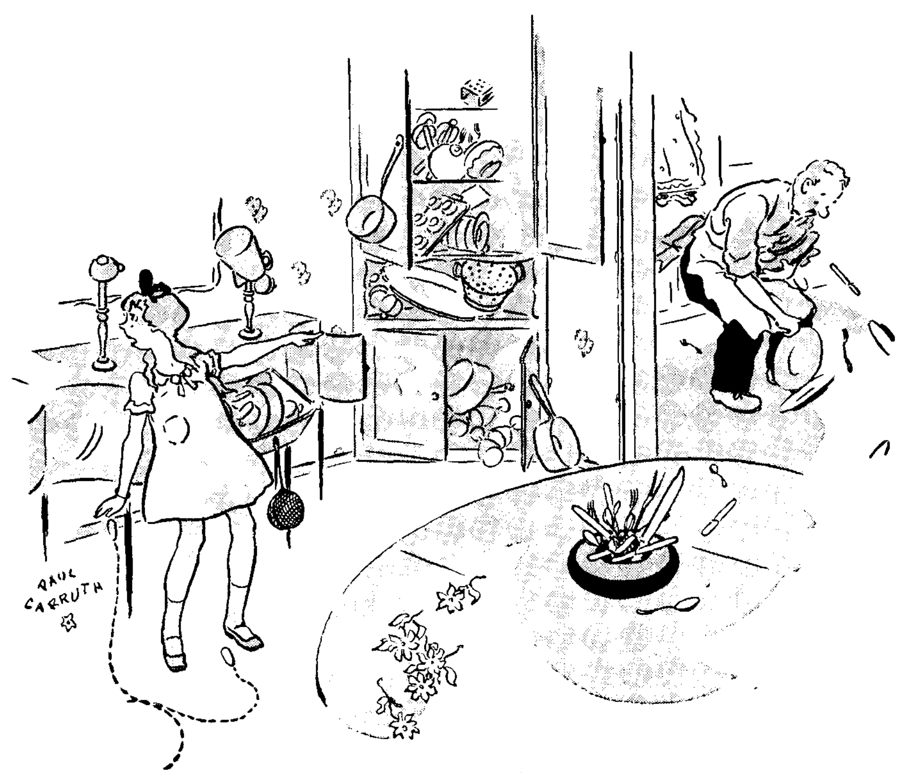
"I mean for the wedding," he says.

"That's what I'm talkin' about," I says. "Listen. . . ."

"Wait a minute," he says. "I guess you didn't hear who got married, did you?"

"Who?" I says. And no sooner do I say it, than I know. Just by lookin' at him.

"Me and Gertrude, of course," he says. And he takes a big, happy breath. "Yes, sir, Joe," he says, "she's the most wonderful girl



"For Pete's sake, Mother, hurry. Daddy's started putting the things away"

COLLIER'S PAUL CARRUTH

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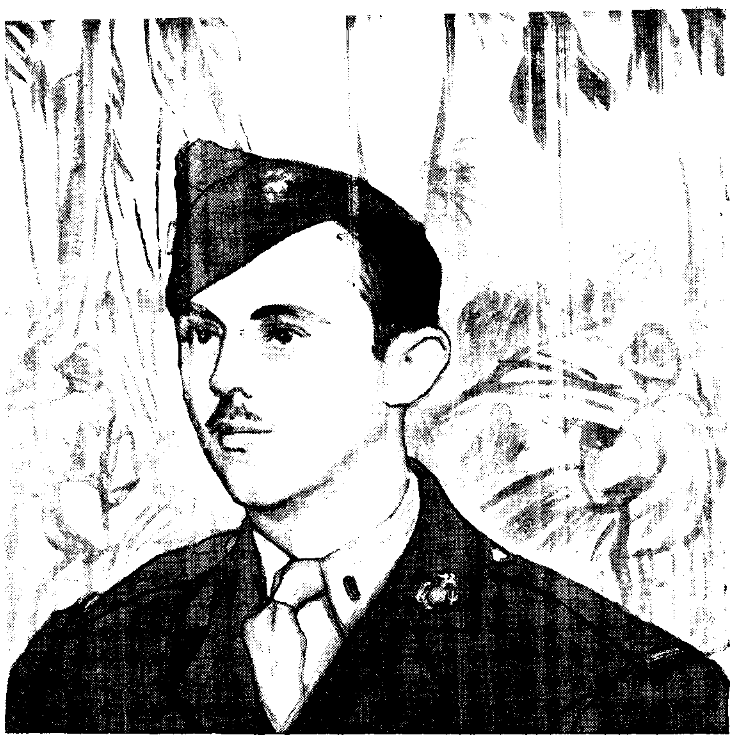

THE Heroes

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM DEAN HAWKINS

XXXI

TARAWA was not even a name to Americans before November, 1943, when Marines carried the island by storm, although the Gilberts were discovered as far back as 1788 by an adventurous English sailing master who gave his name to the island group. The British lost no time in taking over, and for more than a century they ruled that part of Oceania as their share of the "white man's burden."

As the administrative center of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands colony, Tarawa eventually came to boast a hospital, a public health station, and training schools for doctors, nurses and teachers. Tarawa's twenty-two miles were well wooded with coconut and pandanus trees, and the warm waters that lapped the island were thick with tuna, bonito, red snappers and toothsome little flying fish.

The Japanese first came to Tarawa on December 10, 1941, directly after Pearl Harbor. The three thousand natives, without arms of any kind, could offer no resistance, and the handful of Europeans fled for their lives into the thickets of the interior. It was only a token invasion, but when the Nips returned several months later, they came in strength and for the purpose of fortifying and garrisoning. Twenty-two Britons, driven out of cover, were brought down to the beach and shot.

Among the number was Second Lieutenant R. G. Morgan, a brave young officer who had refused several chances to escape, staying behind to operate a hidden radio. Today, in the American cemetery where Marines lie row on row, there is also a tall cross and a tablet that bears this inscription: "In memory of twenty-two British subjects murdered by the Japanese at Betio on the 15th of October, 1942. Standing unarmed at their posts, they matched brutality with gallantry, and met death with fortitude."

Herded and beaten like beasts, the wretched natives were forced to cut down their beloved trees for stockades, gun emplacements, piers and aircraft revetments. Little Betio, one of Tarawa's nine islets, was where the Japanese built up what they regarded as an impregnable defense. About two miles long, and 700 yards across at the widest place, Betio was dotted with pillboxes, machine-gun nests, twin-barreled 130-mm. guns and 8-inch antiaircraft giants, while the surrounding water bristled with every variety of tank trap. This was the bastion that our Marines were to charge and take in the early dawn of November 20, 1943.

Where all are heroes, selection is difficult, but the Navy itself has singled out one man for particular distinction. Not only was Lieutenant William Dean Hawkins awarded the Medal of Honor posthumously, but the air strip on Betio is now Hawkins Field, and a recently launched destroyer bears his name. A typical American, born in Kansas, brought up in Texas, Hawkins worked his way through school and won a scholarship that enabled him to become a mining engineer. Enlisting in the Marine Corps one day after Pearl Harbor, he went from corporal to sergeant, and for valor in the Battle of the Solomons, received his commission.

Commanding officer of a Scout Sniper platoon, Lieutenant Hawkins was the first to disembark from his jeep lighter when the attack on Tarawa began. He dashed forward at the head of his men to smash the emplacements from which poured steady and deadly fire. Built of coconut logs and buried under sand, the loopholes of the pillboxes were the only vulnerable points of attack.

"Blast 'em out!" Shouting this order, Lieutenant Hawkins gave a personal demonstration of its meaning.

Under withering fire he plunged head-on against enemy installations and tossed hand grenades through the openings, smashing guns and gunners into fragments. All through the day and night he moved from pillbox to pillbox, now shooting, now hurling, and, to use the language of the Navy citation, "neutralizing emplacements in coverage of troops assaulting the main beach positions."

By dawn, a limited beachhead had been won by the Marines, but fierce Japanese resistance threatened to make it untenable. One enemy position, fortified by five machine guns, was inflicting particularly severe punishment, and Lieutenant Hawkins personally took the job of putting it out of action. Bellying forward through the sand, braving a hail of lead, he fired point-blank into the loopholes and finished up with a volley of grenades.

In the last moment a machine-gun burst caught him full in the chest, but he would not let himself be carried to the rear. Staggering, gushing blood, he fought on, destroying three more pillboxes before a burst of Japanese shellfire blew his lifeless body back into the arms of his men.

"His relentless fighting spirit in the face of formidable opposition," records the Navy, "and his exceptionally daring tactics were an inspiration to his comrades during the most crucial phase of the battle, and reflect the highest credit upon the United States Naval Service."

Hawkins Field and the U.S.S. Hawkins are not needed to keep his memory alive. The Marines will attend to that. . . .

GEORGE CREEL

PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

Spring is a Booby Trap

Continued from page 51

in the world. Say, isn't this beautiful weather we've been having?"

I tell him congratulations, and all that. And all the time I got a kind of a cold feeling like I swallowed an ice cube. Steponkus the Wolf is married. If it happens to him, it can happen to anybody.

I call up Mabel and tell her I'm back. Only I tell her I can't get out of camp yet. It ain't exactly the truth, but I need time to think. She sounds happy as a bird. She says she's gotta talk to me real soon.

I gotta talk to her, too, only not real soon. I don't know what I'm gonna say. I think until my head hurts, and I get no answer.

The day after I'm back, Mabel calls up and says she's gotta talk to me. I make out somebody's callin' me for drill and hang up fast.

The second day she calls up again.

"Gee, I'm dyin' to see you, Joey," she says.

"Me too, baby," I says. I'm sweatin', only not from the phone booth.

"I got somethin' very important to talk to you about," she says.

"I know, I know," I says. "Not yet. I can't get out yet."

One thing the Army does for you, it gives you a place to hide. I stay in camp for almost a week, with Mabel callin' up every day. I never wanna go through a week like that one again. I'm losin' weight, sweatin' it out, and I can't come to no conclusion.

Finally, I decide I gotta face it. When Mabel calls up, the next time, I make a date with her, and go out and call for her at her house.

"It's sure good to see you, Joey," she says, when she sees me.

"I'm glad to see you too, baby," I says.

We're both feelin' a little embarrassed, only I'm way ahead of her. The conversation goes on like this for a while, kind of general.

"Wasn't it wonderful about Private Steponkus and Gertrude gettin' married?" she says, after a while.

"Yeah," I says. "Wonderful."

"And it all started the night the rowboat tipped over in Central Park," she says.

"Yeah?" I says. I ain't committin' myself on nothin'.

"Joey," she says. "I gotta talk to you. Let's go down to Central Park, where we can be alone."

"Central Park?" I says.

"In a rowboat," she says.

Central Park in the daytime ain't like Central Park at night, but it's still Central Park, and it's still spring. We're out in the middle of the lake, and we can hear a bird singin'. It's another beautiful spring day, only I feel like the last rose of the summer.

I know I gotta tell her, so I start in.

"Mabel," I says, "there's somethin' I wanna tell you."

She gets all red in the face, and says, "I know, Joey."

"Mabel," I says. . . . It's no use. How can I come out and tell her I wanna take a rain check on a proposal?

"Mabel," I says, "I . . ."

"Wait a minute, Joey," she says. "I know what you're gonna say, and it's what every young girl wants to hear. Only I can't listen to you."

"You can't?" I says.

"Not yet," she says.

"Not yet?" I says. She's sayin' what I was gonna say, only with reverse English.

"Somethin' happened while you was away," she says.

"Oh, yeah?" I says.

"Not what you think," she says. "It's just

Time to ask questions

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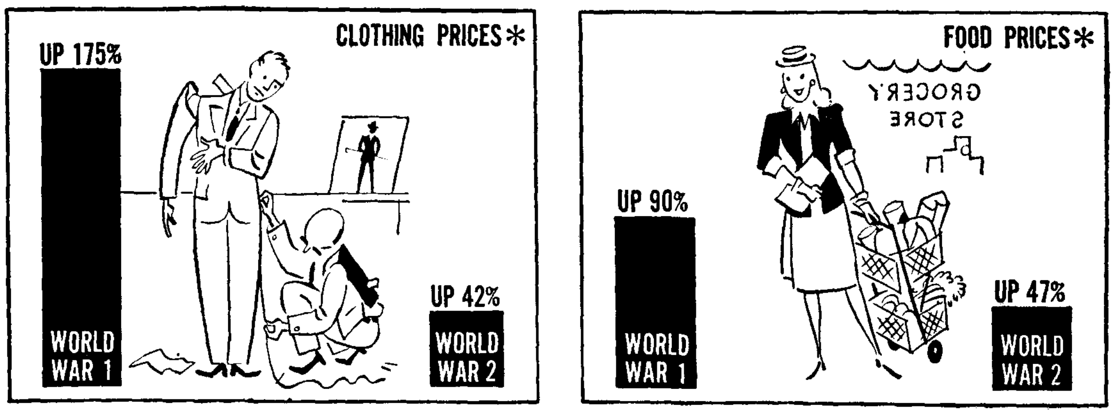
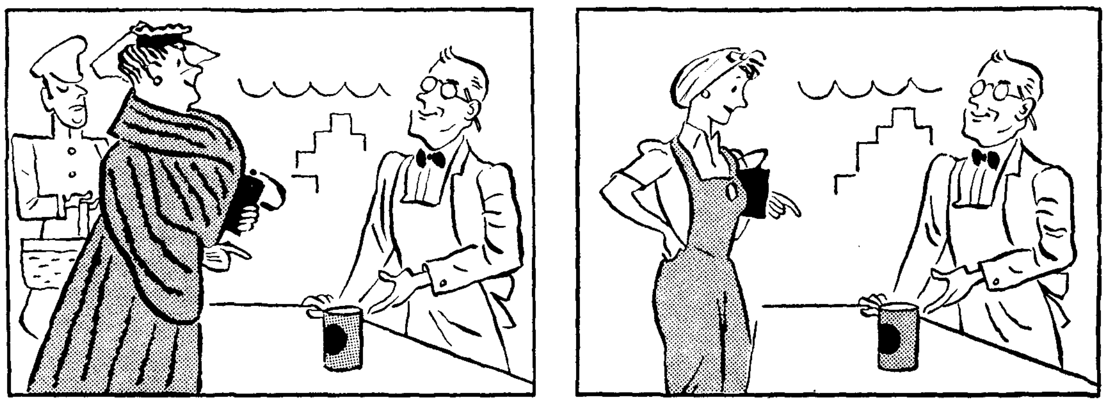


*64 months after war started

It's a far longer and more expensive war than the last one—but this time the cost of living hasn't been allowed to get out of hand. If you're ever tempted to grumble at price-and-wage controls, look at these charts—and DON'T. They're one reason to bless ceiling prices . . . and to check 'em whenever you shop. (They're posted for your protection!)

Rationing gives all a fair share



The Millionbucks get no more points than the poorest folks in town. Necessities are rationed to see that each gets his share. And rationing also keeps prices down: without it the fellow with the biggest wad of dough would have a terrific edge. Share and play square . . . pay points for everything you buy. (And shun black markets like the enemy they are!)

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The plain bread-and-butter fact is this: there's about $1.50 in people's pockets for every dollar's worth of goods in the stores.

Splurge—buy anything you don't actually need—and you put the heat on everything to rise all along the line.

Save—deny yourself something you want but can get along without—and you help yourself a little today and a lot tomorrow.

Squeeze that budget. Squeeze a little more money into your savings account. Squeeze a little more into insurance. Squeeze yourself into buying another War Bond today . . . and every month from now on in.

Wise enough to harness your money for your own safety?

ONLY YOU CAN DO IT.

HELP US KEEP PRICES DOWN

A United States War message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information; and contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

that I'm gonna be goin' away for a while."

"Goin' away?" I sound like the broken record, givin' her back everything she says.

"You know," she says, "there's a war goin' on." *She's* tellin' *me.*

"I know," I says.

"And when I thought you was goin' away, I felt so bad, I hadda do somethin'."

"So?"

"So I joined up with the Wacs, Joey. Are you mad?"

"You what?" I holler. I jump up on my feet, I'm so excited. The boat gives a funny little wiggle, and goes over. We're in the drink again. This time they pull us out okay. Mabel ain't even worried about her dress, she says, on accounta goin' into the Wacs, where they'll give her new uniforms.

It's like a pardon from the governor, at the last minute, in the movies. Except that, bein' spring, it turns out to be only a reprieve.

"You ain't mad?" she says later, when we're dryin' off in the boathouse.

"Mad?" I says. "I ain't mad. I'm proud of you for what you done." I feel warm and friendly to Mabel. I even remember that I'm really kinda crazy about her. I tell her about it, and how much I'm gonna miss her.

"That's nice," she says. "And it's only gonna be for a little while. After basic trainin', I can pick out my station. And you know where that's gonna be."

"Oh!" I says. "That's fine."

"It's really Gertrude gave me the idea," she says. "You'll die when you hear what she said."

"What?"

"She says the only way she got Harry to marry her is because he couldn't hide in camp. She's right with him all the time."

"Oh," I says.

"It's like they say on the posters for the Wacs: 'I'd rather be with him than waiting for him.' "

"Fine," I says.

Right now, Mabel is trainin'. I got my application in for overseas. With conditions the way they are on the home front, I think the only safe place for me is Paris in the spring, like they say in the song.

You see what I mean?

THE END

Words and Music

Continued from page 19

Anyway, we have an extra bathroom."

The way the team worked on Carousel was, first, months and months of talk, starting a year ago last February. Dick, and maybe his wife and two daughters, would go spend a week at the Hammerstein farm at Doylestown, Pennsylvania—and talk and talk. Or possibly Oscar would visit the Rodgerses in Fairfield, Connecticut, with or without some member of his sizable family. He has five children and stepchildren. Or the two men would meet in Manhattan. Anyway, the whole show was blueprinted in their minds before a word or a note was put on paper.

When they were ready to write, each worked strictly alone, Hammerstein sending his completed lyrics to Rodgers by mail, and Rodgers countering with the music by return post, or perhaps singing a melody to Oscar over the telephone. With these two, the words come before the music for nine songs out of ten. The words take more time. It exasperates Oscar sometimes the way Dick can produce a fine melody out of his head in half an hour or less. But later, Oscar can take it easy, while Dick sweats out the completed musical manuscript and fools around with orchestral problems and so on.

Altogether, this team is a marriage made in heaven. Two more untemperamental artists never graced the theater. No velvet coats here, no swooning females—or at least any would-be swooning females get a quick brush-off. Both Oscar and Dick are neat and orderly, dependable and businesslike, devoted to their families. They drink very little. When Oscar was a boy, his father asked him not to smoke. He never has. A big man, over six feet and gentle mannered, Oscar has been described as "kind" so often that it's positively embarrassing.

Dick, of medium height, is quick of speech and a prolific producer of puns. He has been known to do kind acts himself, such as assisting the careers of young composers, who are, after all, his potential rivals. Both men are in their forties, Oscar being the elder.

Hammerstein, responsible for book and lyrics, is the research boy of the team. Even his beautiful ungrammatical poetry requires quite a lot of research. Take the clambake song, the one with the chorus that goes "Oh-h-h . . . This was a real nice clambake, we're mighty glad we came. . . ."

Well, the setting of Carousel being New England, 1873, Mr. Hammerstein had to be careful what he said about clambakes. He's never been to one himself. He understood that a proper clambake started off with some kind of chowder, but to be sure of his ground, he read a lot of books by historians, cooks, and dialect experts, and he started his song:

Fust come codfish chowder
Cooked in iron kettles,
Onions floatin' on the top
Curlin' up in petals!

Then he read another book, and found—oh sorrow!—that real authentic clambake chowder is codhead, not codfish.

"At this point I had to struggle against what I call research poisoning," he says. "Should I use that new word, codhead, that I was so proud of discovering? Or should I leave it codfish which would make more sense to more people, even if it was wrong?"

He suppressed his researcher's pride, stuck to codfish and continued:

Throwed in ribbons of salted pork
(An old New England trick)
And lapped it all up with a clamshell
Tied onto a bayberry stick. . . .

All of which was okay with the research department. Things went along fine till he got to the lobsters, which he treated as follows:

We slit 'em down the back
And peppered 'em good
And doused 'em in melted butter. . . .

A friend of his, a New Englander, hearing the song in its preliminary stage, was shocked. "Ockey, how could you? Don't you know you slit lobsters up the front?"

Oscar was grieved; "slit 'em down the back" crackled out better in singing. More research, in which Mr. Hammerstein's chief aid is his daughter, Alice (Mrs. Michael Byrne), a promising lyricist herself. Alice called on the chef of the King of the Sea Restaurant in New York and asked, "Do you slit lobsters up the front or down the back, please?" The chef told her down the back, always. Hammerstein finally concluded that people probably all slit lobsters the same way, only some people call the back the front or vice versa.

Hammerstein's worst come-uppance with research concerned the June is Bustin' Out All Over song. He thought he knew all he needed to know about love-in-June and trees-and-breeze and went on, unresearched, with:

June is bustin' out all over.
The sheep aren't sleepin' any more!
All the rams that chase the ewe sheep
Are determined there'll be new sheep,
And the ewe sheep aren't even keepin'
score!

Then came another research wolf in friend's clothing to inform him that sheep do not mate in June, they mate in the winter and bear their young in the spring. There was no way around this, really, and Mr. Hammerstein hated to be a nature faker. But the stanza is still in, and if any purist wants to take issue with him, he is ready to answer: "What you say about sheep may all be very true for most years, sir, but not in 1873. 1873 is my year, and that year, curiously enough, the sheep mated in the spring."

The same fine conscientious boldness goes into Dick's music. But how are you going to

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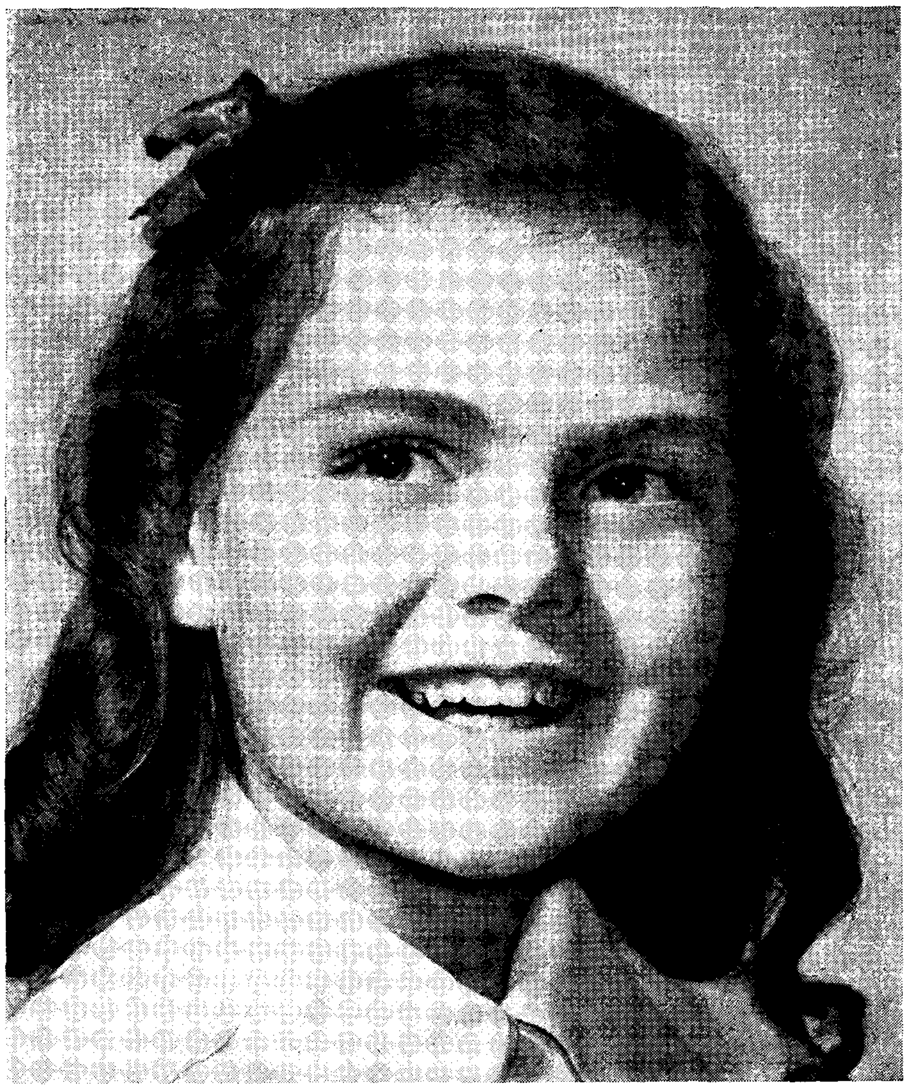

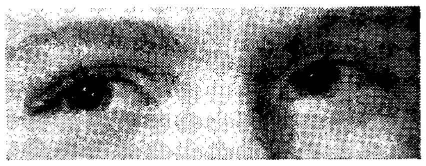

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Ted Malone, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, 8:00 P. M. E.W.T.—Blue Network.

explain the mental machinery of a man who can look at a musical score—without words—and burst out laughing. "It's very amusing," he'll say, "very clever the way the notes are handled here."

It is Dick's passionate conviction that the public is willing and eager to accept the very finest musical fare any composer can give them. "Anyone who cheapens his work for the sake of popularity," he says, "is making the stupidest kind of mistake." He cannot endure the attitude of the music publisher who once told him that the only safe way to begin the melody of a refrain was "on the first note of the bar, in four-quarter time, in the tonic chord, and with the first note of the scale." Dick has so much to say on this subject, that he plans to write a book about it.

If anyone wonders how these two have managed to arrive at their steady, fruitful, day-in, day-out production pace, the answer is easy: just hard work and talent.

Oscar was born into a famous theatrical family. His grandfather, Oscar Hammerstein I, was the colorful, lusty fellow who put the fortune he made from vaudeville into grand opera, with such success that the Metropolitan Opera Company finally paid him a million and a quarter dollars on condition that he would quit competing with them and produce no more opera in this country. The family was rich for as long as it took Oscar the elder to get to London, whence they received a cable: "Have contracted to build an opera house here. . . ."

Rodgers says he gets a little tired of hearing about Oscar's grandfather. "Nobody ever asks me about *my* grandfather," he says, "but my grandfather was a kind of theatrical fellow, too. He was the man that owned the company that provided the silk to make the tights that encased the legs of the girls in the Black Crook company." The Black Crook, produced in 1865, was that celebrated shocker in which for the first time chorus girls discarded long skirts to wear revealing tights.

A Return to the Long Skirt

It remained for Dick to put chorus girls back into modest long skirts again. Oklahoma! and Carousel are the most covered-up shows Broadway has seen in some seasons.

Oscar's father, William Hammerstein, and his uncle, Arthur, both lived through large-scale ups and downs in the theater, and they both approved young Oscar's sensible decision to eschew the theater and enter the law.

But at Columbia University he couldn't resist getting mixed up in amateur productions. He played several comedy roles, and in his second year at Columbia's law school, he wrote the book and lyrics for the University show—a thing called Home, James. That did it. He decided to abandon the law and accept his natural heritage, the theater.

Oscar's first writing efforts were not so good, but he began to hit his stride as a collaborator with Otto Harbach on Jimmie and Tickle Me. He says that Mr. Harbach (still one of his closest friends) taught him to regard a musical play as an architectural structure where the blueprint must be right if the thing is to support its own weight.

Knowing how important the book is, how every dance and every song must be planned to fall into place as a part of the book, Hammerstein is vastly irritated when some critic repeats the base canard that "in a musical, the book doesn't matter."

After Tickle Me, Hammerstein moved on to success, authoring one hit after another.

Rodgers hadn't any theatrical background at all. His father and his brother are doctors. But from his earliest childhood it was clear he was marked for music. His mother played the piano and sang, and Dick, not yet able to talk, and much less read, would hunt through the stacks of sheet music till he found the songs he liked to hear her play. Presumably he identified them by the pictures on the covers.

When he was five he invented melodies of his own. At every school he attended, he wrote songs and shows and played the piano, not bothering too much about anything else.

At Columbia University, where Dick followed Oscar, it was the same thing, only more so, with Dick becoming the first and only freshman ever to write the score for the annual musical comedy. Rodgers left Columbia after two years to study with Walter Damrosch at the Institute of Musical Art. Naturally, he wrote the Institute's show.

He tried to peddle his tunes commercially during this period with no luck, but he became the most popular amateur show writer around town. It began to look dangerously as if his entire career was going to consist of amateur composition, no dough attached, so a friend found him a good job in the children's underwear business at $50 a week.

"I was supposed to go to work the next day," Dick relates, "and that night the lawyer for the Theater Guild called me up and told me that the Guild needed some new tapestries, and how would I like to write the score for a tapestry benefit show."

At first, Dick said never, no never, no more amateur shows—and then, as usual, succumbed. That show was the Garrick Gaieties, which, instead of closing after a couple of nights, as intended, ran for 214 performances on Broadway. Dick's friend Lorenz Hart wrote the lyrics, and this was the professional beginning of a highly successful partnership which resulted in some 30 Rodgers & Hart musical comedies. What a trademark those two names became, Rodgers & Hart, up to the time of Hart's death!

Dick was in the money by the time he was twenty-two—so much so, in the season of innocence before the crash, that he did fool things—which were fun—like flying across the Atlantic just to attend a party given in his honor in Paris. "I even had a chauffeur," Dick marvels. "I ran around with blondes, and one particular blonde I married. I'm still married to her."

Oscar, meantime, had married for the second time. Then, in the midst of their separate and very pleasant careers, both Dick and Oscar went into tailspins. "Like a fool I went to Hollywood," says Rodgers. "It was the five-year plague of the locusts. Back in New York it took me two years and all the money I had to get a show going, and I owed $30,000. . . ."

"I don't know what happened," says Oscar, "but for six or seven years, nothing clicked. . . ."

At this point, the sad music fades, and merges into the triumphant Oklahoma! Just to keep himself and the record straight in the midst of all the triumph, Hammerstein, a while back, ran a humble kind of an ad in Variety, the theatrical magazine, recalling his flops. The ad read:

Holiday Greetings
Oscar Hammerstein, II
author of
SUNNY RIVER
Six weeks at the St. James Theater, New York
VERY WARM FOR MAY
Seven weeks at the Alvin Theater
THREE SISTERS
Six weeks at the Drury Lane, London
BALL AT THE SAVOY
Five weeks at the Drury Lane
FREE FOR ALL
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I've done it before and I can do it again.

[THE END]

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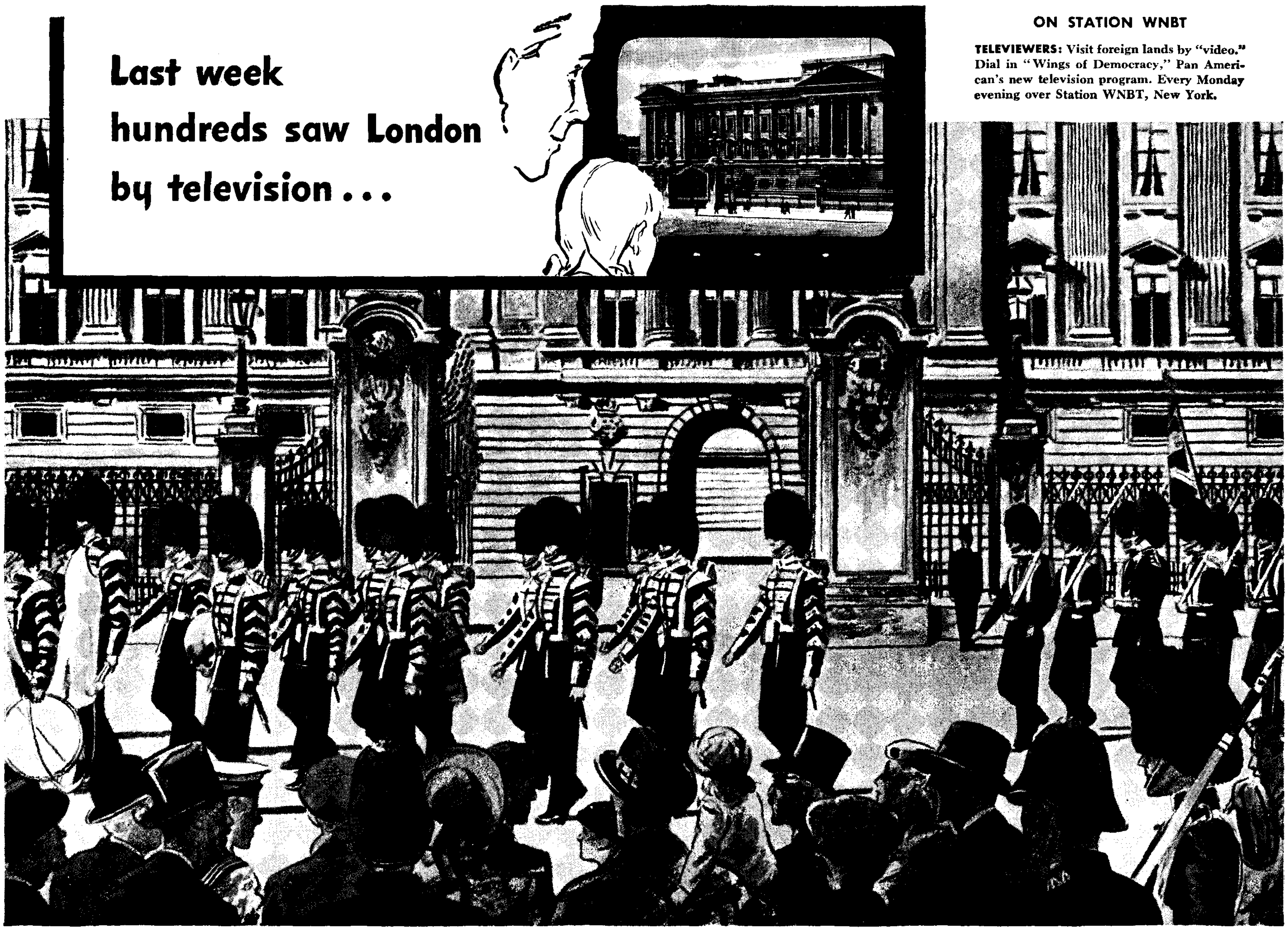

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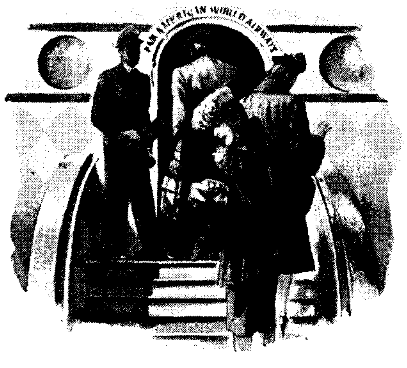

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PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

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Suicide Creek

Continued from page 12

Corporal Lawrence E. Oliveira of Fall River, Massachusetts, grabbed the blind boy by the arm, pulling him along as they withdrew. He'd pause to fire, and the blind Marine would wait beside him as he got off a few shots, and then Corporal Oliveira would lead him back a little farther.

"The boy didn't moan or pray or nothing. He just kept saying, every now and then, 'I can't see.'" By the time they got back to the creek, the Japanese were close on them, charging now. But the Marines had machine guns at the creek. They piled the Jap dead in the brush. They broke the charge.

Another platoon tried crossing the creek at another point. Near the head of the line was The Swede, a private first class from some place out West. He was a big guy, built like a truck, the last man in the world you'd ever suspect of being sentimental. His big ambition was to send his kid sister through college. It took some doing, but he was doing it on his service pay. The Swede was just stepping into the creek when he got it.

"You could hear the bullet hit him in the stomach," said Platoon Sergeant John M. White. "He just stood there a minute. He said, 'Them dirty bastards!' Then he fell down. He was dead."

Brother's Dream to Be Realized

Later they said they thought The Swede had made out his insurance to his sister. So he'll be sending her through college, after all.

"When we got across the creek," said Sergeant White, "the fire was so hot we couldn't do a thing. You couldn't see a single Jap. All you could see was where the bullets were hitting around us. And men getting hit. But no matter how bad it got, I never saw one of the boys pass up a wounded man."

Pfc. Charles Conger, 21, of Ventura, California, was one of those hit. A machine gun cut his legs from under him. He couldn't get up. He had to crawl. Nobody saw him. Nobody could have heard him if he'd yelled. The firing was too heavy. He was as alone as a man can be.

It was slow, painful, dragging through the brush, crawling headfirst down the bank, dragging limp legs. He had to pull himself on by inches, then bellying down the bank sprayed with bullets as thickly as rice thrown at a bride. He tumbled into the creek. The rocks were sharp. He was gasping in the swift water, struggling across against the force of the stream. It was only blind luck that White saw him. White was too far away to help, but he stopped and waved his arms to attract attention, ignoring cover until two Marines who were nearer saw the wounded man in the creek.

Self-Preservation Not the Rule

Those Marines were almost across. Safety lay just ahead. They didn't have to stop. But they went sloshing through the water to the wounded man. They half-carried, half-dragged him with them.

The battalion tried all day to win a crossing at the creek. In the end, they could only withdraw to the ridge on the American side and dig in for the night.

It was getting dusk as one machine-gun platoon finished its gun emplacements. Then the men began digging their foxholes. Most of them were stripped to the waist and they laid aside their weapons as they dug.

That was the moment the enemy chose to charge. They must have slipped across the stream and up the slope and watched the digging men. They must have seen that if they could reach those emplacements, if they could get those machine guns, they could swing them and smash the infantry company holding the next section of the line with enfilading fire. That is why the Japanese, perhaps fifty of them, did not yell and did not fire a shot. They rushed with bayonets.

Down among his infantrymen, Captain Andrew A. Haldane, of Methuen, Massachusetts, was talking with First Lieutenant Andrew Chisick, of Newark, New Jersey. They heard a Marine yell. They looked up and saw the Japs racing toward the emplacements. They saw weaponless Marines scattering out of the way. Some were trying to reach their rifles. Some had no chance of getting to their weapons. The Japs were hardly thirty yards from the nearest gun and closing fast. Other Marines were firing.

It all happened quicker than the telling. More Marines were firing, but it wasn't enough to stop the charge. The nearest Japs were hardly ten feet from the guns.

Captain Haldane ran toward the guns, firing as he ran. Lieutenant Chisick ran with him. Others, too, joined the charge, some with bare hands, some with clubs or entrenching tools snatched from the ground. The Japs reached one gun. They swung it to enfilade the line. A Jap was in the gunner's seat. The Marines' charge hit the gun before he could fire a shot. He got a bayonet through the chest. The enemy broke, and the Marines cut them down. More than twenty dead Japs were scattered in the brush by the time it was quiet again.

The Marines were bombed that night. Dive bombers. The enemy set up a heavy fire of tracer bullets to show the bombers where their own lines were; to show them where they should drop their bombs in the dark. Some part of our lines was bombed almost every night. Nobody will ever be able to describe a bombing. You can't describe hell. You can only go through it.

The Marines had to take the bombing after a day of battle. They had to take it without any way of hitting back. The next morning, January 3d, they attacked again. The enemy threw mortar shells. Sergeant White saw a shell explode. He ducked down the line to see if anyone was hit.

"A kid was sitting there in his foxhole. He didn't have any head. He just had a neck with dog tags on it."

All through that second day, the Marines pushed small units across the creek at different points, still trying to find a soft spot in the Japanese defenses. Each time they were hit. They knocked out some of the machine guns, but each time, in the end, they had to fall back across the creek.

There was a boy firing from behind a log. His face was gray. He stopped firing and looked around. His eyes were dull, without hope.

"It don't do any good," he said. His voice was flat. He wasn't speaking to anybody. He was just saying it. "I got three of 'em, but it don't do any good."

Winning the Battle of Despair

Platoon Sergeant Casmir Polakowski—known as Ski—said, "What the hell are you beefing about? You get paid for it, don't you?"

The kid managed a grin. As Ski crawled on down the line, the boy was fighting again, squeezing them off.

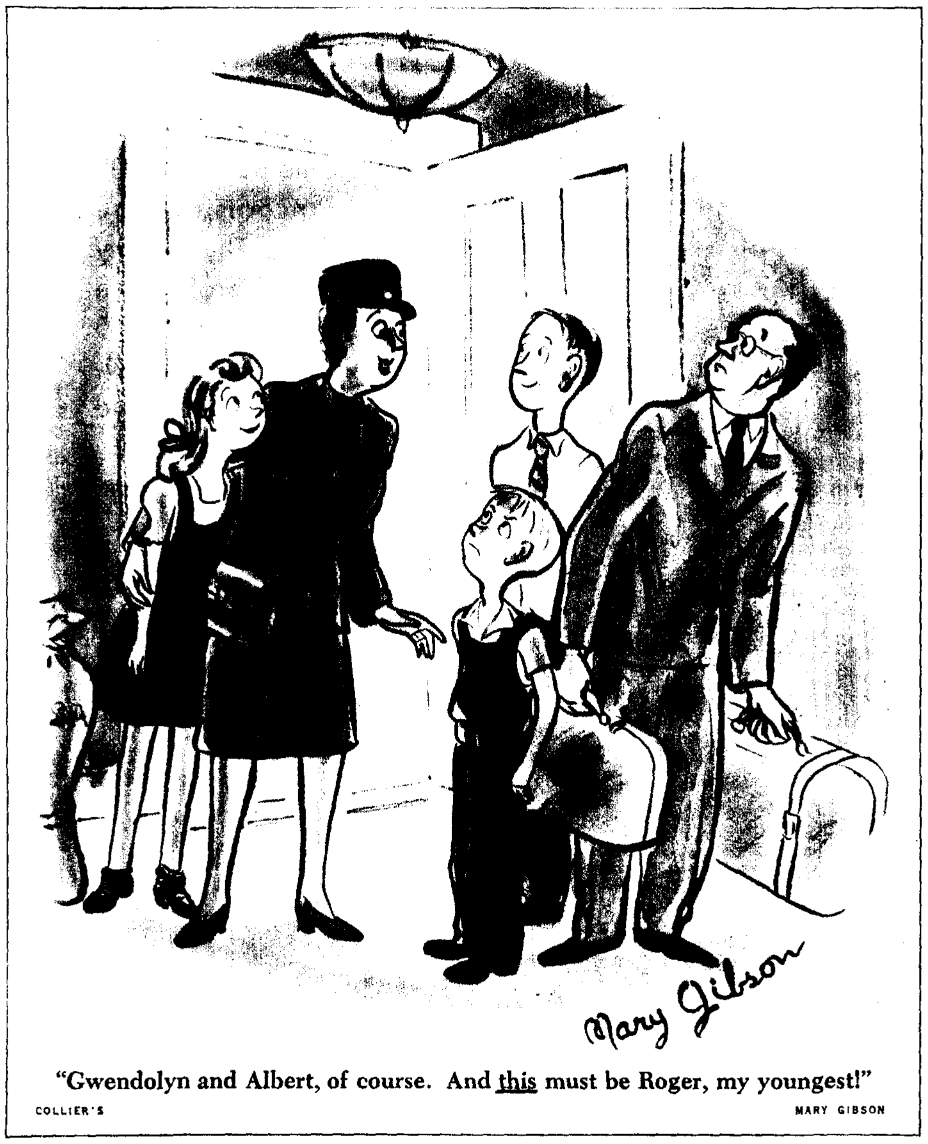
A platoon was pinned down in the jungle on their flank. The platoon could neither go forward nor withdraw. They could only lie in the brush, held there by a crisscross net of machine-gun fire, while snipers took pot shots at them. Ski's platoon was ordered to lend a hand. They were bone-tired, but Ski said, "Let's get going," and they got.

Three of them were Denham, Melville and O'Grady. Just three of the guys in the ranks. The guys who carried the ball.

Private Harry Denham, 21, of Nashville, Tennessee, was called "Pee Wee" because he was so small. They say he went to "some fancy military school." But he didn't ask favors of anybody and he wouldn't back down before the biggest man in the regiment. Just a bantam rooster of a kid who'd take on anything that walked.

Pfc. John O'Grady, 21, of Ogdensburg, N. Y., left the talking for the trio to Denham and Melville. He was a quiet guy who never had much to say to anybody, but he seemed to talk plenty when the three of them were off by themselves. Maybe he told them what he wanted to be after the war. The kids all think about that. It's something to look forward to—and a guy needs something to look forward to.

Pfc. John William Melville was called "Pete," but nobody seems to know why. His home was Lynn, Massachusetts. He was 26, almost an old man. He quit a white-



"Gwendolyn and Albert, of course. And this must be Roger, my youngest!"

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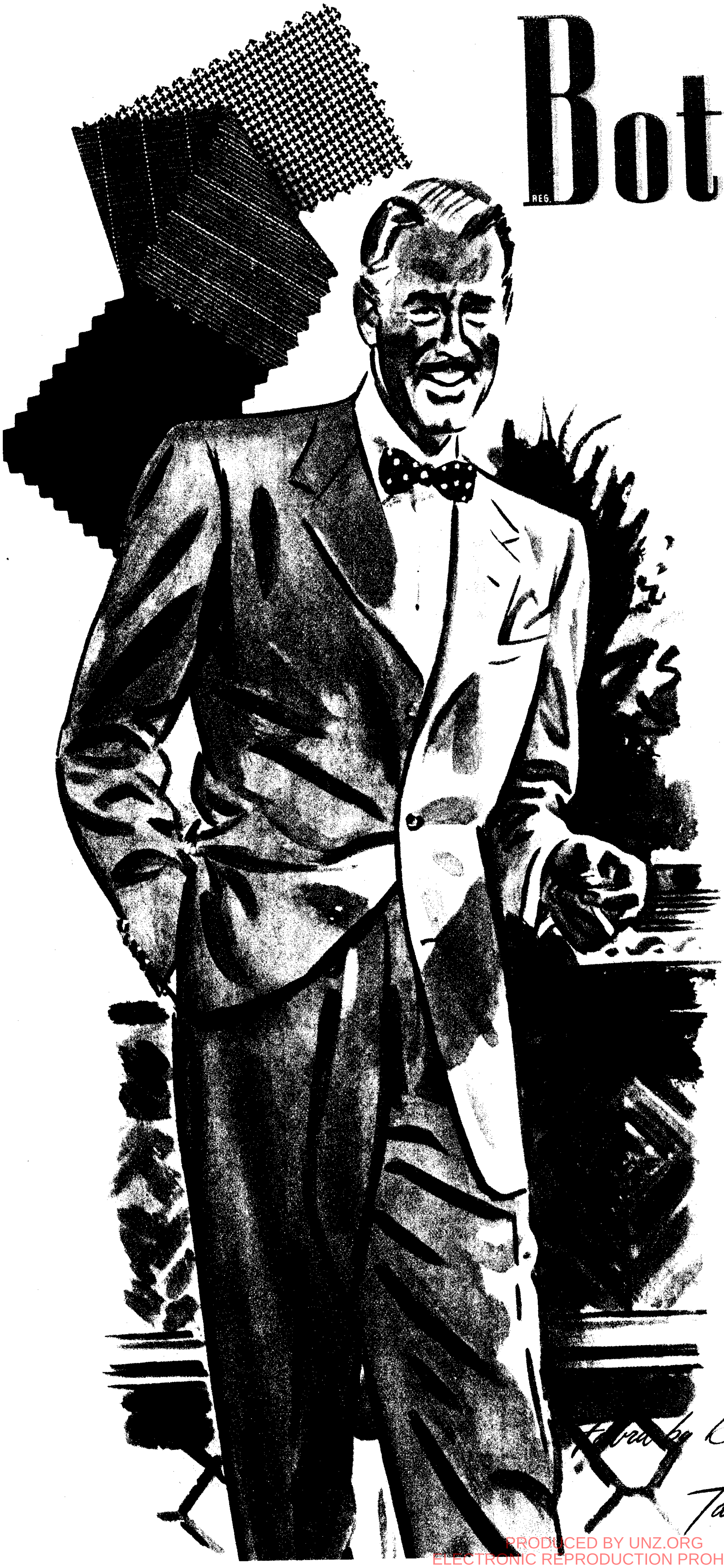

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collar job with the General Electric Company in Boston to join the Marines.

They hit the enemy on the flank—Denham, Melville and O'Grady, and Levy, Jones and Brown. They flung themselves at the enemy's flank so he'd have to break the fire that had the other platoon caught. Men dropped, but they kept going forward—fighting from tree to tree. They pushed the enemy back. They pushed him back long enough, held him long enough for the trapped platoon to pull out. That was long enough for the Marines to form a line so they couldn't be rolled up by counterattack.

Another lull then. The jungle was still. First Sergeant Selvitelle asked Ski how it was going. Ski was smoking a cigarette. His voice sounded tired.

"They got Denham, Melville and O'Grady," he said. They were lying out there in the brush somewhere and he was smoking a cigarette.

The word came to move up. There was firing ahead. Maybe an hour later Ski was behind a tree when he saw a wounded Marine lying in the open. A sniper was shooting at the boy. Ski could see the dirt flung up when the bullets hit. The boy was trying to crawl away, but he couldn't.

Ski ran from cover and pulled him to a tree. The sniper saw him. All the sniper had to do was wait until Ski started to return to his post. Then he shot Ski in the back.

Others Attempt a Crossing

That was about the time Tommy Harvard's platoon crossed Suicide Creek, lugging their heavy machine guns. Tommy Harvard was the code name for First Lieutenant Elisha Atkins, who played football at Harvard, belonged to the Dekes and the Owls, and got his B.A. in 1942. "Very quiet and polite as hell" is the way a sergeant describes him.

The enemy let Lieutenant Atkins and about half of his men cross the creek before they opened up. Six automatic weapons blasted them at point-blank range. There were at least three machine guns with perfect fields of fire. It happened too quickly for anybody to duck.

Sergeant Wills says, "I saw a man ahead of us and just as I saw he wasn't a Marine, they all let fly."

Marines were hit. Somebody was screaming. Corporal John R. Hyland of Greenwich, Connecticut (21 Prospect Street), was frowning as he tried to knock out the nearest machine-gun nest with rifle fire. The screaming man stopped.

Corporal Hyland said, "We ought to get the hell out of here." But he didn't move to go. He kept his place, still shooting at the spot of jungle where he guessed the gunport was, until the order was passed to withdraw.

The machine guns swept the brush just higher than a man lying flat. The trapped Marines rolled down the bank or pushed backward on their bellies until they could tumble into the creek. The screening bush was their only protection against the snipers perched in trees. As they rolled into the stream, they hunkered down as low as they could in the water. Some got down so only their faces showed above the water. All of them pressed against the Japanese bank as bullets slashed through the undergrowth above them, splattering the creek and the American bank beyond.

Death Trap in the Creek

Two of the Marines had fallen on a big log lying in the creek. One of them was hit in the leg and couldn't move, but he was near enough for Sergeant Wills to pull him into the creek. Other Marines dragged him up against the brush-choked bank; but they couldn't reach the other boy on the log. He lay too far out in the field of fire. He'd caught a full machine-gun burst. He must have had twenty holes in him, but he was still alive. He was hung over the log, partly in the water. He was calling weakly, "Here I am, Wills . . . Over here . . ."

They couldn't help him. They could only listen to him.

"Wills . . . I'm here . . . Wills . . ."

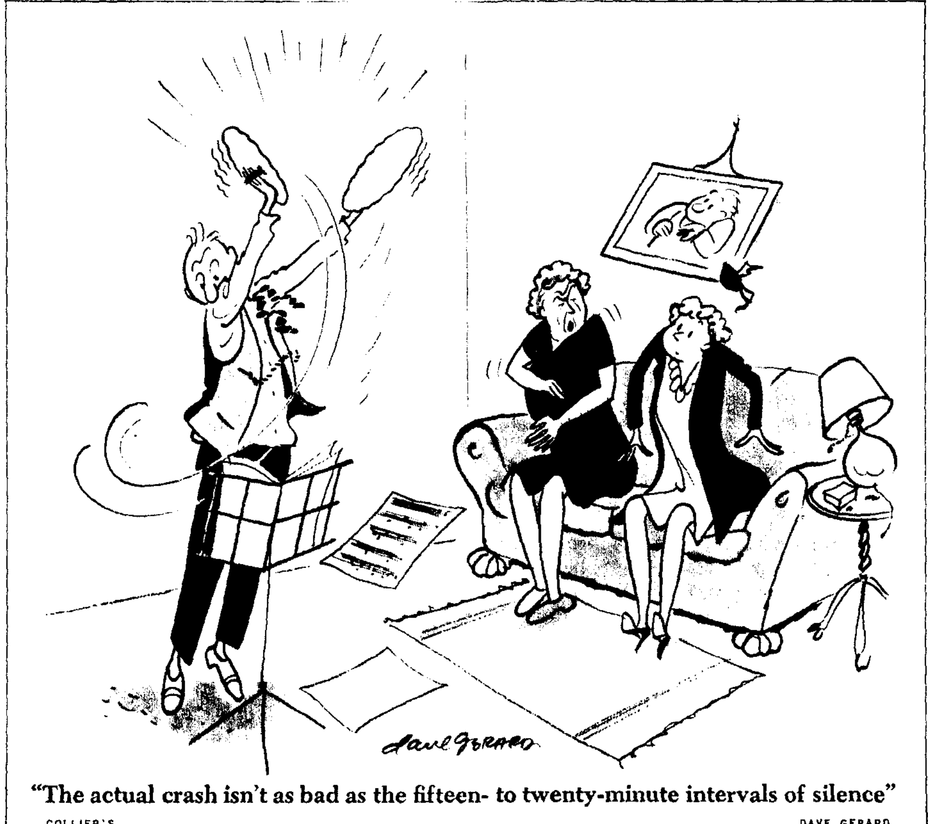
There were other wounded in the creek above them. They couldn't help them, either. Most of those crouching in the bushes against the bank were wounded, too. The kid on the log was getting weaker. Just listening was harder than anything Sergeant Wills ever had to take.

"He was calling me, and I couldn't help him. All of them were guys we knew, but we couldn't do a thing. We had to lay in the water and listen to them. It was the coldest damn' water I ever saw. Their blood kept flowing into our faces."

Their only chance was to creep downstream close against the bank and then make a dash, one by one, for the American shore. A little way down the twisting stream there was a spot where a man would have a chance to make it. Most places, a man would have to stop to climb the bank. Only a man who wanted to commit suicide would try that.

It was slow work for the men in the creek, crawling downstream in the racing water. They were hampered by the thick tangles of vines and brush. Men caught in the vines struggled helplessly.

"Everybody had to cut everybody else loose as we went along," says Pfc. Luther J. Raschke of Harvard, Illinois.



"The actual crash isn't as bad as the fifteen- to twenty-minute intervals of silence"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

He found young Tommy Harvard, tangled in the vines. The lieutenant was wounded, struggling to free himself. Raschke cut the officer loose.

"I tried to help him along, but he wouldn't come. He'd been hit three times. A slug had smashed his shoulder. He was losing blood pretty fast. But he wouldn't leave. He was trying to see that everybody got out first. He told me, 'Go on, go on!' He wouldn't let anybody stop for him. He said, 'Keep the line moving!' He made us leave him there."

They made their dash; got safely out and safely to the line of foxholes to which the battalion had fallen back again after that second day of vain fighting to win the crossing of Suicide Creek.

But Raschke couldn't forget the wounded officer they'd left in the creek. He said, "I guess everybody else is out."

"Yeah," said Corporal Alexander Caldwell of Nashville, Tennessee. (1209 Cedar Lane.)

"Well . . ."

"Yeah," said Corporal Caldwell.

So they got permission to go back into no man's land to hunt for their platoon leader. Corporal Caldwell took along two more volunteers. They might have to carry Lieutenant Atkins, if they found him, and they might have to fight their way out. That was why Caldwell took extra men. They were Louis J. Sievers of Johnstown, Pennsylvania (311 Everhart Street) and Joseph V. Brown of Middletown, New York (14 William Street), both privates first class.

It was getting hard to see when they crawled down to the creek. Raschke stopped. They lay listening, but they could hear nothing except the rushing stream and, now and then, the sound of the Japanese talking. They had to make their choice then. They could go back without the lieutenant. Or they could risk calling. Nobody would blame them if they went back. Nobody would know they hadn't done everything they could to find him.

Raschke lay on the edge of the stream and he remembers clearer than anything else how close the water was under his nose. The others were in the bush, rifles ready to fire if the enemy discovered him. Not that it would do any good. He'd be dead. For that matter, if the machine guns opened up, they'd all be dead.

"I was scared stiff," Raschke says. "I called as softly as I could, 'Tommy Harvard . . . Tommy Harvard . . .'

"A voice said, 'I'm down here.'

"It sounded weak, but we figured it might be a trap. So I said, 'What's your real name?'

"The voice said, 'Elisha Atkins.' So we knew it was him. We crawled down and pulled him out. He said, 'God! Am I glad to see you!' "

He was shaking from hours in the chill water, weak from loss of blood, but still calmly Harvard as they carried him to the rear.

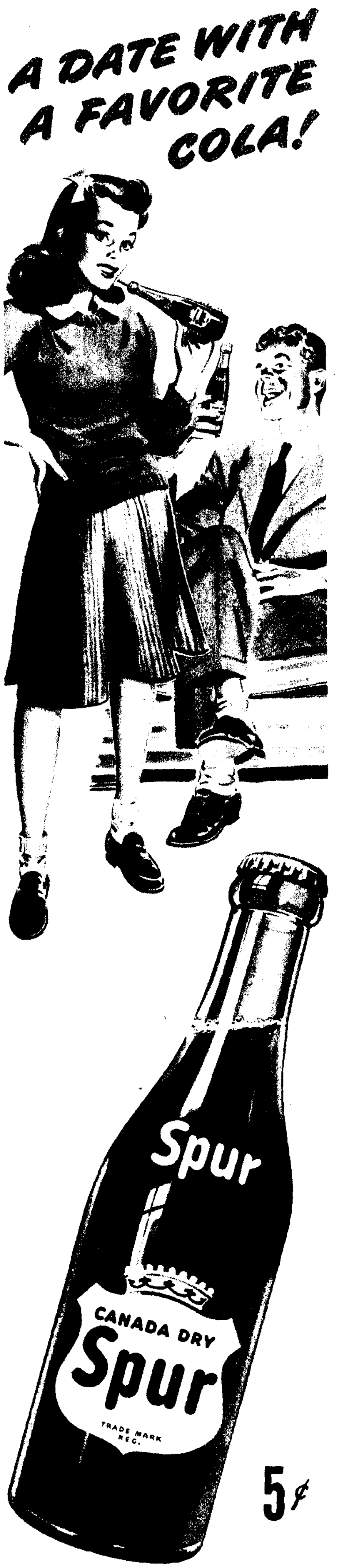
During the two days the Third Battalion had been fighting vainly to win the crossing of Suicide Creek, the outfit on its left had been trying as stubbornly and as vainly, to get across its segment of the stream.

Road-Building for the Tanks

During those two days, Marine Pioneers were toiling to build a corduroy road through the dismal swamp in their rear so that tanks could be moved up to the line. The tanks finally reached the outfit on the Third Battalion's left, but they found the banks of the creek too steep for crossing. The gully formed a natural tank trap.

So a Marine bulldozer, the machine that can work miracles, was called to cut down the banks of the creek; to make a fill in the stream so that the tanks could cross against the enemy.

The Japanese saw their danger. They concentrated fire on the bulldozer. Man after man was shot from the driver's seat. Some killed, some wounded. But there was always a Marine to jump in the seat. He had no shield, no protection at all. He sat up in the open like a shooting-gallery target for all the enemy's fire. But all the fire the Japs could muster wasn't enough to stop the



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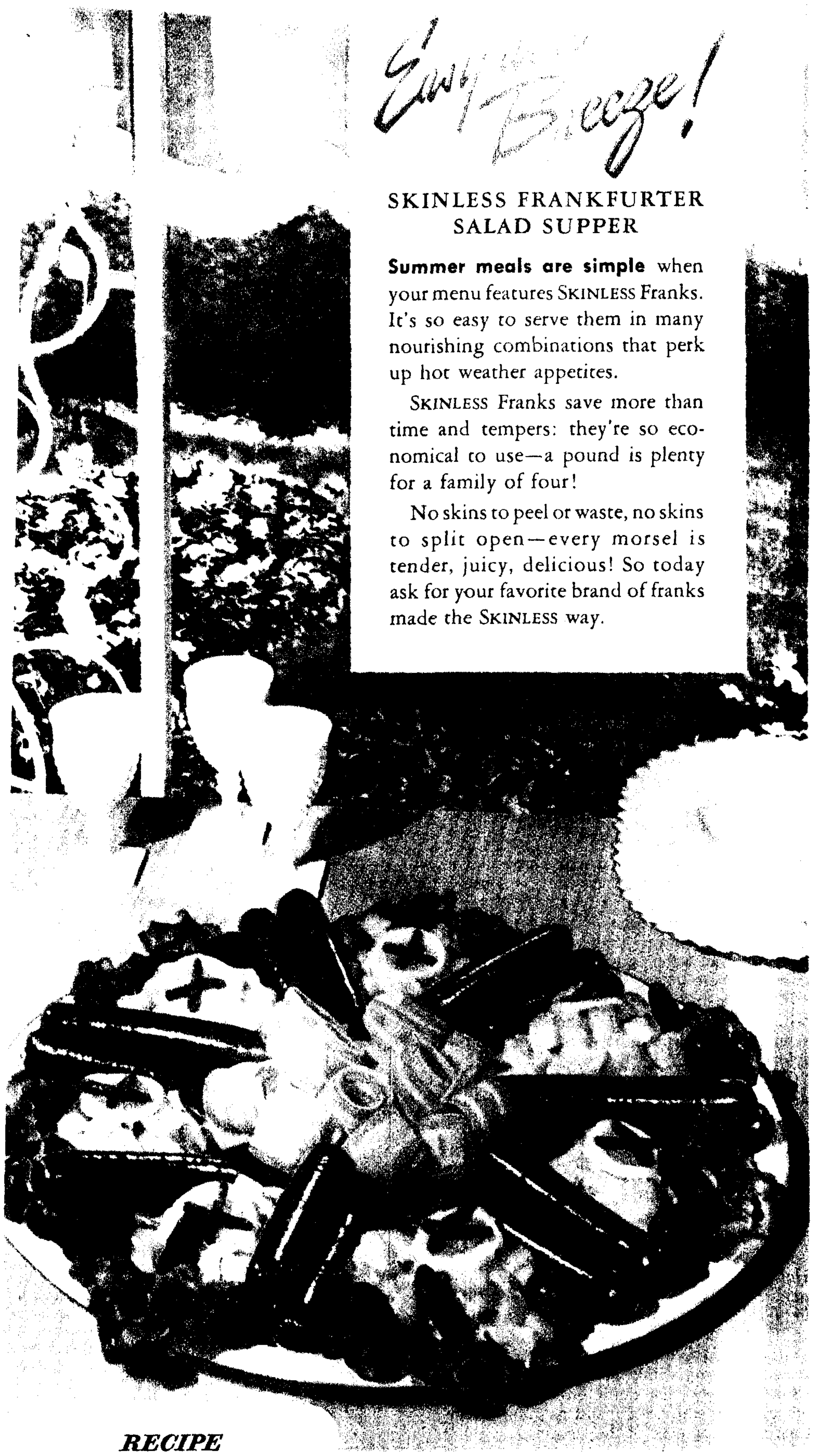

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WITH CREAM POTATO SALAD...SERVES 7

6 cups cold, cooked, diced potatoes
⅔ cup finely cut onion
1 cup cut celery
3 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
1½ cups mayonnaise
2 tablespoons vinegar
¼ cup cream
Lettuce
Olives and Pickles
Pimiento
Carrot Curls
Salt to taste
2 lbs. SKINLESS Frankfurters

Combine potatoes, onions, celery and 2 eggs. Mix mayonnaise, vinegar and cream and pour over potato mixture. Toss together. Chill. Serve individual mounds on lettuce leaves, topped with an egg slice and slices of pimiento. Garnish with olives and sweet pickles.

Pile carrot curls in center of platter. Between mounds of salad, place piping hot SKINLESS Frankfurters.

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Marines' bulldozer. They kept on till the fill was made; till the tanks were rolling across the creek.

The advance of the tanks made the positions of the enemy opposing the Third Battalion untenable. If they tried to hold against the frontal attack of the Third Battalion, they would be hit by tanks and infantry from the flank. They'd be a nut in a nutcracker. They had to retreat or be crushed, and they retreated. The crossing of Suicide Creek had been won.

The Marines pushed through the Jap positions, mopping up the remnants of resistance. They pushed on toward the next objective. That day the rain began. From that day on, there was hardly an hour that it did not rain. Savage, slashing, torrential rain that struck hard enough to hurt. If you faced it, it made you gasp. It turned the jungle into a bog—a slough of despair. Exhausted men floundering through the mud sank often to their knees.

They fought at times in mud above their knees. Sometimes they sank too deep to move their legs and had to be pulled free.

Sometimes the rain pounded with such fury that you could not hear the man next to you unless he shouted. Sometimes it slackened to a cold drizzle. They were wet, chilled through, twenty-four hours a day . . . every day.

It was impossible to supply the battalion by truck or jeep. These couldn't get through the mud. The only way to get up supplies, the only way to get the wounded out, was by amphibian tractors, the lumbering Alligators. On them and them alone, the supply line depended. That line was life to the battalion—as vital as the umbilical cord to an unborn child.

The enemy could hear the clattering, banging Alligators. Snipers stalked them. And when their clattering was heard, the enemy threw mortar shells, trying to blast the supply line. Even the Alligators couldn't go all the way. Some bogged down and had to be abandoned. But others kept rumbling, waddling up over a twisted road they smashed through the jungle.

They came as far as they could, and there Marines shouldered the heavy boxes of ammunition and canned rations for the rest of the trek to the lines. The wounded were carried that far on stretchers and there loaded on the Alligators for the jolting agony of the ride out.

The distance the carrying parties had to go was only a few hundred yards at first and never more than a mile or perhaps only three quarters. But through the jungle, through that rain and mud, it was endless miles.

Man's Endurance Knows No Limit

Sometimes they got lost in the dark. Sometimes they wandered for hours in blind circles in the jungles. One man was in a stretcher party that started from the line with wounded at 7:30 P.M. They had 300 yards to go. They got through at 4:30 A.M. Nine hours to go 300 yards.

There was no hot food in the line. Once or twice, hot coffee got up to some units of the battalion. But not once during those nine days of battle, those days of rain and exhaustion, did the chilled Marines in the line have a mouthful of hot food.

Sleep was something most of them forgot. Japanese slipped around the lines at night, trying to get close enough to lob a grenade on a gun; close enough to bayonet a dozing man and slip away.

Mosquitoes were torture—big, black, savage. Those are not just words. They bit men so badly their eyes swelled almost shut. The men couldn't wear head nets for protection. A man can't see as well through a head net. So he endures the mosquitoes and ants and bugs, a million things that sting and bite. A man has to be careful about slapping them off in the dark. The sound might give him away to a waiting Jap.

They kept on fighting. They forgot the days. Time ceased to mean anything. The craziest things seemed funny. They laughed at things that wouldn't have seemed funny at all back home.

After a while, it is sometimes hard to tell from the sound whether a man is laughing or crying.

Pfc. Frederick E. Yeiser, 18, of Akron, Ohio, is an example. Just as he reached the line with a stretcher party, a bullet hit him in the leg. He fell back on the stretcher he'd been carrying. He beamed at them.

"This time," he said, "I'm riding!"

The corpsmen were taking a beating. They always do, going in with the combat units, sometimes ahead of the line, going wherever a Marine is hit to give him aid. They can't wait for the fire to slacken. Minutes may mean life to a wounded man. The Marines say that there wasn't a corpsman who didn't stick his neck out to hell and gone, beyond what the book requires.

For example. Pharmacist's Mate Edward L. Rochester, 26, of Camden, New Jersey, was making his way in short dashes from tree to tree, trying to reach a wounded Marine lying beyond the line. A sniper got the corpsman in the back. He was standing against a tree when he was hit and he didn't fall. He just stood there. The shot had paralyzed him—temporarily, at least. He couldn't slide down to the ground. He couldn't move. He just stood there, pressed against the tree, with bullets thudding into the bark beside him.

Supervising the Rescue

A Marine started crawling toward him, but Rochester waved him away. He yelled for the rescuer to get the wounded Marine instead. "He's bad hit! Get him out of there!"

The men saw Rochester hit again. This bullet jolted him so he fell. Then they could pull him back through the bushes. He couldn't move his legs, but he still kept on telling them what to do for the wounded Marine.

The wounded were carried to the aid station near the CP. Usually, it was just a space beside some big tree that might give a little shelter from enemy fire. There weren't enough stretchers. They made stretchers with poles and ponchos. They laid wounded men on ponchos spread on the mud. It was pouring rain.

A couple of Marines lugged in a limp boy. If the boy was alive, his pulse was so weak you could hardly detect it.

"Plasma," said the battalion surgeon. "Two hundred and fifty cc's."

He wiped the back of his hand wearily across his eyes, clearing the rain out of his face. He was swaying from exhaustion before it was over. He got so he didn't even look up when a shot zinged by. He was fighting for so many lives and he was so tired. That is how it was for Lieutenant Ivor Hugh Morris, Jr., whose father is a doctor, too, in Aurora, Illinois.

Now he was giving plasma to the boy who seemed a corpse. Somebody back home had taken time to give blood to the Red Cross. So now you could see the color coming back in the boy's face. That's what plasma does. The Marines who'd brought the boy from the line were staring at him bug-eyed.

"Christ," the tall one said, and he wasn't cursing. "It brings the dead back to life."

Corpsman Stafford remembered that, but he couldn't remember the wounded boy's name. There were so many.

One thing the corpsman remembered was an Irishman from New York, Sergeant J. P. Murray.

They'd found Japanese canned heat in a bivouac area from which the enemy had been driven. They had some tiny boxes of coffee powder. So they made hot coffee with rain water caught in helmets. It was the only thing hot they had to give the wounded.

Sergeant Murray had been hit twice, but he drank two plasma cans of scalding coffee and said, "That's right on."

Then he took a small book from his pocket and began reading as he waited for his turn to be carried out. It was a volume of Kipling's verse.

"This is good dope," the sergeant said. "Listen to this one."

Corpsman Stafford doesn't remember what poem Sergeant Murray quoted. He was too busy trying to ease a boy who was dying, while the wounded sergeant lay quoting Kipling.

(To be concluded next week)

Anything Goes on Okinawa

Continued from page 17

were engineers, a couple of journalists and a movie director.

When Love Day came we left them still crooning their codes and location co-ordinates into transmitters. We followed the long lines of landing craft filled with quiet men who, like everyone else, expected hell from Jap guns—expected it every moment. But the hell never broke loose. By the time we got to the shoals, jumped overboard and waded the last few yards to the beach, we had worked ourselves up to a pitch where we were snarling at one another. The tension had become a little too much.

We remembered bloody Iwo, a short while back. We had been told that the Japs were to defend this sagging back door—Okinawa—even more furiously. That much we'd got from important officers. And on top of that was the scuttle butt—the rumors. The Japs had secret weapons, were going to use gas, had mined the beach from Point Bolo south to the palisades on the south flank of the Twenty-fourth Army Corps area, that the Jap air force was coming from new and hidden fields far to the north to deluge us with a liquid fire and maybe a death ray or two. But nothing happened.

By the time we reached the beach and had clambered up the dunes, the jitters were general. It may sound silly to you, but a few Jap salvos, a raking of Jap machine-gun fire, even a Jap air raid would have been welcome. This silence, this lack of defense was killing us.

Suddenly forward, at some distance, there was the rattle of rifle fire—an almost cheerful sound. Anyway it broke the tension. A single Jap fighter plane, piloted by a Nip who hadn't heard anything lately, had burst out of the low, thick cumulus and had landed on Kadena airfield. Our first waves had already got that far. This Jap stepped out of his plane, bowed, looked up and, startled at what he saw, turned. Nobody will ever know, or care, how many bullets hit him. His plane, scarcely touched by the rifle fire, was immediately ripped apart by souvenir hunters. That broke the tension.

The Jap accommodated again. From a hill to the south he sent us a wild salvo of mortar fire. The shells either fell short, dropped into the surf or went off in their own direction, and that, too, quieted our nerves. Nobody wanted to be killed and nobody wanted to get shot up. Neither did any of us want to let our nerves get us down.

Only a Scattering of Fight

But with that welcoming wave of the hand, the Jap subsided. From the beach clear across the island, it was a breeze for the Marines and the Seventh Army Division. Other troops with a tougher terrain were having a bit of trouble with Okie and Jap snipers but no more than enough to keep them reminded that this was (or should be) a battle and not a maneuver.

Anyway, the landing tension was broken. We were on the ground. The Jap was somewhere and vaguely yonder. The roving observation planes were telling the Air Support control units on the flagships that the troops would have to hurry if they were to meet any Nips on that width of the island, and the walkie-talkie lads were getting that information from the ships.

It was our intention to join up immediately with the Air Liaison groups and go forward with them. But as we've told you, we're easily distracted. We got as far as the village of Kinaga, two hundred yards beyond the Kadena airfield, and there a company of battle-hardened and for the most part profusely whiskered Army troops were holding a fashion show.

In his haste to take to the hills, an Okinawa merchant had jettisoned a large bale of kimonos at the roadside. Just who had discovered the abandoned magnificence is not important. But with hoarse shouts, our brave lads had fallen upon the treasure and, war or no war, they did precisely what you'd think. The rush was wild and rough. Large lads whose single thought at the moment was to become kimono owners slugged competition aside, clawed, yelled and snatched.

Of course, some of the kimonos suffered a bit, but by the time we arrived on the site, the lads were flouncing about, holding kimonos of all colors and all combinations of color and design against themselves, looking down like women at bargain sales and, with hands on hips and their heads cocked, were criticizing one another for the hang, drape, fit and general effectiveness of the numbers. We managed to snatch a couple of lovely things ourself and were told by a critical machine gunner that they needed a hell of a lot of taking in somewhere—he wasn't sure where.

However, after much roaring by officers (who had their kimonos, too, but were a bit shy about trying them on in public), order was restored, the dry conquest of central Okinawa resumed. Bribing a Duck driver with one of our kimonos, we set out with him to catch up with our Air Liaison party. The soldiers also were not permitted to wear their kimonos while advancing. Presently by hiking, thumbing rides on trucks, tanks, Ducks, Weasels and by swiping a jeep, we would catch up with Mr. Kima and his rushes and be directed to our Air Liaison party. But there were bound to be interruptions, to say nothing of traffic tangles on terrible roads. Moreover, we had to have some lunch.

A Dissertation on Roast Pig

This latter problem was solved when we caught up with a platoon which was not only roasting ten chickens, the feathers of which were still floating around in the breeze, but had even killed a pig. They were having a roaring argument about it. They all agreed that there wouldn't be time to roast the pig, but the argument had to do with whether a pig that had merely been shot was edible or whether it was necessary also to cut its throat. We never did hear the end of that argument, but the chicken was very tasty, especially when garnished with K rations.

We'd have stayed longer with those hospitable fellows if word hadn't come along the line that a couple of officers some distance back were vowing to do away with whoever had stolen their jeep. So we moved on.

A hundred yards on, a clearly terror-stricken native stood at the roadside, bowing abjectly. He said nothing, but mercy was never asked for more eloquently. The poor devil was filled with Jap propaganda that Americans would at least burn him slowly at the stake. He had a piece of paper pinned to his shirt. We straightened him up and read: "This guy's very scared let him through." It was signed Pvt. Al Lally. So we decided not to burn him at the stake or even slice him piecemeal. Instead, we gave him a K ration, which he seemed afraid to take until we opened one ourselves and ate. We left him, still bending low.

Then there was the little lane lined on either side by thick privet. There were several little houses on it—tinderboxes with red-tiled roofs. We heard a child crying. We followed a squad of soldiers in, and in a moment, two of the soldiers emerged. Each carried a child less than two years old, and they led another child, about six, whose right hand was horribly mangled—perhaps by a shell fragment. It was one of the babies that was crying, not the six-year-old.

Behind the soldiers came two incredibly old women, one bent forward at right angles from rheumatism. The other old woman was almost a skeleton but a chipper one, because she was scolding the last member of the party—an old fellow in a blue kimono. He didn't seem to mind, just kept fanning himself and looking unconcerned. The Medical Corps men took the wounded child, gave it first aid. Presently the whole family was ticketed for the field hospital.

Then we met Mr. Kima.

THE END

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THE BETTER WALKS OF LIFE

BY HENRY L. JACKSON

IF YOU'RE going on a hiking tour of any length, plan carefully in advance. Most states publish recreational maps for hikers and skiers, which cost little. Also available are U. S. Geological Survey and U. S. Forest Service maps. Get the ones you'll need and figure out carefully your trail and the length and time of your hike. Once your main route is arranged, you can think about the side trips.

Then consider your clothing and equipment, and remember that the experienced hiker travels light, taking only what he'll need. Properly clad and equipped, your hike can be fun, whether you're a group hiker or a lone tramper.

Shoes are very important, and there are many good ones. Army shoes, when you can get them, are among the best. Almost as good are hunting boots, and ski boots, well broken in. All of these will stand up under plenty of punishment. Wear only woolen socks in white or natural color; dyes may run and cause foot trouble. Underwear, too, should be wool, light in weight, for spring, fall and winter hiking. For summer, cotton or blends will be satisfactory. This applies also to shirts—woolen in cold or chilly weather, cotton in summer.

Shorts are good for less lengthy walks, and should be made of gabardine or other tightly woven material. Trousers of khaki, cotton twill, whipcord, denim, gabardine or poplin are good; they are all tight weaves and won't catch on thorns or burrs. Riding breeches are generally too binding for comfort. Experienced hikers never wear them.

A smooth-finish sweater, sleeveless or long-sleeved, is best, and is much warmer when worn under the shirt. For spring and summer hiking, use the poplin Zelan type of jacket, with fly front or zipper. Buttons can be a hazard, catching on branches and snags. Use good, large handkerchiefs. The Army type is good; so is the cotton bandanna. Gloves are important, too; they protect the hands from insect bites and cuts, and are good for working around the campfire.

Only the novice hikes without a hat; it affords protection from sun, rain and wind. The best hat is a felt with a leather sweatband. If you want to be jaunty, a mountain or Tyrolean hat will do the trick. Sunglasses are a necessity, and should be of the unbreakable kind. For specific types of hiking you'll want such miscellaneous equipment as hunting knife, first-aid kit, sleeping bag, ax, canteen, bathing suit, field glasses, compass and can opener. ★★★

These people, both in the top picture and in the one on the left, are properly equipped for the types of hiking they're enjoying. The stalwart man at the top has obviously been in the woods before, for he is using a staff, as all smart hikers do when they get a chance. It is a great aid to walking. On a long hike, the young lady would wear her slacks or a skirt

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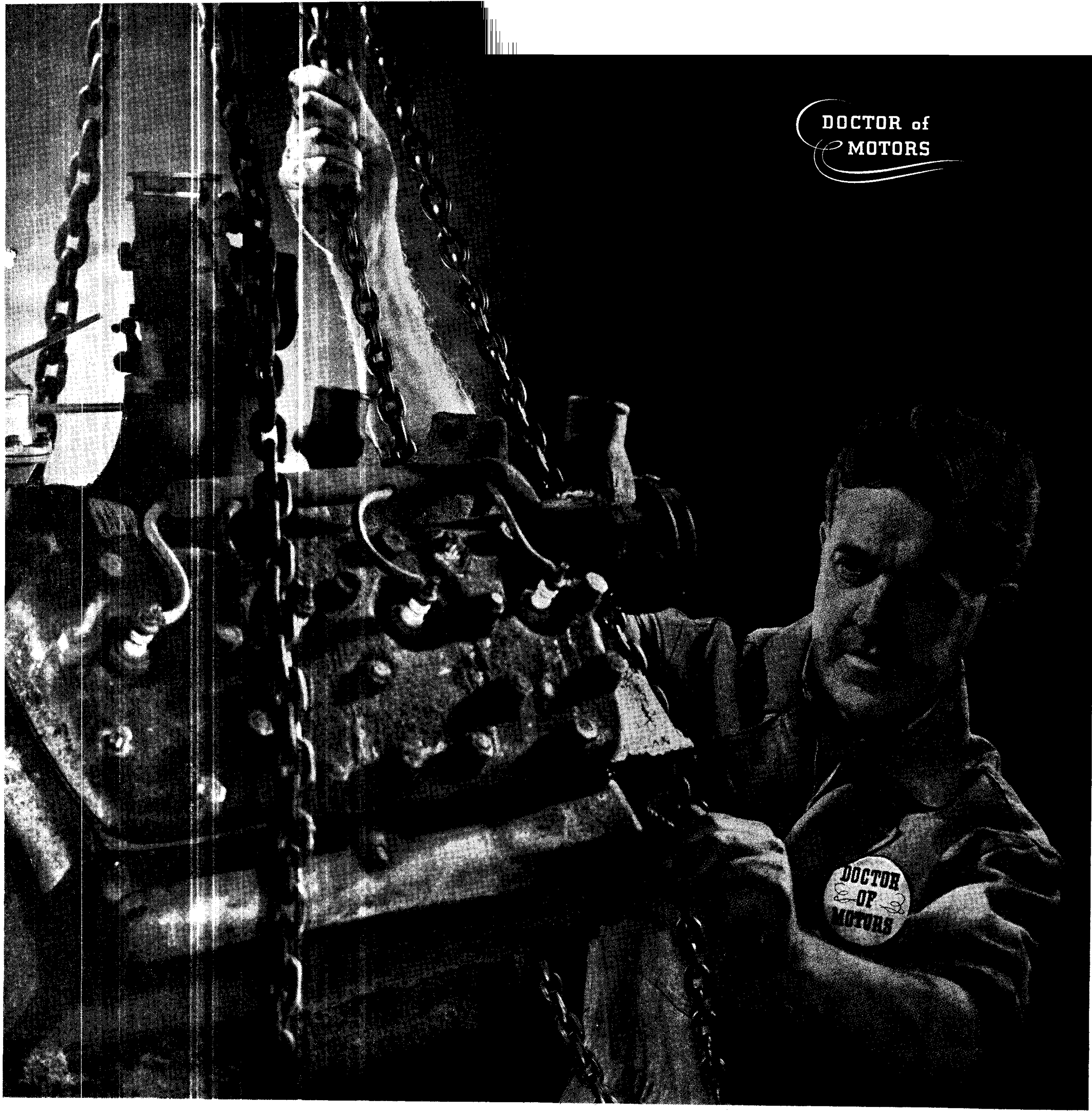
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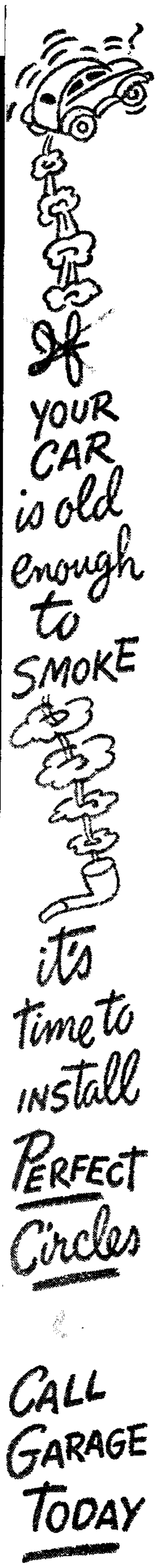
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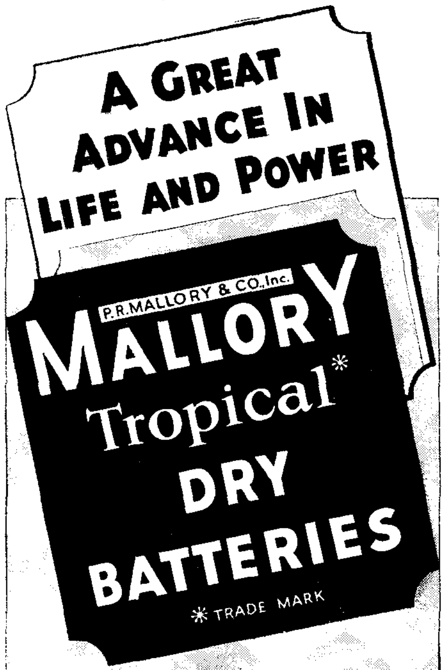

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Sentimental Week End

Continued from page 20

because he had never before been caught, he had never guessed the singular sweetness of dependence; one woman dependent upon him alone. He had never guessed how it would hurt when it went.

Because it *was* gone; he had lost Val. He had known it, really, for weeks. And since he was a man, he was going to go straight ahead without her. The life they might have had—he wouldn't have time to think about it, if he went to England. He would even manage not to see her there beside him, boarding the plane, walking down ravaged Piccadilly, meeting the Britishers who might have been their friends.

Sylvanus contemplated the decanter. "I think," he told himself, "I shall get very drunk. It will shock Bedlow, but what do I care?" He had stood up and was moving toward the table when a low voice spoke just behind him:

"Bubi?"

Sylvanus jumped and because he had been startled, he sounded cross: "Oh—Eva. What's the matter?" He looked at her, and her face above the long gray wrap she wore was so white that his heart was touched.

"Nothing." Her voice was low, and she stood in the firelight like a little nun. She looked up at him. "It is just that—I am silly. Let me sit here with you for a moment. I go to my room, and suddenly—I am so lonely."

This was something Sylvanus understood—lonely people, frightened, discouraged or bewildered people. He spoke with all the kindness he felt: "I'm afraid this inexcusable business has upset you. I wish you'd forget it. Here—sit down here and let me get you something. What would you like—some hot milk?"

She sat down obediently and then looked up at him and shook her head. Her dark eyes were enormous. "No, no, thank you. I am not upset, Bubi, only sad. These people—somehow they make me frightened."

"Frightened? Nonsense!" Sylvanus put his hand on hers and patted it.

"Oh, I am tired of being courageous, so tired!" She seized his hand in both of hers, like a child. "And yet I must go on. And I can go on if I talk a little to you."

"Please do," Sylvanus said gently.

Eva lay back in the chair and her voice grew warm and quiet. "You have once said to me something very beautiful," she said. "You have said that the fabric of living is made of human relationships. . . . Bubi, the fabric of my living has been ripped—and ripped—and ripped—until sometimes I think there is nothing left to cover me. . . ."

"You mustn't think that, Eva—" Sylvanus began, and stopped short. He knew so well how she felt; the fabric of his own living had been badly ripped.

"One is so disillusioned with humanity, with life itself," she went on slowly. "One sees such pettiness and cruelty, such brutality and horror and then one meets at last a great heart—a great mind. . . . It is hard not to lean on someone who is strong like you, Bubi."

SHE turned to him and smiled. Sylvanus was suddenly deeply touched. "Well, you lean on me all you like, Eva," he said.

"You mean this?" she said. "You are so kind to me. I do not understand."

"Nothing very hard to understand about it, is there?" Sylvanus asked gently.

Eva whispered: "Bubi! You are saying—oh, but you are making me so happy!"

Sylvanus looked at her and the muscles in his face seemed to freeze. He had to say something. She was looking at him with such hope, such amazement. He couldn't let her think—but it was not possible to be quick and cruel. He swallowed. "I want to make you happy, Eva, of course, but—"

She spoke so softly he could hardly hear her. "Oh, Bubi—I have known it from the first, but I could not believe it. After these past years—to find this—" she broke off and put her hands over her face, like a child.

"But—you mustn't—" he said hoarsely.

"Of course not, Bubi." She took her hands away and looked up at him, with swift humility. "I expect nothing from you. I am a nobody, a penniless refugee, and you are a celebrated man. Of course not."

"I didn't mean that," Sylvanus protested. "You mustn't say things like that. You're a lovely woman, Eva, and that's all you need to be."

Her face lit up. "Sylvanus, you are noble! Who but you would take a woman on faith like this? I am in heaven and you have put me there. So this is why you go neither with Hugh nor with Charles, yes? Because you stay here with me?"

"Well—look here, Eva," Sylvanus cleared his throat. "It's difficult to say this, and I don't want you to misunderstand—but actually, I've decided to take up Hugh's offer. I—I'm going to England."

Her face was blank for a moment and then, to his utter horror, it crumpled. She was crying quietly and openly.

"You are going—oh, Bubi! And I thought I had happiness in my two hands for the first time. Bubi, how could you let me think—"

"Don't, Eva, please don't cry!" he begged. "You don't know what it does to me. . . ."

"But you are leaving me! You tell me—you tell me—and now you are leaving me—" She smothered a sob and put the back of her hand across her mouth. Her dark eyes swam.

Sylvanus heard his own voice, hoarse and desperate: "I'm not! I won't!"

"You will not leave me? You mean—you would take me, too?"

OH, GOD, thought Sylvanus reverently, what have I done? For perhaps five seconds while he paused, he knew that he was safe. But he couldn't pause forever—

Suddenly he was exhausted. Get her away now, he thought—let her think anything—settle it in the morning. Then you can talk frankly and sanely to her. Not now. Not after this awful evening.

"Yes, Eva," he said. "I'll take you, too."

Her whisper was incredulous. "You mean—marry you? Oh, Bubi! Yes. Yes, I will marry you. I will be *proud* to marry you!"

Sylvanus said nothing. Hold on, hold on. This is all a dream, unreal, slightly insane . . . and then, suddenly the dream crystallized into reality.

Eva spoke with sudden, sharp clarity. "But to go to England—no. This I cannot do," she said and now there was no trace of a sob.

"Why not?" He was bewildered.

"No," she said intensely. "You do not understand. I hate England."

"But you've never been there!"

"I hate it," she said. "I will stay here, Bubi, until you come back. Of course, people will think it is strange that you leave me at once, but I shall keep my head up. I shall tell them: Sylvanus has made me his wife. Is that not enough? He has his own life to think of, and I am used to sadness."

"But, Eva—"

"No! I will not let you sacrifice yourself for me! Say no more about it. You shall go to England—alone. The publicity will help your book, no?"

"But that's not why—"

"No? Then you are going because you want to leave me?"

"Of course not. I'm going because there's a job for me to do."

"And nobody else can do it so well." She sounded sadly in agreement. "I will explain people that, too."

"Heavens—I didn't say that. It's not true. Lots of people can do it, but—"

"Ah, I see—you *want* to! It is the adventure. Men are little boys! I understand, Bubi. I do, and it is very sweet. You are not so grown up as I thought!"

"It's not the adventure—at least not entirely—"

Eva said suddenly, "You are tired, Bubi. And I am tired, too, but so happy, so happy—even if you never give me more than this. I will go now and in the morning, I will be braver. I will think of no one but you—of myself not at all. You will see . . ."

"But I can't let you go like this, Eva . . ."

"Listen, my little one. You have asked me to marry you. You have made me proud and happy—me, Eva Szekely, who had no more hope of happiness at all. For this,

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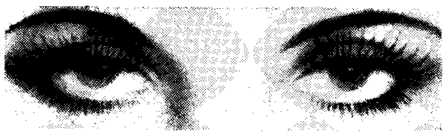

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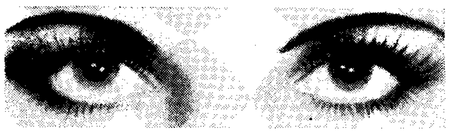

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I shall never be able to thank you. And besides, Bubi—you have not asked me—but I love you. Very, very much."

She leaned over and kissed him. Sylvanus sat as though he were turned to stone. There was the soft sound of her footsteps and a pause. The door opened and shut. And she was gone.

ALL her life, since she had been fifteen or sixteen, Valentine had been unable to sleep when she was deeply disturbed. And tonight she was more disturbed than she had ever been.

She should never have said those things to Sylvanus on Friday afternoon. If it had been possible, she should never even have thought them. They were still true, she supposed; Sylvanus *was* a weakling, judged by her standards; he *did* try to escape from reality—but he was still the man she had fallen in love with three months ago, the first man she had ever been willing to trust herself with. . . .

She turned restlessly and curled herself tight under the blankets. There was the thin spot, she thought; that had been the thin spot all these weeks—trusting herself with him. For how could you trust yourself to a man who was weak? Women who had leaned on her father had been badly hurt. Would it be the same with Sylvanus?

I don't want to be let down again, she thought miserably. And yet . . . isn't it better to be hurt, even disillusioned, than not to live at all? And without Sylvanus, I'm only half alive. I'm living inside myself again; the door closes, shutting me on one side and the rest of the world on the other. With Sylvanus, at least, life isn't lonely. It makes sense, there's a reason for things.

I wonder, she thought, why you didn't think of all this sooner? And across that looming blackness, there floated the white skin and dark eyes of Eva Szekely. . . . Val looked at it coldly. It was sheer irrelevance; even though Eva laid all her traps for Sylvanus, she would never catch him. It was laughable to consider. He loves me, Val thought. He's seen all kinds of girls for twenty years and I'm the one he's going to marry.

In the morning . . . in the morning I'll have to tell him. Not that I was wrong about him, but that I simply don't care what he is; thinking that, what I did was a hideous mistake.

After a long while she turned over for the last time, forced herself to slide her feet down into the icy, unexplored reaches of the bed and shut her eyes firmly. . . .

Almost at once, she was sitting under a great tree in an open field, with enormous, scented flowers blowing in it. Beside her was her father, but he was younger than she ever remembered him. He was charming to her; he made her laugh, and he held her hand gently, protectively, and they sat with their backs leaning against the big tree trunk. . . . Her summer dress was almost too cool for this big, breezy field, but when she suggested that they go back . . . (where was "back"? Some place beautiful but unseen) he coaxed her to stay. She looked up into his face, and it was Sylvanus, not gentle and shy but ardent, who was holding her hand and begging her to stay. A great wave of tenderness swept over her, and her thin dress no longer seemed so cool. Sylvanus put his arm around her and she put her head on his shoulder, and dropped through the dream into unremembered sleep. . . .

IT WAS daylight. The sun was glittering on the snow outside her window, and somewhere up near the road there were shouts and assorted bawlings. She lay back, still adrift in the emotions of her dream. She must get up at once and find Sylvanus. . . .

As she crossed the lower hall she heard Hugh's voice in the dining room; and she spoke from the doorway: "Good morning, Sylvanus—Hugh."

Sylvanus jumped like a trapped burglar. "Oh—good morning, Val. Did you sleep well?"

The dining room was undeniably chilly—and Sylvanus wasn't the man of her dream. He looked haggard and apprehensive . . . the rosy mists of the dream began to evaporate into nothingness.

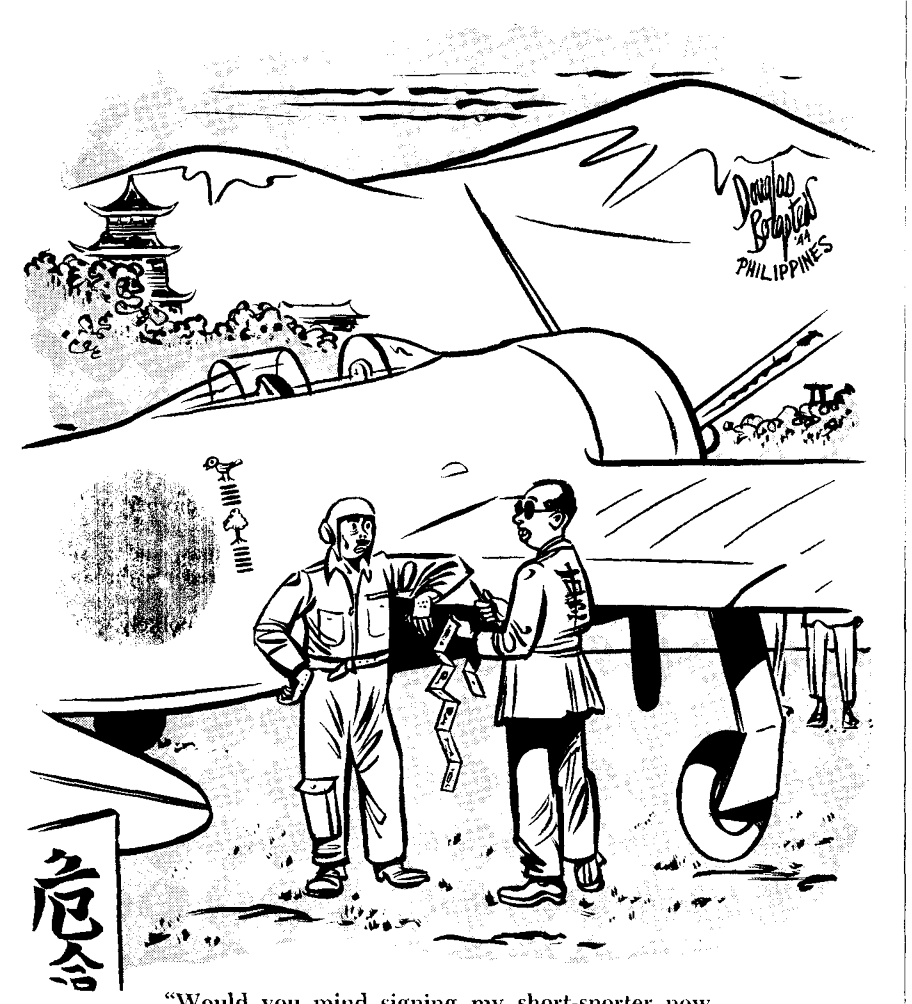
Val sat down; she was suddenly and quite unexpectedly in a rousing temper.

"No, I did *not* sleep well, thank you," she said. "Is there any coffee left?"

"Plenty. Here." Lomas said placatingly.

"Thank you."

Sylvanus cleared his throat. "I have some news for you," he announced brightly.



"Would you mind signing my short-snorter now, Tomoyoki—er, just in case you don't come back—"

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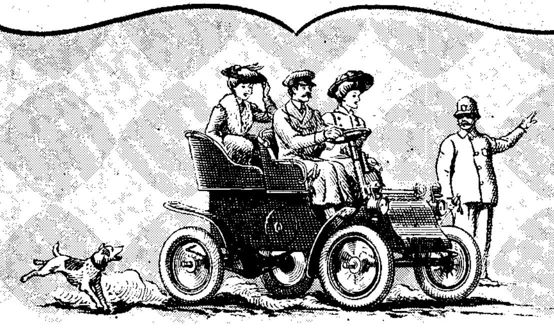

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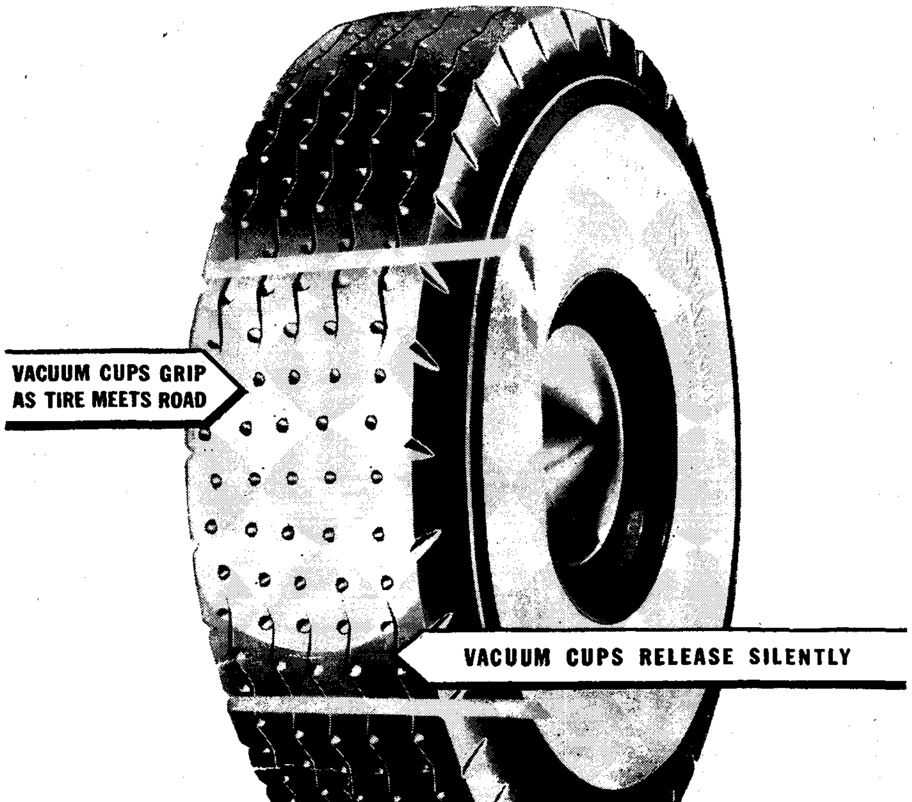
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633

PENNSYLVANIA TIRES

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Silent Vacuum Cup Tire

"Yes, yes. I know all about it." Valentine reached for the jam. "But it's sweet of you to want me to be the first to know."

"You *know?* How could you?" He looked stunned. Val stared at him and then at Lomas, who was fidgeting. She went back to the jam and said wearily:

"Oh, my mother was a gypsy. Besides I'm not stone deaf—nor blind."

"Deaf?" Sylvanus' jaw dropped.

"Certainly, deaf," she snapped. "I no sooner get to sleep—at dawn—than I am wakened by a lot of rustics, digging."

"Digging?"

"And not only digging, but howling."

"Howling?"

Valentine looked at him and sighed patiently. "What is the matter with you, Syl? Are we or are we not talking about the repairmen up on the road?"

Hugh put his cup down with a bang.

"Oh—well—yes, of course we are," said Sylvanus.

"Then why," Valentine inquired, "give this impersonation of the village idiot? We'll be able to get the noon train, won't we?"

"Yes, er—I should think so." Sylvanus sounded weak.

There was a slight pause and then she said unpleasantly, because she felt unpleasant—"I hope you'll be very happy."

Sylvanus leaped like a trout. "What? Oh, yes. Very. I mean . . . No, I shall hate to see you leave, of course. Val, I have something else to tell you—don't go, Hugh!"

"I forgot my handkerchief," Hugh proclaimed heavily and departed in haste.

Valentine stared after him. "What is the matter with everyone, anyway?"

She turned back to the table. Seize the opportunity, she thought; get it over with as fast as possible.

"Look, Syl," she said. "I came down early because I have something to tell you, too."

"My piece of news—" he began.

"No." She flapped her hand at him. "Me first—and don't try to stop me. This is going to be very difficult. I've been thinking all night."

Sylvanus made a curious sound, but she went on firmly: "Syl, I was wrong day before yesterday, and I have to tell you. There's a big difference between you and Daddy, really. Daddy *made* people look after him, and you just *let* people look after you; because you really are too busy thinking to pay any attention to things like money and—and things."

"It's rather a fine distinction, isn't it?"

"No, no." Valentine leaned toward him and explained earnestly: "With you it's just your kindness and your enormous preoccupation with your work. With Daddy it was a kind of arrogant helplessness, like a spoiled baby. Syl—will you forget all those nasty things I said on Friday? Please? I mean about—your being afraid of life and wanting protection—and—and—all that? I mean, if you still—"

"That's all right," he said quickly. He aligned his fork and knife carefully. "You meant what you said, and it was better to say it."

SHE felt her cheeks turning hot. How could he be so obtuse? "But don't you understand? I *didn't* mean it. I mean I thought I did at the time, but I see now—"

He interrupted her firmly: "You were quite right, nevertheless. I *am* a weakling. We must just forget all about—everything."

Valentine stared at him, and her heart began to thud for no reason at all. "Why?" she asked, as directly as a child.

There was a queer white line around his mouth, and when his eyes met hers, there was an expression in them she couldn't understand. "I wanted to tell you, Val," he said steadily, "Eva and I are going to be married."

Val looked at him perfectly blankly for a moment. She felt all the blood rush away from her head, and she thought: This is what makes you faint. I mustn't faint! Then, painfully, she felt it rush back again so that her face burned, and she dropped her eyes to her plate. By holding her knife very tightly, she found that the shaking of her hand was almost unnoticeable . . . and she knew, as though she had eyes in the side of her head, that Sylvanus was very busy with his own breakfast.

Her mind was going in crazy circles: Syl—marrying Eva Szekely? This isn't Syl, it can't be. But he didn't have to marry her, men don't *have* to ask women to marry them. But he did. This is a nightmare and I won't ever wake up. . . .

Then she heard somebody else speaking in her voice, with perfect composure, a girl with her clothes and hands, who sat in her chair, but who had no feelings at all.

"Thank you for telling me," said this familiar, senseless girl. "Congratulations. Are you—going to England?"

"No. Eva doesn't want to."

Curiously, this was so much more shocking to her than his original statement that her queer numbness cracked like a shell, and it was she herself who answered him, not the composed girl in her place. *"Eva* doesn't . . . Oh."

There was a rather long pause while she considered with merciless scorn the woman who would have the heart—or lack of it—to do this to Sylvanus. "So you'll be here?"

"I suppose so. Or in Washington."

He stood up. "I wonder if you'd excuse me?" he inquired formally. "I think I'd better see how the pipes are thawing out."

"By all means," said Val. Sylvanus left the room.

SYLVANUS went blindly into the small library. His mind and all his emotions were in such a state of turmoil that he barely noticed Hugh Lomas, filling an after-breakfast pipe; and when Hugh did speak to him, his single reaction was one of frustration. Would he have to go back to his icy bedroom to find privacy in his own house?

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He stood there, struggling for self-control.

"You don't look as though you'd slept very well yourself, Syl," said Hugh.

Sylvanus sat down beside the fire. "To tell you the truth, I didn't even try," he said. "I just stayed up. I find my head works better when I have shoes on."

Hugh cleared his throat. "I didn't sleep much either. Curious, isn't it, when one has something on one's mind, how difficult it is to—er to get it off?"

"Indecision is the mother of insomnia," Sylvanus suggested.

"Quite," said Lomas, and a silence fell. Finally, Lomas cleared his throat and said, "Er."

Sylvanus looked up politely.

"Look here," said Hugh, sitting down opposite him and examining his pipestem closely. "I've got a problem."

"Anything I can help you with?" Sylvanus offered dully.

Hugh looked at him from under his eyebrows. "I think rather it's something I can help *you* with."

Sylvanus looked at him hard. "Am I being thickheaded? You have a problem—"

"No," said Lomas. "I should have said *you* have." He sat up. "I'm the one that's being thickheaded, Syl. I simply don't know how to say this. I don't know how to warn a host against a guest in his house. . . ."

"Which guest," Sylvanus asked calmly, "had you in mind?"

Hugh looked miserable, determined and

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rather savage, all at once. He directed his expression at his pipe and said: "Eva Szekely."

Sylvanus stood up. "Before you warn me, Hugh, I think you ought to know that Eva and I are going to be married."

A log fell in the fire. Outside, on the road, Sylvanus could hear the repairmen shouting to one another. It seemed as though a long time went by.

"In that case," Hugh said, at last, "I'm afraid I have made a fool of myself. I'm very sorry."

"Not at all," Sylvanus told him.

"Are you *sure,* Syl?" Hugh looked up at him.

Sylvanus turned away. The library was small, but it was large enough to pace in; at the window, Sylvanus said, "I don't want you to get any ideas about this, Hugh. Valentine and I—that's all over. It's been over for weeks."

"But are you sure—"

"I'm quite sure," Sylvanus told him steadily. "She doesn't want me. She doesn't want any part of me. . . ." It was hard to keep the bitterness from creeping into his voice. "And Eva—well, she's a charming woman, Hugh, and she's lonely. She needs someone badly. So do I, I guess, for that matter. So do we all, I guess."

He stood, staring out at the blinding white snow, wondering how he could get this over to Hugh, make him understand the state of mind he had arrived at.

ALL night long his need of Valentine had battled with his knowledge of Eva's need for himself. . . . He didn't want Eva; but no one would ever know that but himself. He wanted Val. He supposed that he would always want her . . . but his love of reality made him face the probable facts: eventually his love for Val would die of starvation, and at the same time his feeling for Eva would grow by being fed. She thought he was a strong man, a man to lean on. This was where he would have to prove it, once and for all, to himself.

And in a strange, unexpected sense, marrying Eva Szekely would be just another step in the long march that Sylvanus had set for himself. It was one small, anonymous way to make two nations understand each other, wasn't it? He had pondered this question during the coldest, blackest hours of the night; he hated and feared pretentiousness, and he was afraid that such an idea was pompous and ridiculous. One didn't after all marry a woman for such a reason. . . .

And yet, he thought wearily, one reason is perhaps as good as another. He would have tried to make Val happy; he would try, honestly, to make Eva happy.

If only, he thought, she'd consent to go to England.

"Hugh," he said aloud. "About the thing we talked about last night. You aren't by any chance thinking of withdrawing your offer?"

"The job? I had an idea after our talk yesterday evening—"

"So had I." It was hard to keep the bitter regret out of his voice. "I'll be honest with you, Hugh, I *was* going to say yes."

"Past tense, eh?" said Lomas.

"I'm afraid so."

"Well, that's all right, old chap." Hugh paused. Then he said, "I'm most awfully disappointed, of course. We had hopes . . ." again a pause, and Sylvanus sensed in it something indefinable, some quality he was unable to analyze. "You wouldn't—er—you wouldn't consider coming over to England alone—later, of course?"

Sylvanus glanced at Hugh. "It's curious you should suggest that, because I suggested it myself and—er—it didn't do at all. Very upsetting, in fact."

"Upsetting, was it?" Hugh leaned forward and looked straight at him. "What did she say?"

It was a curious question for Hugh to ask. Sylvanus felt uncomfortable. "Well, you know—what would people think and all that. And then of course the—the—poor girl has had a pretty bad time and she's—well—in need of—of affection. And a home."

Hugh did not respond to this. Instead he said, "This means that you would have accepted the post doesn't it, Syl? I mean of course if things had turned out differently?"

For the life of him, Sylvanus could not have hidden the regret he felt. "Lord, yes! It was the one thing in the world I wanted to do. In fact, it was such an absolute answer to prayer that it scared me. I was afraid I couldn't do it as it should be done—but Lord, I would have tried!"

VAL mechanically finished her breakfast. She got up and started for the living room. The fire and a cigarette . . . somehow she must get herself into some sort of equilibrium. She must look at things squarely; she must make herself realize that what Sylvanus had said was true.

She crossed the hall and opened the door into the living room. A delicious warmth met her, and the crisp sound of a brightly burning fire. She started for a big chair and then saw that Hugh occupied the one opposite, his feet stretched out to the hearth. She paused, but the warmth was too delicious. She took five steps and sat down; and in those five steps every defense melted horribly away and she found herself facing the truth without arms or armor.

I didn't know it was Eva, she said to herself. I didn't think it *could* be Eva! And I was fool enough not to be jealous—Oh Sylvanus—not *Eva!*

FLOWERS FOR EVERY OCCASION
FLORIST
Rodney deSarro

COLLIER'S "Something to go with a weak alibi" RODNEY DE SARRO

She clenched her jaw to keep from howling and fumbled for a cigarette.

Hugh offered her a light and then to her utter dismay he asked gently, "I say—is there anything the matter?"

"No," she croaked.

"Is there anything I can do?" Hugh persisted, still in a voice whose gentleness suddenly unnerved her completely.

"Oh, Hugh," she cried, "there *must* be! Can't you talk to him or something?"

Hugh glanced at her, and away; he didn't pretend to misunderstand. He merely shook his head unhappily.

"But it can't go on," she said. "We can't *let* it. Oh, why was I such a fool as to throw him right at her head?"

"I imagine she did her part," Hugh murmured dryly.

Valentine sat up straight. "What is the matter with Sylvanus? How can he even *look* at a woman like that?"

"Looking at her isn't difficult."

She sank back hopelessly into her chair. "One minute I think I'll wash my hands of him and the next minute I know I can't. I don't suppose you could win her away from him, Hugh? You know—cut Syl out? Oh, all right—never mind. . . ."

Hugh spoke abruptly: "I've been thinking, you know, and actually the only way—"

He stopped as suddenly as he had begun and Val finished for him, "The only way to get rid of her is by blackmail."

Hugh's face was unchanged, but an eyebrow twitched.

"Just a touch," Val urged. "Only we haven't anything on her, have we? I bet nobody has. . . . Oh, I know I'm talking nonsense." She got up and walked to the window. "Hugh, I can't stand it. How could he? Why *did* he? Because I was so rotten to him, that's why. Well, if he wants her, he can have her." She sat down on the window seat, so that he couldn't see her face.

There was rather a long silence, while Val fought for her balance. At last he said quietly, "Val, I want you to stop worrying over this; I'll fix it."

"Oh, you will," Valentine choked. "How? One of those mercy killings?"

It was at this moment that Sophie came in; but a Sophie who was in no helpful mood. She was bouncingly, exasperatingly full of good spirits and there was an ominous look in her eye.

"Well, good morning!" Sophie cried, with the all-embracing charm of a heroine of musical comedy. "How is everyone?"

"Everyone is simply fine," Val told her sourly.

Sophie turned to Lomas with a brilliant smile. "Are you fine, Hugh?"

"Never better," he assured her hollowly.

SOPHIE looked from one to the other. "I think you're both coming down with cholera," she said dispassionately. "Isn't the news marvelous?"

"Which news?" Valentine inquired politely. "We have quite a choice now."

"The repairmen, of course!" Sophie waved a huge linen handkerchief like a flag. "They've dug us out!"

"What's so wonderful about that?" Valentine asked flatly.

"Why, it's the greatest thing since the invention of the spinning jenny! It's the Fifth Freedom. We can all be out of this place inside of an hour!"

"I'm not so sure this is the time to leave," Valentine said darkly.

"Have you gone crazy?" Sophie stared at her. "It's the only thing in life I *am* sure of," and she smiled dazzlingly at Hugh, who winced. "I think I'll go and have breakfast, if you'll excuse me. Obviously neither one of you is well enough to eat." She went out of the door with a flirt of her skirt like a soubrette.

Valentine, sunk in her deep chair, looked up at Hugh with a wry grin. He met her eye and his own was harassed. "You seem to be in a spot of trouble yourself, if I may make so bold," she told him.

"Not at all," Hugh responded idiotically.

Valentine lit another cigarette. "Give her time," she counseled, callously. "She'll come around."

Hugh glanced up, temporarily off guard. "Not she," he said bitterly.

"Of course she will." Val was scornful. "Don't you know anything at all about women?"

"It isn't a question of knowing about women." He hunched himself in his chair. "The girl dislikes me. She told me so. She even went so far as to admit she'd been having me on."

Val stared at him. "*Sophie* said that?"

"The beastly part of it is," he said grimly, "I seem to have made an utter fool of myself. Why should it make the slightest difference to me what the girl does? Why, I ask you, does it have to be this particular girl?—What am I telling you this for, anyway?"

"It's just as well you did," Valentine said. And then she paused. Her loyalties seemed to have gotten tangled up in each other and there was no time to think things out. I can't give Sophie away, she thought—and yet I mustn't let him have this idea of her. . . .

Aloud she said: "Look, Hugh, I'm one of Sophie's closest friends."

"Mmm?" He was not cordial.

"And I wouldn't tell you anything that wasn't so. You believe that, don't you? Well, Sophie wasn't having you on."

"My dear girl, I know you mean this kindly, but—"

VALENTINE got up suddenly. "Please, Hugh, don't be obstinate and well-bred or I'll hit you. Sophie was not having you on! Sophie—oh, I can't tell you, it isn't fair. But just remember this: Sophie's had more than her share of attention, and I don't say she's always played square with her beaux—she's only human, and female at that. But she wasn't flirting this time. I *know.*"

"Right-o," he said heavily. "Thanks very much."

Valentine looked at him with wild exasperation. "I suppose it's all that suet you eat during your formative years," she said.

Hugh blinked. "What is?"

"That *national* sogginess you get when you're crossed in love. Some men get drunk and some get poetic and some just get nervous; you get soggy. I suppose Brussels sprouts and boiled potatoes contribute, too. And that dessert called trifle. It's so typical of the British to call something that tastes like a load of sweetened cement a trifle. . . ."

Hugh inquired with cold dignity: "Have you ever eaten one?"

"Certainly, about five years ago," Valentine told him crisply. "I'm still digesting it. Hugh—won't you believe me about Sophie?"

"Of course."

Valentine restrained an impulse to beat him over the head with her bare fists. "Oh, don't sit there saying 'Of course' and being so hellishly aristocratic! Listen to me! Go and knock Sophie flat—don't *let* her treat you this way. Will you? Will you, Hugh?"

He got up, stretched, took his pipe out and said in measured tones: "If I may say so without giving offense, the trouble with Americans is they will insist on taking nothing for granted. Everything must be cut and dried, like a contract, or an operation. It's indecent, you know."

"Then you *will* knock her flat? Oh, dear Hugh! You're an angel!"

Hugh lit his pipe, looked at her through the smoke and said mildly: "You know, this is rather extraordinary, don't you think so? I mean to say, our talking like this? After all we scarcely know each other."

"It's the year of the Great Thaw," Val murmured, looking maidenly.

"Val, you have been charming about this,

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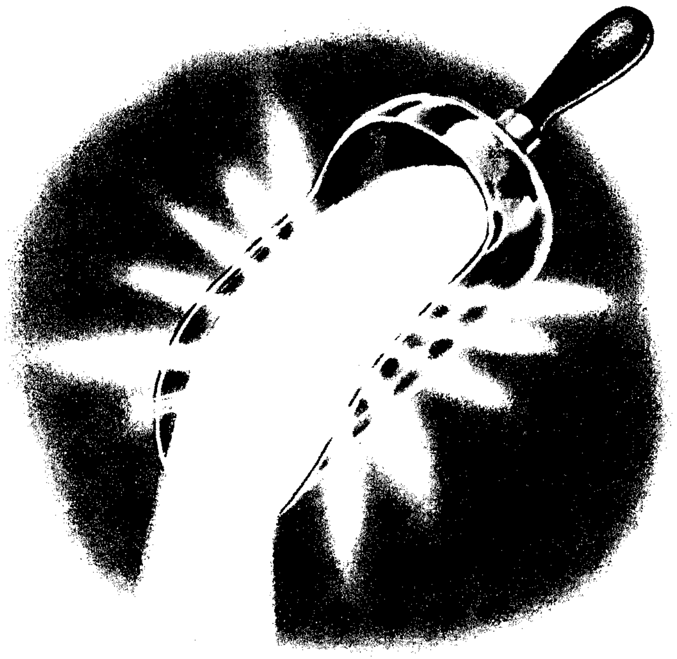

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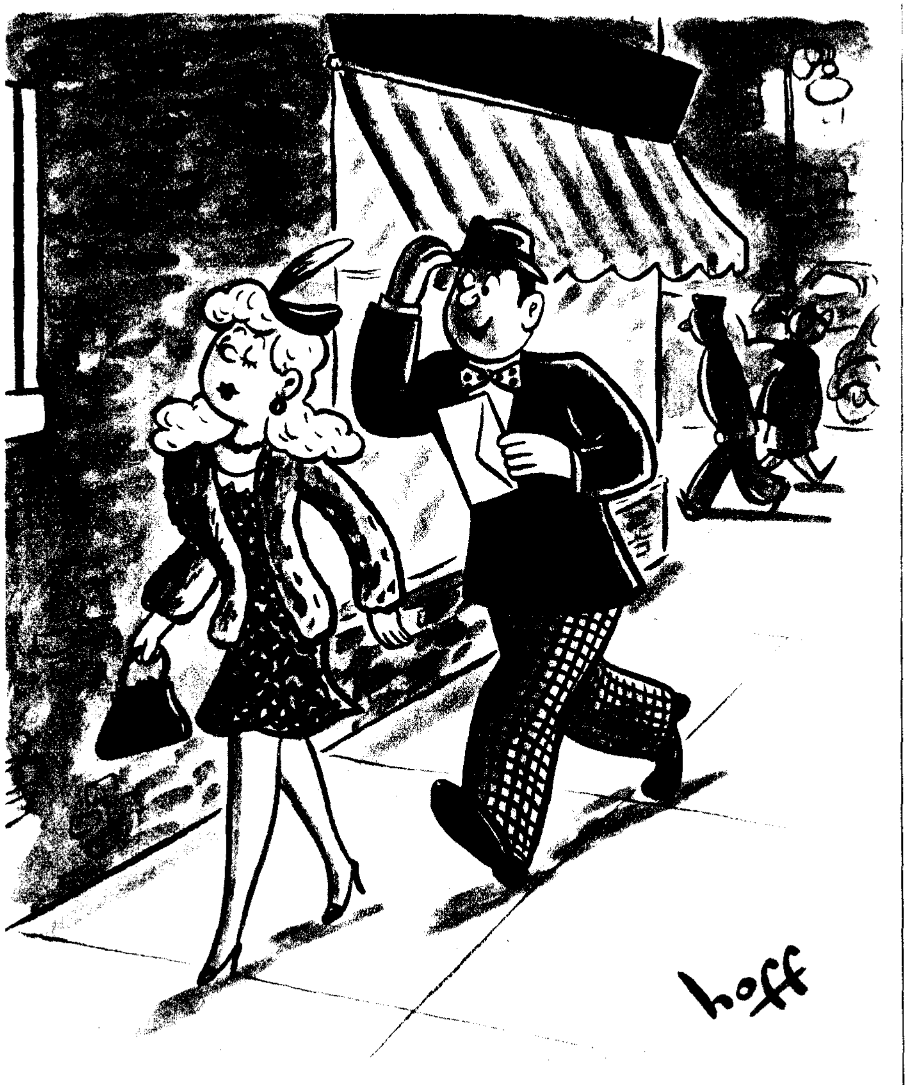


COLLIER'S "Pardon, miss—this is a letter of introduction!" SYDNEY HOFF

you know." He smiled at her for the first time. "I do appreciate it. And look here, my dear, about your own—er—problem—I want you to promise me something. Will you just stop worrying about it?"

"And hope for the best?" She shook her head. "I'm not built that way, Hugh. I'm going to *do* something."

"Now look here, Val—" he began, and the door opened. Eva Szekely came in, smiling.

"Right now," said Valentine. Hugh opened his mouth, looked from one girl to the other, and incontinently departed.

EVA glanced with questioning eyebrows at Hugh's retreating back; then she moved deliberately over to the fire. She had a well-fed air—it was as obvious that she had just finished a very satisfactory breakfast as though she had worn a bit of egg on her chin—and she paid no attention whatever to Valentine, standing motionless in the middle of the room. It was, Val reflected, rather like being in the same cage with a black panther, who had chosen to ignore you—temporarily.

During the few moments of silence, she had time also to reflect that deliberately inciting a panther to battle is not always the wisest way to prove one's moral superiority. And yet she knew very well that that was precisely what she was about to do.

As she moved toward the fireplace she thought, I must be mad. On Friday I was perfectly willing to let this creature eat Syl alive, and now I'm risking being eaten alive myself just to get him back. And there was a horrid feeling in her middle, as though she were about to go to the headmistress' office.

Before the sinking sensation could cause a leak in her courage, she spoke quickly: "Good morning, Eva. Sylvanus has told me."

Eva turned about slowly, her head a little lifted, as though she scented battle smoke. "Ah, good morning, Val," she said coolly. "You are not going to wish me happiness?"

"No, I'm not." Eva's silky poise somehow added to Val's anger. "Listen, are you good at bargaining?"

She took a cigarette, and Eva lit it for her, with rather an indulgent air. She blew out the match, dropped it neatly. "No."

Valentine grinned. She so disliked Eva Szekely at this moment that she almost enjoyed the sensation. "This is all wrong," she said. "We ought to be fencing brilliantly with the buttons off the foils, only I'm so much handier with a piece of lead pipe. . . . Eva, I'll do something for you, if you'll do something for me."

"But my dear child," said Eva, sweetly, "I'm afraid there is nothing I want you to do."

Valentine looked at Eva with a measuring eye.

"I could make quite a good story out of that slap yesterday evening," she said. "People would love it. I could do what is called dining out on it, whatever that means. For months."

Eva shrugged and turned toward the fire. "When you threaten, you are funny."

Val's voice went up a little, against her will: "And I could tell it so that people would first laugh and afterward feel a little—well, disgusted. And not at me."

"No doubt. Only you will not do this."

"Oh, won't I?"

"You will not," Eva said calmly. "Because if people gossip about me, they will also gossip about Sylvanus, and this you will not like. You see, I know you. . . . What is it I can do for you?"

Val sat down. When she spoke, she sounded almost gentle: "There's no point in telling you now. You wouldn't do it."

"Perhaps I do, though. What is it you want?"

Valentine looked up, straight into Eva's black eyes. "Sylvanus," she said.

Eva laughed—genuinely. When she sobered, she asked with every evidence of pleasure: "And what am I to do so that you have Sylvanus?"

"Just go away," Valentine told her, doggedly.

"And you think if I just go away," Eva mocked, "he will then return to you—zzt—like that?"

Val stood up with a jerk. "I don't know why I was fool enough to think I could bargain with you. It was cheap of me. Look, Eva, I've been too frank, so I'll be franker: Sylvanus doesn't love you, and you know it. I don't know how you got him, and I don't want to; but you'll never keep him. Not even if you manage to marry him."

Eva sat down languidly and somehow, with Val standing, it gave her the upper hand. "These Americans—melodrama before breakfast! . . ." she sighed. "You think he is in love with you? I assure you, he is not, *mon enfant.* Sylvanus likes experience in a woman."

"He must," Val said and realized she did indeed sound childish.

Eva cocked her head engagingly and waggled a languid forefinger. "I tell you something else, my little Val: you should next time take a man when you can get him—not wait until someone else wants him."

VAL stared at her, at a loss for words. Eva went on smoothly, almost pleasantly, "I cannot understand this *volte-face.* . . . Is it that you are suddenly jealous? Or perhaps underneath you are savage like the primitive mate of Tarzan, yes?"

Val grinned suddenly, "Look, dear, if anybody in this house is swinging through the trees, it's you."

"But why have you changed your mind, so, about Sylvanus, *hein?* Tell me: I am interested."

Valentine said savagely, "Because I thought he wanted coddling, like a fool, and I hate soft men."

"Coddling," Eva said meditatively. "This means petting, making warm and comfortable, no?"

Val added grimly, "And in Sylvanus' case, protecting him from reality."

"So you think this is what Sylvanus wants?" Eva shook her head. "I think you are wrong."

Valentine turned sharply away and went over to the window seat. Before she could answer, Eva's voice reached her, mild with the serenity of a victor:

"Listen to me, Val. What do you think is the most important thing in the world?"

"I don't know." Valentine didn't turn her head. "Love, I suppose you mean."

"No, not love. The human ego."

"Well—so?"

"Well, so—there is something peculiar about the human ego. It needs coddling."

"I fail to see—" Valentine began.

"I think you have failed to see for a long time," Eva said dispassionately. "People cannot coddle their own egos. This is not good."

"All this business about coddling egos—" Valentine was savagely impatient—"personally, I admire a man who is strong enough to stand on his own two feet."

"So it should be," Eva agreed. "But do you not think you can give a man just a little strength maybe to think he is good and valuable just because you think so? . . . You look so gentle, Val, and yet you are so hard. You are a taker."

Valentine smiled slowly. She got up off the window seat and came back to the fire, picking up another cigarette on her way. As she lit it she said dryly, "This preaching is pretty odd, coming from you."

"You think it is the pot blacking the kettle?"

"I certainly do." Valentine eyed her. "If I'm a taker, what are you?"

"I? What do I take?" Eva looked affronted.

Valentine said dispassionately, "Hospitality and help and even people's money. You let them take it out of their pockets and give it to you."

Eva's red mouth curled contemptuously and her dark eyes hardened. She looked up at Val and there was nothing languid about her now. "Have you ever found yourself one morning with no money? With no house, no clothes, no food, no friends—not even a country of your own?"

"You know I haven't."

"But perhaps you can imagine it to yourself. And so then you come to a place where there is so much of everything, so much, and people eager for you to take. . . . At least, at first they are eager. Later, when you begin to stand up again, a little, and are not so desperate, so thin, so lost—the kind Americans begin to lose their interest. They have saved someone's life—the excitement is over—they look for another life to save—and they are gone."

"I see," Valentine said slowly. "And so you get whatever you can while you can and clear out fast—is that it?"

"It is more than that. When I do not get all that I expect, I am a good loser. When I clear out, I make my exit with style." Eva turned and came close to Val. "But this time, I do not clear out. . . . You are afraid of me a little, aren't you, Val?"

Valentine shook her head and stood her ground. "I'm not afraid of you. I don't understand you. You're too female for me; you're a cat and I don't like cats."

"And you, *ma petite chou,* are a little dog barking so that anyone can see what is in your mind." Eva's voice suddenly shook a little. "Lovable—but a little tiresome perhaps."

"Are you going to leave Sylvanus alone?" Valentine said tautly.

"*Very* tiresome," Eva answered. She went to the living room door, opened it and went out.

HUGH opened the library door in time to see Eva Szekely cross the hall. He called to her, and she turned sharply.

"Won't you come in a moment?" he asked.

She raised her black eyebrows and then smiled. "I am so sorry—"

"Do," Hugh urged quietly. He stepped aside, holding the door open. "There's something I think we'd do well to discuss."

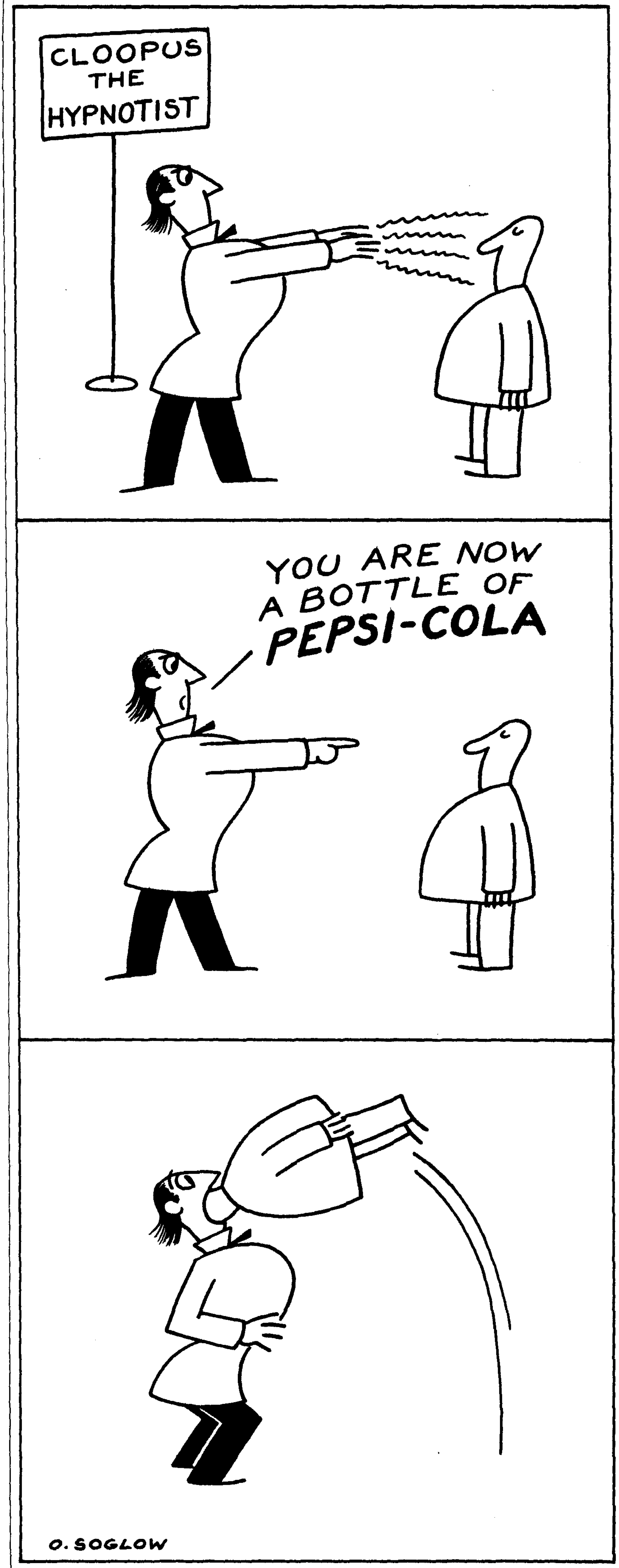
Eva glanced at him quickly; then, with an air of pampering his whims, she shrugged and went into the library. Hugh closed the door, put Eva into the big wing chair and

RENDEZVOUS WITH INTRIGUE

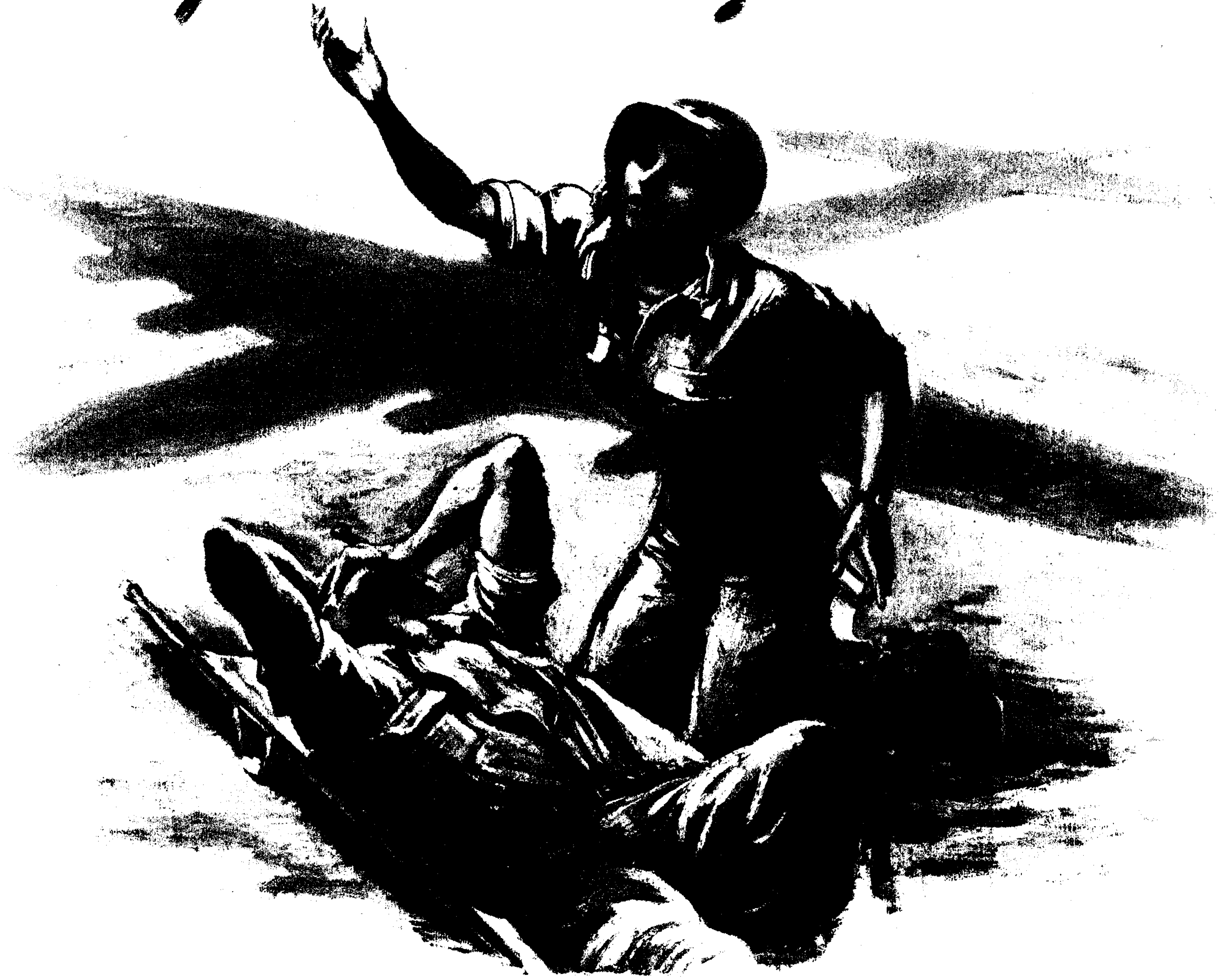
Paul MacKinnon had his orders. He was to fly to Havana to meet a woman. By whatever means—there were no holds barred he was to get possession of a diary she was smuggling into Cuba. It looked easy—except for three things. The diary had left a trail of death across Europe. Powerful forces were moving to keep it from the eyes of our State Department. And the woman bringing it had been Paul's wife. So runs a four-part serial of mystery and romance, starting next week.

WOMAN AT BAY

By George Harmon Coxe


CLOOPUS THE HYPNOTIST
YOU ARE NOW A BOTTLE OF PEPSI-COLA
O. SOGLOW

They shall not die!



They will *live*...to be the citizens, husbands and fathers of the future. Hundreds of thousands of American boys, wounded on far-off battle fronts, are being restored to health and life because medical care, through the swift sure mercy of air transportation, is only a few hours away. Douglas workers, builders of planes for the airlines yesterday and tomorrow, are glad that today their skill can thus bring prolonged life to the country's heroes. This is our first obligation until the war is over.

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FIRST AROUND THE WORLD FIRST THE WORLD OVER brought her a cigarette. He even lit it for her.

She smiled up at him. "For an Englishman, your manners are charming."

He smiled ruefully. "As a nation, I'm afraid we're not very gallant, are we?"

She turned to the fire. "I do not know you, as a nation."

"No? Er—Look here, Sylvanus tells me you've—er—agreed to marry him."

Her dark eyes sparkled. "So he told you. Do you congratulate me?"

Obviously she was waiting for him to say that it was Sylvanus who should be congratulated. Instead he said a surprising thing; at least it seemed to surprise Eva.

"I was just wondering," he said, "how you're going to like living out here in the country. Aren't you afraid of being lonely?"

Eva looked at him for a long moment. Then she turned back to the fire, and spoke softly: "We exiles are always a little lonely."

HUGH began to fill his pipe, giving it his whole attention. He said abstractedly: "Yes . . . er . . . There were rather a lot of exiles in London. Some of them a bit unsavory, I must say."

"No Hungarians?" she glanced at him again. It could have been wistful or watchful.

He pushed the tobacco down with his thumb. "Well, as a matter of fact there were. Rather an unfortunate lot, you know. That business of the misappropriation of their government's funds. Sordid sort of thing . . ."

Eva jerked upright. "You mean they were cheating their government? But how dreadful!"

"Wasn't it," Hugh agreed gravely. "Of course, it was all hushed up. Private investigation, you know."

"You did not—meet any of these people?"

"No."

Eva drew a deep breath.

Hugh still looked at his tobacco. "But I saw the transcription of the hearing. Secret copy, of course. Came to my office."

Eva sat quite still. Her dark eyes were brilliant. "It seems to me always so sad," she said conversationally, "when a story like this one is allowed to reach the public. Do you not agree?"

"Quite." His voice was dry. "Do a lot of harm."

"People so seldom understand what is behind this sort of thing." Her voice shook a little. "The injustices. The mistakes in judgment."

"Quite," Hugh repeated. "In particular, I don't think Sylvanus would understand it."

Eva suddenly smiled. Her teeth were beautiful, shining and even, and her lips were very red. "Why should he even hear of this foolish little tragedy?"

"Because I intend to tell him," Hugh said quietly.

It had the effect of a distant explosion. The smile never left Eva's lips, but it was no longer quite so pretty. "Oh, no," she said, "you will not tell him. You will not do this to a friend."

"Won't do what?" Hugh's voice was still quiet. "Save his life for him? Do you think I could sit here and watch him marry a convicted thief, Countess—and not tell him?"

She stood up and the smile was gone. "You cannot bully me, Colonel Lomas. I will tell him myself."

"Do as you like, of course," said Hugh, mildly.

She was breathing fast. "I will tell him myself—that it is an evil tale, a canard—a cruel thing—not true. He will believe me. And you, Colonel Lomas, you, he will not invite to his house again."

Hugh smoked serenely. "I'm afraid you're overoptimistic. He won't believe you, Countess."

"Your word against mine?"

"*Your* word," he told her with cold courtesy, "against proof."

"What proof? You have nothing! I tell you—"

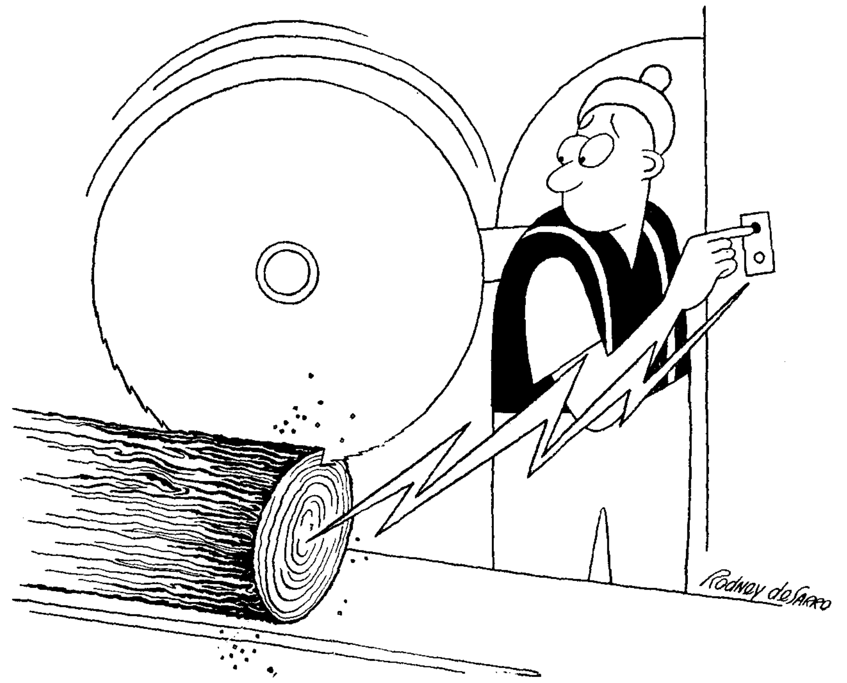
Hugh cut her short: "A cable to Number 10 Downing Street. No trouble at all." He smiled a small, cold smile. "Do you want to tell Sylvanus that the British government is lying? Or would you rather try to explain your particular part in the business?"

She stood staring at him, and her nostrils had flared into an ugly expression. She came close to him, and for an unpleasant moment, he thought that she was going to spit on his uniform.

"You think you have won?"

He said nothing whatever to that; simply looked at her.

(Continued on page 76)



Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

To Harness Electric Explosions

When your ironing cord gets old and the vires cross, there is a brilliant flash and a fuse lows out in the cellar. This domestic crisis s called a short circuit; the fuse makes it armless. But on big power systems a "short" s no joke; in an instant, gigantic currents can uild up, ripping cables apart and literally xploding motors and generators. Engineers stall elaborate automatic switches to snuff ut these explosions before they can wreck he entire outfit.

Lately, however, an ingenious apparatus as been invented in which a short circuit an be produced deliberately and its violent nergy can be harnessed to perform giant nechanical tasks. The device makes possible he delicate and instantaneous control of huge moving machines whose momentum is too large to be handled quickly in any other way. The new electrical method is as much faster than the old as a charge of dynamite in a mountainside is faster than a gang with picks and shovels.

Many important uses for the apparatus are in prospect for the postwar era. In a sawmill, for instance, the power generated by this new method can be used to jockey great logs back and forth under the saws like matchsticks. In steel mills it can increase the output by as much as forty per cent. It can hoist ore in blast furnaces at unbelievable speeds and raise the capacity of the world's largest power shovel by 70,000 tons a month. In papermaking, electric smelting, tin-plating—in practically all heavy industry—this captured short circuit can speed up production, save manpower and improve the accuracy and quality of finished materials. It is an old deadly force suddenly put to work.

Intricate in principle, this tamed electrical explosion multiplies the pressure of a finger on a control button into tons of force that can be applied wherever desired. Just now this new servant, nicknamed "amplidyne," is jerking massive gun turrets around in the split second that means an exploding enemy plane instead of a falling American.

Goggles That Can't Get Fogged

Outdoor sportsmen and workers of all kinds who must protect their eyes with tight goggle masks, have always been pestered by the fog and frost that collects on the inside of the glass from the condensing moisture of the face. The only relief is to take them off and wipe them constantly. But fighter pilots at high altitudes are too busy to do this, and a perfect remedy has been found. The solution is simple: The wearer ventilates his own goggles.

Borrowing the layout of the oxygen mask, the designers of the new goggles built a nose breather into the framework of the goggles. When you draw in a breath, dry outdoor air flows in through valves at the edges of the glass, sweeping away any moisture around the lenses. Exhaling opens a bottom valve and closes the intakes.

Throwaways for Beer

That heavy bag full of empty beer bottles you have been lugging back to the grocery store lately will become only a bad dream tomorrow, for a new style of glass bottle has been invented, so light and cheap that it will be thrown away when empty. The one-way beer bottle is only half as heavy as the standard container and is much nearer the shape of the once-familiar tin can.

Tough, high-strength glass solved the problem of nonreturnables posed by the U.S. Army, and, in 1944 alone, 600 million beers were shipped to the Armed Forces in these containers. A second great advantage of the coming beer bottle: Its shape will make it far more economical of refrigerator space.

Wash with Rubber

Your future washcloth will be made of foam rubber instead of cotton. A new kind of surface has been invented for this rubber, which will give the washcloth a smooth, pleasant texture without interfering with its scrubbing qualities.

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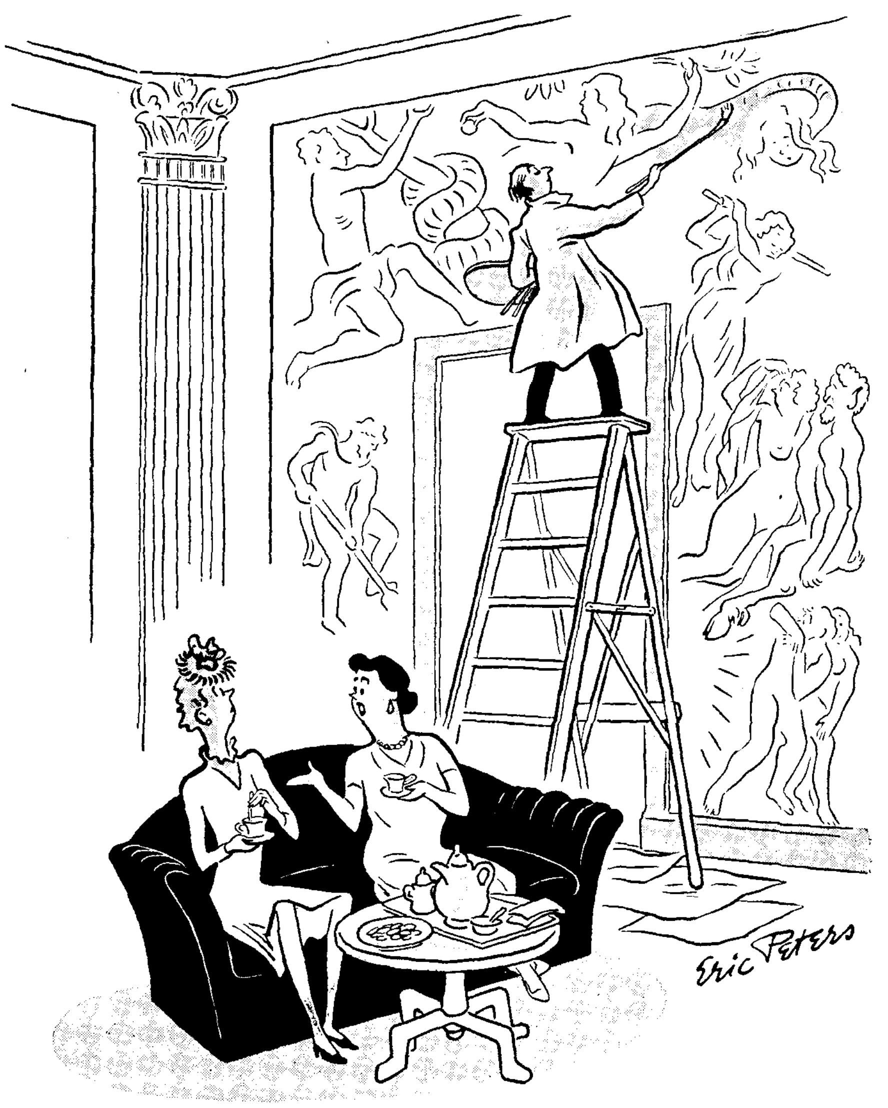
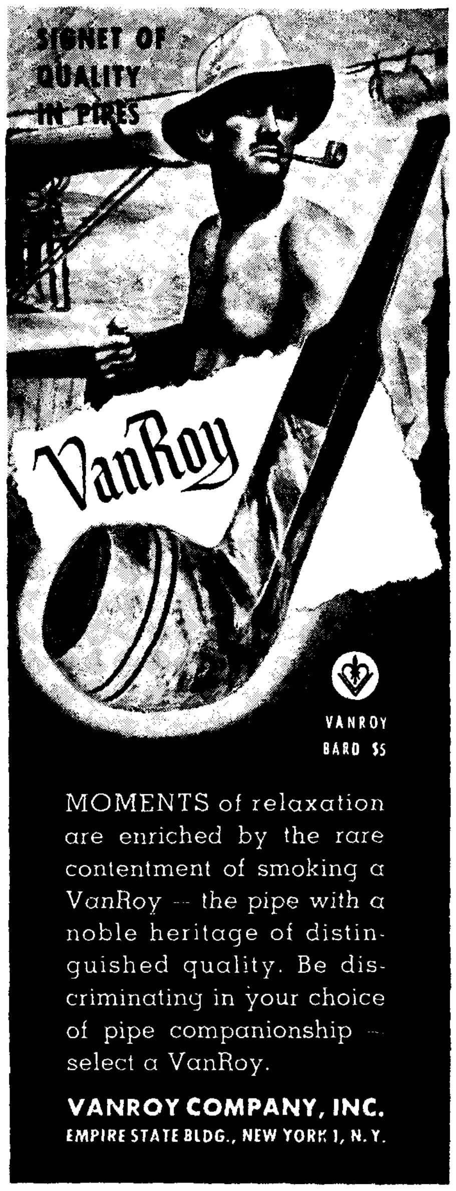


"We simply had to redecorate and we couldn't get a regular painter"

COLLIER'S ERIC PETERS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Sentimental Week End

Continued from page 75

She laughed and started swiftly toward the door. Hugh was there before her, without having, apparently, done more than take a step.

He stood, pipe in hand, looking down implacably at her. And she looked up at him. She smiled again, that same, beautiful smile; but this time the lips were lifted a little over the eyeteeth. It was rather an unnerving smile. She spoke slowly, at first, and very clearly:

"I hate the English. As a nation, Colonel Lomas, and as individuals, I hate you. The Americans, they are bad, yes—crude—but at least they are dull like children. Here it is like—" she laughed shortly—"living in a kindergarten. But the English people are smug, conceited, self-satisfied. And they are liars. They are a nation of liars! Why is it—tell me Colonel Lomas—that the sun never sets on your nation? I will tell *you:* Because so many countries it has stolen that its stealing is all over the world! And for what? I will tell you again—"

She was talking too fast now; and she stopped suddenly. Outside the door, steps crossed the hall. "Open the door," she ordered him. "Open it, I tell you! It is Sylvanus."

"What are you going to do?" Hugh asked, but the suddenness of her attack took him off guard for a moment. She reached for the knob and threw open the door.

"Sylvanus!" she said. "Will you come in here for a moment? There is something I want to say to you."

Sylvanus came into the library. Hugh was walking toward the window, his back turned, but Eva stood by the fireplace. There was something about her . . . the tilt of her head, the look in her eyes. . . . He paused, instinctively pushing the door shut behind him. "What is this all about, anyway?"

"Sylvanus," she said, "I must tell you something." Her voice was low and in it there was a note that gave Sylvanus a chilly sensation.

Hugh turned abruptly from the window. "Countess—" he began, and then unaccountably stopped.

Countess? Sylvanus wondered: Have they been quarreling? And the chilly sensation spread to his hands. He put them in his pockets. "Couldn't we sit down?" he suggested with false geniality.

Eva paid no attention to that whatever. She was looking at him, her enormous black eyes intent. "Sylvanus, I am going to do something quite unforgivable."

Sylvanus made some sort of sound in his throat. Hugh raised one hand and dropped it again. Eva went on, straight on. "I am going," she said, "to break our engagement."

Sylvanus stared at her; his hands clenched tightly in his pockets.

EVA glanced at Hugh, briefly. "I am sorry," she said, "to do this in front of—a third person. This is very gauche—I know it. But I have just learned—" For a moment, Sylvanus thought she was going to cry, or run away. Then she went on, steadily: "I have just learned how much the British government needs you; and ours, too. America, I mean. Sylvanus, I knew if I told you for this reason I would not marry you, you would not listen to me. So I tell you in front of our dear friend Hugh. He understands. He will tell you to hear me, and do as I say."

"But you knew that last night, Eva," Sylvanus blurted out.

She cut him off with a gesture. "What I said last night, you must forget this morning. Forever."

Suddenly she ignored Hugh's presence and came close to Sylvanus; but she did not touch him. "Darling," she said gently, "I am no longer meant for a heroine. Something in me has been killed. Never I used to be afraid. Now I am. I am afraid of loneliness, of hunger, of—of uncertainty. And I cannot marry you, and go to England. I hate England.

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This, too, is another story—one I hope I shall never have to tell you. It would be hard for you to forget."

Sylvanus looked down at her and his heart ached for her. "But I told you I wouldn't go to England—"

She bent her head. "Bubi, do not make me ashamed. When I think that I try to make you stay here with me . . . just because I am weak and afraid, just because I have fallen in love . . ."

There was a moment's electric silence, and then she raised her head. Her voice was low and clear: "I say, I will not marry you, Bubi, and interfere with this big work you are doing. I say, go away—to England, any place they send you, and forget about me."

Sylvanus stood and looked at her. The breath he took was so deep it seemed to begin at the core of his being and release every nerve in his body. He had dropped an overwhelming yoke from his shoulders. It was so glorious that for a moment, he actually did not think of Valentine at all. He thought only of the gate that had opened before him, the prison he was walking out of—free.

"Eva," he said. "You're a very great woman."

She smiled, a little deprecating smile, and one shoulder gave the shadow of a shrug. "I am not so great that I can take the place of a whole country," she said. "For you, your life is America. The Voice of America . . ." She smiled at him and put out her hand quickly. "Goodby, Sylvanus. I will be listening for your voice . . . *your* voice. Not the Voice of America. You see, I am not such a great woman . . ."

And she was gone, the door closing softly behind her.

Sylvanus automatically lit a cigarette. His hands were still cold and a little clammy and he felt lightheaded. He said hoarsely—reverently:

"Amazing woman."

"Amazing!" Hugh agreed, flatly.

"You don't find them like that often," Sylvanus said. "You didn't want to say too much, on the one hand, but on the other—well, this means I can say yes to your offer, Hugh. I'm glad for that if for nothing else."

Hugh nodded, soberly. "If for nothing else," he added.

SOPHIE bent over, unlacing her thick ski boots; from this difficult position she could see Hugh's shining brown officer's shoes, and the cuffs of his impeccable trousers.

Don't go, she told him, inside her head, imperiously. Just don't move off in any other direction. Stay where you are.

One ski boot came off, and she slipped a red ballet slipper on her foot.

Miss Burnham, she told herself, you are lost, you are lost and gone forever, oh, my darling without pride. I wonder if my mind is going? Awake all night—me, who sleeps like a babe and all because I'd rather stay awake and think about an Englishman than go to sleep and get my proper rest and run the risk of not dreaming about him. Miss Burnham, your mind is not going, it has gone. To the lowest bidder.

She put the other ballet slipper on. If I had the decency and common sense of a female red ant I'd pack my bag and get out of here on the first train I could catch. The only trouble with that plan is that I have neither decency nor common sense. Wherever Hugh is, there I shall be, too, until I see him go. Until I know I'll never see him again. Never. Again.

SHE sat up straight and smiled at him. If she lived to be a hundred, which this morning seemed unlikely, she would never forget the shape of his nose.

But I will forget the way his teeth look when he laughs, she thought sadly, because I always do forget that. Mouths don't seem to stick in my memory and I want his to stick. His teeth look so *solid*. . . . Why did you fall in love with Colonel Lomas, Miss Burnham? Well, I'll tell you, his teeth were so solid. I always hate a man with loose teeth. . . .

She got up because she looked well in her ski pants and she knew it. She smiled at him with melting candor, and he looked back at her without smiling. But his eyes weren't angry, nor contemptuous. They were, they were . . . Sophie caught her breath.

"Sophie, I—" said Hugh.

"Lovely day, isn't it?" Sophie said in an astonishingly high voice which she seemed to have borrowed for the occasion. "So mild. Or maybe that's the furnace."

"Quite," said Hugh. "Will you come in here a moment, Sophie? I—"

"And so nice to be able to take silk again." Her stomach was trying to get some place else in her system. She wished, fleetingly, that it would just settle down and learn contentment where it was. "I was beginning to get a nasty case of balbriggan chest."

He held the library door open. "Sophie, there's something I—"

Sophie asked wildly, "Have a nice little chat with Eva?"

I want to go in there, she thought. I'm scared to death and I don't know why and I'm going into the library now.

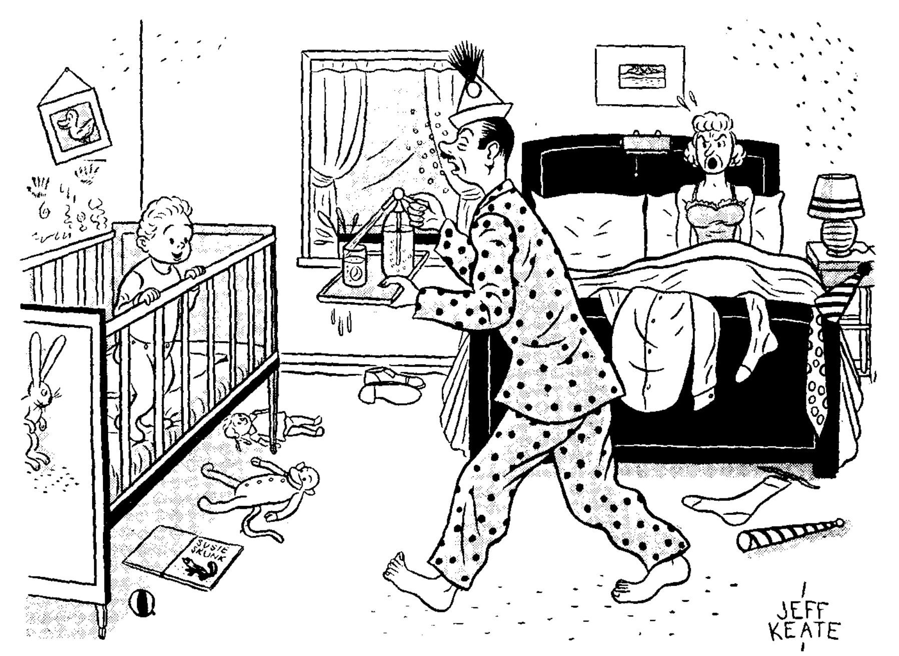
She walked through the door, past him, close enough to touch the material of his uniform, and he said:

"We—I—we were just having a—talk."

"I *thought* she was having another hot box," Sophie said, taking a cigarette and lighting it herself, quickly. None of that coming up close to me. No playing with matches, Miss Burnham.

He cleared his throat. "Eva's quite harmless."

"Oh, quite," she said, sitting down sud-



"The party was over two hours ago, Fred, and that last request for a drink didn't come from a guest!"

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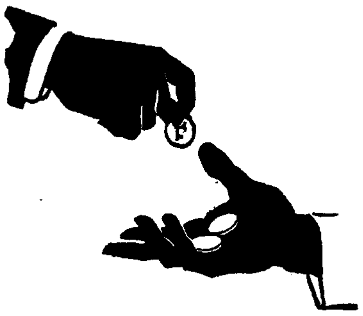

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denly. "All Eva wants is *lebensraum*, bedroom and bath. It doesn't matter who pays the rent so long as it isn't Eva."

"You don't like her, do you, Sophie?"

"No," said Sophie. "But you see, I'm rather intolerant, Hugh. I just hew to my own line and let the chippies fall where they may." *If you smoke that fast, Miss Burnham,* you'll have ashes all over your front and he'll think you're not careful about those little details that are so important . . .

"You love to pretend you're hard-boiled, don't you?" Hugh said quietly. "You know I hate it, but for some reason you enjoy making me writhe. I wish I knew why."

"Really, that's too silly." Sophie threw her cigarette in the general direction of the fireplace. "Why on earth should I care whether you writhe or lie inert?"

"I don't know." He got up, took her burning cigarette off the rug and put it on the fire. "I expect if I knew more about women, I should. And I intend to find out. Sophie, will you marry me?"

She stared up at him and there seemed to be something serious the matter with her. Maybe my heart's going to stop, she thought, in terror. I don't want to drop dead right now. . . . He's asking me this for some peculiar, involved British reason and I can't bear it.

It was all she could do to speak and she *certainly* had never heard the voice she used, but she managed it somehow.

"Somebody must have mended the film. . . . Please do not think, Colonel Lomas, that I am insensible of the honor you are doing me in offering to—"

"Stop it," he said shortly. "I asked you to marry me."

Sophie began to shake quietly. "I know," she told him. "And I'm refusing you. I haven't the slightest desire to be a laboratory experiment."

"Sophie, I mean this." He sat down on the edge of the chair across from hers. They were almost touching, and she *felt like shrinking* back idiotically. She made herself sit still. She made herself speak:

"But you said—you said we didn't know each other. Have you forgotten that?"

"Completely."

"You said you weren't at all the right man for me."

"That's an absolute, downright lie. You mustn't lie, Sophie." He grinned suddenly and Sophie was shocked into anger. So he was having fun!

"You're making fun of me," she said with cold fury. "What a cheap revenge!"

"*For what?*"

"You know very well for what." She hesitated. She would hurt him yet. "For my—trying to make you fall for me."

"Were you?" he asked gently. "Sophie, answer me. Were you just playing a game with me? Very well; you needn't answer. You know you weren't."

SHE set her jaw to keep it from wobbling. I hate him, she thought, I can't stand him, I hope I never see him again as long as I live. I wish he'd even take my hand . . .

"How do you know what I was and what I wasn't? You don't believe I was *planning* to make you fall for me? Well, you just ask Sylvanus. I got his permission first."

"He gave it?" She had startled him and she smiled triumphantly.

"Certainly he gave it. He said to go right ahead—if I thought I could."

They looked at each other and then Hugh said quietly, "And then after all you didn't. Because when we met, you discovered you couldn't."

"No. That's ridiculous," she said in panic. "It doesn't happen."

"This time it did."

"No! No it *doesn't*. It *didn't!*" she cried.

"Now *you're* frightened," Hugh said gently. "Why?"

"I don't know. I'm not. I—"

"Sophie." He waited a moment, and she glanced at him. After that it was too late. "Do you remember that brass fender in our nursery at home? You could have that fender. I'll give it to you for a wedding present."

That family of children that had always been hers in imagination—and Hugh for their father . . . "*I can't marry you for your fender,*" she said in a small voice. "I have *some* standards."

"You've never seen my house in Sussex, Sophie, darling. It has a yew hedge and the churchyard *next door is haunted.*"

"I'd be sure to want a flat in London," Sophie said, miserably. "It would be just like me."

"But I have a flat in London." He laughed at her a little.

"It would never work," Sophie cried desperately. "Your friends wouldn't like me. Englishwomen would never understand me."

"My dear girl, what do you think Englishwomen are like?"

"I've never known, really. *Sort of grim* and gracious, half Miss Betsy Trotwood and half Mrs. Miniver. They'd hate me. You don't know what you're doing."

"Yes, I do." He took her hand in his own. "Yesterday was all wrong and twisted; today is right again. I've never fallen in love before, Sophie, and I warn you, I don't intend to lose it now I've got it. I'm going home in a few weeks, and you're going with me."

"Going *home* with you?" Sophie said, idiotic with the blinding approach of happiness.

"Did you think we'd have separate establishments?"

"Oh, Hugh, don't!" She was suddenly overwhelmed. "Let me *think! What's going* to happen?"

"I can tell you, down to the last detail—"

THE Sunday-morning sunshine, always a little brighter than the weekday variety, danced on the snow outside Valentine's window and warmed the top of her head as she stared out. The men had mended the broken cable at the top of the hill and gone away; she was aware of that, and, deep under layers of preoccupation, that her little rose-covered room was comfortably warm again. None of it mattered.

Nothing mattered very much, she realized, not despairingly, but rather with a sense of mounting panic. How could you keep on living when nothing mattered? Of course you did keep on: Shakespeare said so. *Men have died and worms have eaten them, But not for love.* You didn't die, no; but what Shakespeare omitted to mention was that you didn't live, either.

Desperately, she tried to cling to an impersonal, dispassionate attitude, but all her thoughts seemed to have turned into emotions, recalcitrant and uncontrollable.

First, she had misjudged Sylvanus. She had thought that he allowed himself to be owned by other people; she saw now, too late, that his mind and heart had always remained his own, and because he had offered them to Val, and she had failed to see the value of the gift, the next passer-by had snatched them up. Eva Szekely.

Valentine wondered what was going to happen; her heart sank like a stone and she steeled herself against the answer. But it had to be faced. Sylvanus will marry her, she told herself—she'll make him unhappy—we'll never see him again. Unless she divorces him after a while, and a divorce would *kill* Sylvanus.

And it's all my doing. If I'd behaved like a reasonable human being on Friday night, instead of tearing him to bits, Eva would have come and gone and been forgotten.

She thought of Syl's face and the shape of his head that she had long ago wanted to touch with her hands; she thought of the look in his eyes when they met hers; a look that he gave to no one else—

She turned jerkily away from the window. She couldn't stay alone here any longer. She would go downstairs; being with all the rest of them could be no worse than this. . . .

At the living-room door she paused. They were all there, Sylvanus and Sophie, Lydia and Charles—all but Eva.

Sophie's voice, high with excitement, brought her up short: "Syl, darling, how divine! You're really going!"

"Yes, I just had a little talk with Eva and—" Sylvanus stopped abruptly, looking appalled.

"And she advised you to go?" Hugh put in smoothly.

"She—er—did."

Sophie turned to Lydia and Charles. "Have you heard?" she shrieked. "Isn't it marvelous? Syl's going to England!"

Val took a step inside the door and waited, her knees turning to water. Syl—going to England. It meant that Eva was wise enough to be generous. It meant—nothing more. Val sat down quietly.

"Sylvanus *darling, what* a surprise!" Lydia rose to the occasion as a lady should. "I'm so glad—if it couldn't be Washington. Hugh, I must congratulate you. I think you were so clever to snare Sylvanus!"

Charles was already shaking Hugh's hand. "Splendid, old man. Your gain is our loss—but I'm sure Syl has made the right decision."

"Very decent of you, Charles . . ." Hugh said.

"Oh, no—" Lydia was determined to be more generous than anyone else. "After all our greatest desire is to see dear Syl do the thing he wants most. And if he doesn't want Washington—"

"It wasn't that exactly," Sylvanus said slowly. "It was just that when I got to thinking it over, I realized that Hugh had offered me the one thing I think is important."

"Oh?" said Lydia.

"I mean important to *me*." Sylvanus added quickly. "It's a little hard to explain without sounding stuffy—but it seems to me that anyone who helps nations to understand one another, helps all of civilization."

"You know, I've never been entirely sure what civilization is," Sophie observed.

"Civilization," said Charles firmly, "is the accumulation, dissemination and application of knowledge."

"Charles, that's marvelous," breathed Lydia.

"But you see," Sylvanus said mildly, "I don't think that civilization *is* knowledge."

"Not even knowledge of other people and the way they think and live?" Lydia was incredulous.

"I don't think knowledge is enough," Sylvanus repeated. "I think the civilized man is the man with the most highly developed sense of responsibility, not only for himself but for other people. Something no caveman would have understood."

"That sounds like Communism," Lydia remarked suspiciously.

"Or not minding your own business," said Sophie.

"Not the way I mean it." Sylvanus took up a stand in front of the fire. "It's not a pushing or inquisitive sense of responsibility: it's simply a willingness to share things, to make another man's problems your own. Even another nation's, if need be."

Charles looked amused. "Suppose the other nation doesn't particularly want you to take over its problems?"

"I said it wasn't pushing. But the strong always have to pay for the weak, don't they?"

"You don't believe in the survival of the fittest, then, darling?" Lydia asked.

"Would you—if you weren't entirely fit?"

"Most people *are* civilized," Charles objected.

Hugh spoke suddenly: "I can't say I agree with you there."

"Nor I," said Sylvanus. He tapped his pipe on the fender. "Listen—you admit that a jury of one's peers is a fairly civilized notion? Well, suppose—"

Lydia interrupted him suddenly, "Oh, look, there's a taxi going down the hill! Why, it looks as though it were leaving here. . . ."

"Can't be." Charles was decided. "Didn't come here."

"Where's Eva?" Sophie demanded.

Valentine's heart began to pound, for no rational reason.

"Perhaps she's packing." Sylvanus sounded uncertain. "I suppose we all ought to—"

BEDLOW materialized abruptly in the doorway. He was not exactly breathless, but he was not calm. "Mr. Horne," he said, "may I see you for a moment?"

"What's the matter, Bedlow?" Sylvanus asked quickly.

"It's Beryl, sir," Bedlow announced, his eyes bulging slightly. "And I'm afraid it's my fault."

"Beryl?" Lydia repeated sharply.

"Why is what your fault?" Sylvanus asked.

"I've been hoodwinked, sir," Bedlow was bitter. "I never dreamed when the countess asked me not to tell—"

"Not to tell what?" Sylvanus sounded suddenly like a captain. "Pull yourself together, Bedlow!"

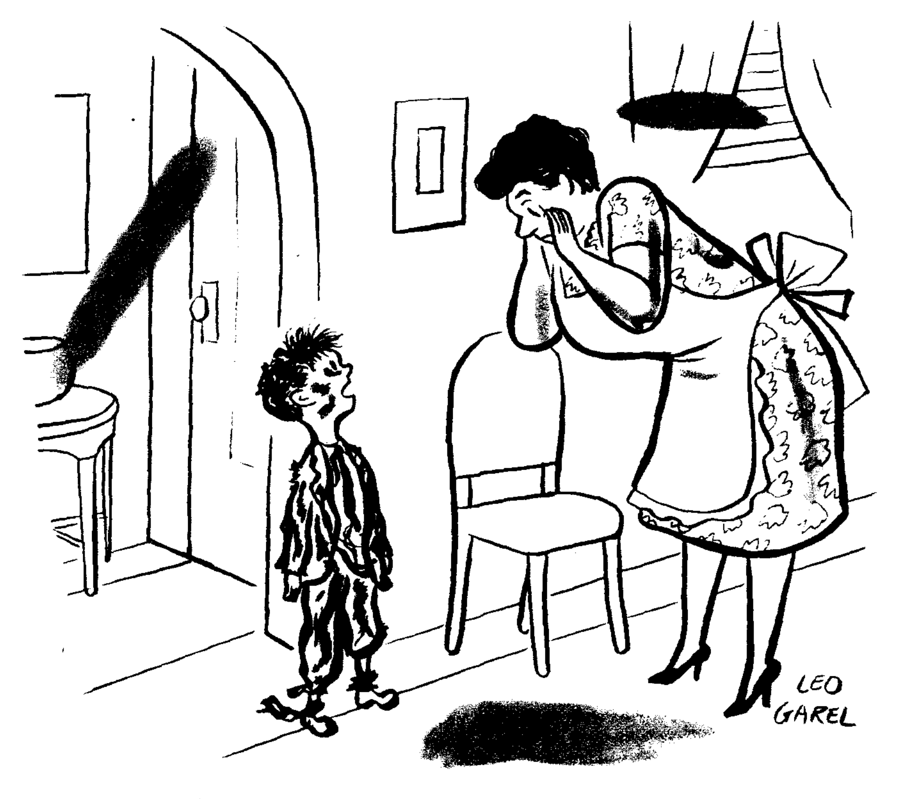
His tone had a miraculous effect. Bedlow straightened and said concisely: "Not to tell you that she was leaving, sir. She said she'd spoken to you, sir, and she didn't want to break up the rest of the party and she asked me to phone for a taxi for the ten o'clock train. And she's taken Beryl with her!"

There was a moment of utter silence, and in it Val felt the bitter tension inside her crack, like ice in the spring. She had gone; Eva had run away. Somehow, someone had driven her out. There was no time to wonder who had performed the miracle, nor how. Eva was gone.

Val's breath seemed to come reluctantly, from a pinhole of space in her lungs. Sylvanus—she whispered, but no sound came out.

Then Lydia moved and the spell was broken. "Do you mean to say," Lydia stood up in her agitation, "the countess *bribed* Beryl—?"

Bedlow nodded. "I should have guessed,



COLLIER'S "Mom, remember the new suit I'm wearing?" LEO GAREL

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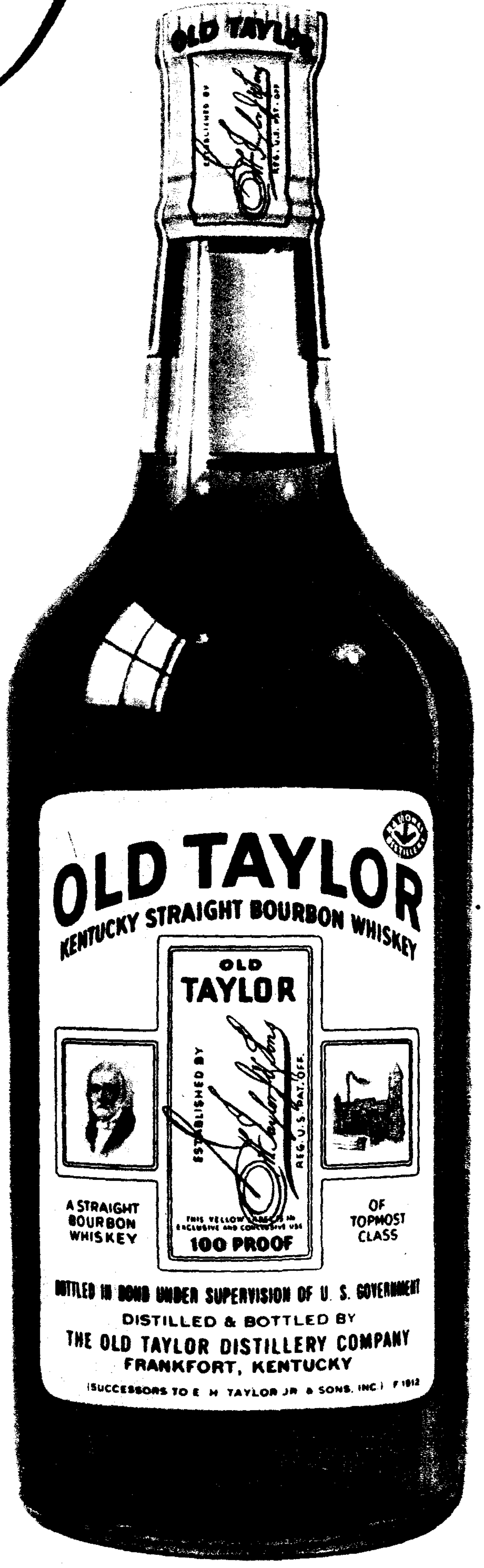
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A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
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KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT
BOURBON
WHISKEY

BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF

Signed Sealed and Delicious

Mrs. Herrick—but how was I to know a lady would do such a thing? She was talking to Beryl last night in the kitchen with the door closed and then again this morning and Beryl looking as though she'd swallowed a canary. . . . "

"Why, I never heard of such a thing!" Lydia turned pink with shock. "It's absolutely outrageous!"

Charles shook his head in bewilderment. "My Lord, you all hated this Beryl. I should think you'd be glad to see the last of her."

"Oh, I don't know," Sophie grinned. She was clearly enchanted with the whole situation. "We've been through hell and high wages with Beryl. That makes a sort of bond."

"Well, I think it's absolutely monstrous," Lydia cried, her eyes flashing. "I never did trust Eva Szekely—"

"Darling, you were crazy for her," Sophie drawled.

"Syl, you're very quiet about all this," Hugh spoke. "After all, Beryl was your cook."

SYLVANUS, who had been nursing his pipe, turned to the room. "Yes, she was," he agreed. "And as a matter of fact, I gave her to Eva myself."

Everyone stared at him and Lydia cried: "You *gave Beryl away?* Sylvanus, are you mad?"

"He's not mad." Sophie looked at him in indulgent scorn. "He's lying to protect a woman's honor. The strong paying for the weak. Little Eva stole her—and the kindest thing you can say about that gal is that she's a kleptomaniac."

Sylvanus said steadily: "I told Eva that Beryl was free to take another job."

"He certainly did," Valentine said suddenly. She spoke earnestly, her eyes wide and innocent. "I was right here at the time. He said—he said, 'Eva, I'm not going to need Beryl any more, because I'm closing the house.' "

But Lydia had a neat mind. "I thought Eva was going to have the house?" she put in suspiciously.

Sylvanus cleared his throat. "That—er—that arrangement fell through."

"She felt she had to be nearer the city," Valentine explained glibly. This was as much fun as The Game. "On account of her autobiography, you know."

"I fail to see the connection," Sophie said acidly.

"Well—the—the—Public Library," said Valentine.

Sophie laughed shortly. "I never heard of anyone studying nights to write an autobiography, but I suppose in Eva's case anything is possible."

"In any case, she's gone," Sylvanus said firmly, "and she asked me to say goodby to all of you, and to tell you how much she enjoyed meeting you."

"And she wants to see us all again," Valentine added. "I gave her our addresses."

"I don't believe one word of this," Sophie announced; "not one single word, but I can see it's going to do me no good to say so."

"Really, Sophie," Lydia drew herself up, "if Sylvanus makes a statement—"

"Look here," Sylvanus put in briskly, "I don't want to rush you, but if we're going on the noon train—"

"Yes, we *must* go and pack." Lydia went to the door. "Charles, dear, come and help, will you?"

As Charles reluctantly followed his wife, Sylvanus said abstractedly, "I must go down and turn off the water taps in the cellar. . . . We ought to be ready in an hour or so. . . ." He left the room.

"Val." Sophie was overwhelmingly casual.

"Mm?" Valentine said vaguely. "I suppose we ought to go and throw things into suitcases, too."

"Val, I—I just wanted to tell you. I think everything is . . . is turning out all right."

"Yes, so do I—what?" Valentine woke up. "Oh! Oh, Sophie, really? I'm so glad, darling! How did it happen?"

"I haven't the faintest idea." Sophie looked starry-eyed and a little stunned. "All of a sudden this morning he was all different. The way he was at first. I don't know. . . . You didn't say anything, I suppose?"

"I? What on earth would I say—'Listen, Colonel, my friend is nuts about you'? That would have been successful, wouldn't it?"

"Of course, I know you wouldn't say anything." Sophie sighed. "Well, it's a miracle, that's all."

"While we're exchanging these girlish confidences, may I request the honor of your presence at a little shotgun wedding I'm planning next week?"

"Darling!" Sophie screamed. "You don't mean to say you're going to marry Syl?"

"I most certainly am."

"Oh, I must go and tell him how wonderful—"

"Sophie," Valentine hissed, "for heaven's sake, sit down! He doesn't even suspect it yet!"

Sophie sat down and eyed her. "Darling," she said gently, "don't you think a pearl-handled revolver looks better with white satin than a shotgun?"

Valentine looked at the fire. "You know, Sophie, this is sort of the end of an era, isn't it?"

"I suppose even the committee will disintegrate now," Sophie agreed. "You were always a little resentful of the committee, weren't you?"

Valentine said slowly, trying to think it out: "I think I just resented the committee because it *was* a committee. I wanted to be the only woman in Syl's life, not one of his quorum. . . . You know, I think a man needs a woman to bolster his ego—don't you?"

"Why, little woman, where *did* you get that revolutionary idea?"

"You'd be astonished if I told you," Valentine began when Lydia came in briskly, dressed to leave.

"Are you girls ready?" she demanded in her most executive manner. "I suppose Syl will have to get Mrs. Millet to come and close the house properly. . . .Really, it's been rather a curious week end, hasn't it?"

"It was so cold, that's why," Valentine said, shuddering at the recent memory.

But Lydia was in a philosophical mood. "It was so different on Friday; nothing was *settled,*" she said. "We were worrying about Beryl and whether Eva would live here, and whether Syl had really fallen in love with her —I must say, I never for one instant believed *that.* She simply wasn't Syl's cup of tea."

Sophie glanced at Val and said quickly, "And whether or not Syl would go to Washington."

Lydia smiled sweetly. "And whether Colonel Lomas would succumb to Sophie's guiles. You didn't try very hard, did you, darling? I'm sure it would have been uphill work—although I must say *I* think he's terribly attractive."

Valentine jumped in, "And you were worrying about Sophie and me being spinsters for the rest of our lives."

"I still worry about that," Lydia said severely.

"I don't see why you should." Sophie looked guileless. "We're quite personable, both of us."

"It isn't that—it's just that you're so against marriage. Have you forgotten the things you said about it—"

Charles' voice roared down the stairs: "Lydia! Lydia, where are you? Did you pack the upper half of my pajamas? They're gone—"

Lydia turned toward the door and spoke over her shoulder, "I still say it's very satisfying—I packed both halves, darling. You just didn't look. You never do." She vanished.

"Masterful men!" Sophie said disgustedly. "There's no reason in the world why a woman should be pushed around just because she's a wife. I can tell you when I'm married, I expect to be treated just as though I weren't. I shall tell Hugh, quite simply—"

SHE broke off as Hugh himself came in, carrying his suitcase. He glanced at the two girls and barked, "Sophie! Are you ready? Hurry up, girl, you've got only fifteen minutes! Aren't you even packed? Here, I say, get going now! Stop all that gabbing and run along?"

Sophie flew meekly to the door and almost ran into Sylvanus.

"Here we go," Sylvanus smiled down at her, "rushing around at the last minute. I wish you could all stay forever."

"Oh, darling, don't you ever learn?" Sophie cried and fled up the stairs. Hugh followed her into the hall and stood languishing up the stairs after her.

Valentine looked at Sylvanus and bit her lip, thinking: You've flung yourself at him once—don't do it again, for heaven's sake! But she heard herself speaking, a small, uncertain voice:

"I'd like to accept that invitation, Syl."

Sylvanus looked bewildered.

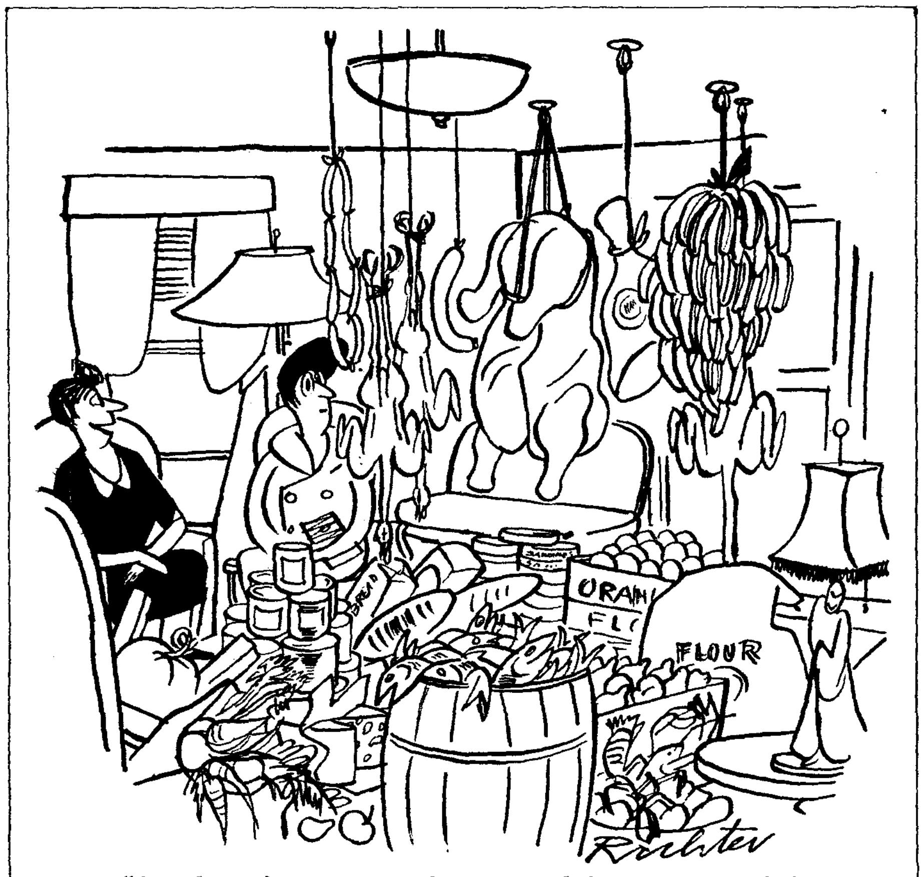
"What invitation?" he asked.

"To stay—forever." She smiled at him waveringly. If for one fleeting instant he betrayed shock—or embarrassment . . .

But the only expression on Sylvanus' face was one of dawning intelligence.

"Oh, you would, would you?" he said slowly and came across the room toward her.

THE END



"One thing I've got to say for George: he's a good provider"

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**Life is set to music.
Romance begins with a melody.
Just as you remember.**

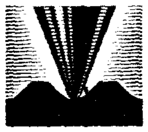
Barbara: How could I forget, Jerry? My first prom! And I wore a red dress. Then suddenly I was dancing with you — and that's when everything began for me.

Jerry: For *us.* The minute I danced with you I knew, "This is IT."

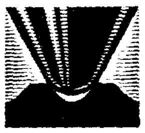
Barbara: Why Jerry—when I close my eyes it seems like that first time again. That's a wonderful record.

Jerry: It's a wonderful *phonograph.* Dad and I bought that Crosley for Mom just before the war. Plays records a new way. The secret's in the needle. That's the kind for us when I come home for keeps.

What do you want in your post-war radio-phonograph? Crosley will have it — every major improvement in radio-electronic and phonograph engineering, *plus* the patented, exclusive Crosley FLOATING JEWEL* Tone System.



Old-fashioned sharp needles—"Scra-a-tch! Hi-i-sss! Chatter!"



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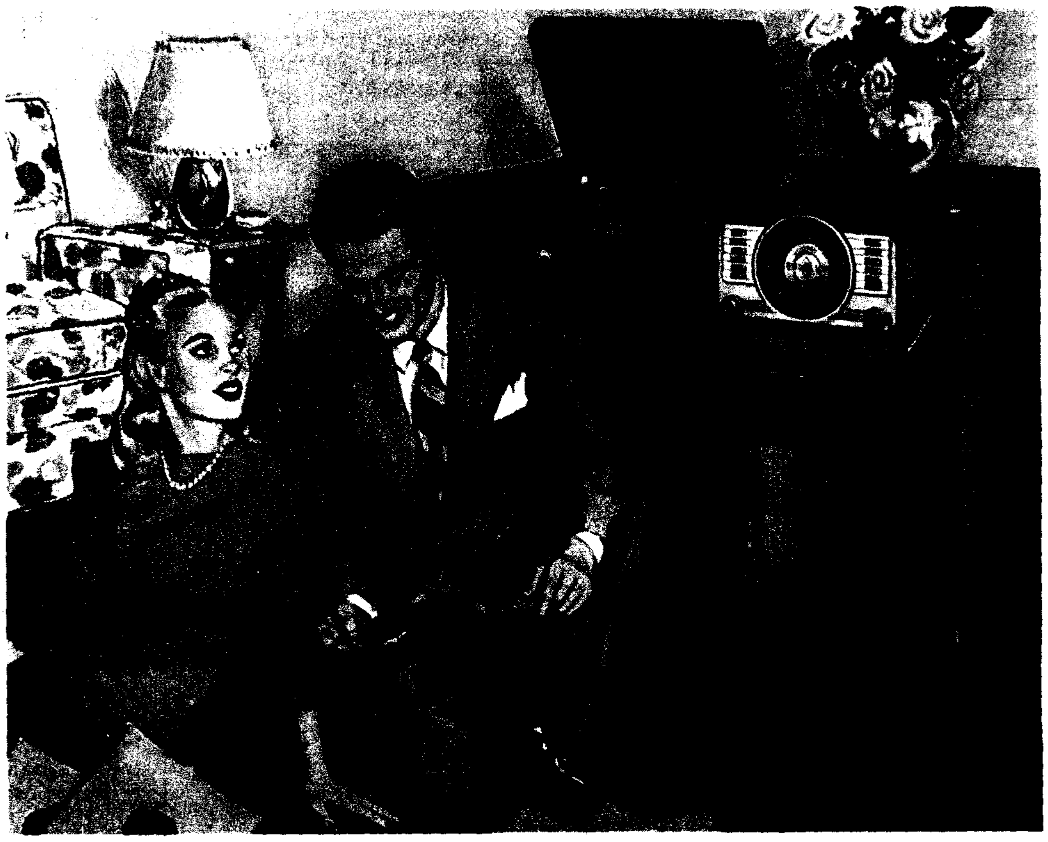
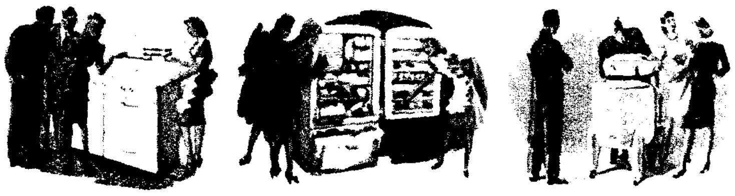




To all the Jerrys and Barbaras — may your dreams come as true as this. Toward that day, we are producing fighting materials to help win this war and we are looking ahead to the time when once more we can make the finest Radios and Radio-Phonographs, and home appliances in Crosley history.

*Patented

RADIOS : RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS : FM : TELEVISION : SHORT WAVE : RADAR : REFRIGERATORS : HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES : THE CROSLEY CAR : HOME OF WLW, "THE NATION'S STATION"

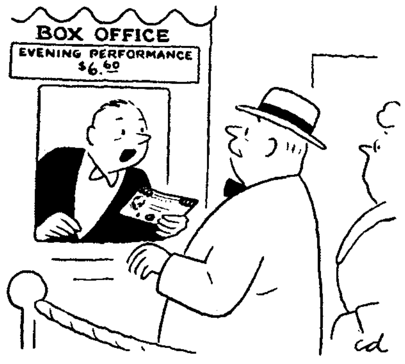
I Can Hear You Perfectly

Continued from page 26

the old man, and that he did not want. There seemed, too, to be something undignified in his grandfather's wearing a piece of machinery to help him hear, an admission of incompleteness. But as time went on and the day arranged for the surprise came closer Petey became hypnotized with the idea and could not stop thinking about it.

He went back again and again to the advertisement in the magazine until he knew it by heart. Although he was unable to identify his grandfather with the dapper young man who wore the hearing aid in the advertisement, the miracle which might be wrought by the little black box was none the less apparent. This young man was completely at his ease. He leaned back comfortably in his chair, his legs crossed, a faint smile playing about his lips. And he held one hand toward a companion, palm outward like a traffic policeman. "Please don't shout," he was saying. "I can hear you perfectly with the new McCormack hearing aid!"

It must have been a great moment. Transferred to his grandfather this scene became the very seed of drama to Petey. Neighbors who had known the old man for years would approach his rocker on the sidewalk, cup their hands to their mouths. Then, "Please don't shout," his grandfather would say. Gently, of course, calmly, patiently and with great dignity. "I can hear you perfectly!" Sometimes, by agreement, it was Petey who, standing beside him, spoke the words. It was the whole meaning of triumph.



"Bonds are a Better Buy!"

HAVING been entrusted with the secret of the surprise Petey had kept it scrupulously but now he needed to establish certain facts. Sitting on his upended fruit crate beside old Mr. Tennet's upholstered rocking chair, he felt his way cautiously.

"Grandfather?"

"La?" After today, Petey thought, he would never have to say "La?" again.

Petey put his mouth very close to his grandfather's ear so that he wouldn't have to speak any louder than was absolutely necessary. "How many things can you hear, sir?"

"How many things?" Old Mr. Tennet turned and smiled at his grandson. "I can hear you, Petey."

"Well, but I mean, sir, there are so many sounds. You don't hear them all, do you?"

Mr. Tennet considered in the careful way that was a great satisfaction to Petey. "No, Petey," he said finally, "I don't suppose I do. But I know them. I remember the sounds people make in living, the sounds of life."

"Well, just suppose, sir . . ."

"La?"

Petey had unconsciously lowered his voice, but now he raised it again. "Just suppose, sir, that all of a sudden you could hear every single sound there is . . ."

"Petey!" His mother's voice called him sharply from inside the store. "Come in here right away. I want to talk to you." In the darkness of the shop she frowned down at him. "Well," she said, "you're not very good at keeping secrets, are you?"

"I didn't tell him anything," Petey said softly. "I only said just suppose."

"Well, mind you don't say anything more, or you'll spoil the surprise."

"All right," Petey said. He hadn't found out much, but in any case there was only a little while longer to wait.

BY TWO o'clock the Tennets' neighbors had started to assemble in the store. As they passed the old man on the sidewalk, Mrs. Beretta, who lived in the next block, and her friend Mrs. Curran made an elaborate pretense of digging into their pocketbooks for lists of things they needed to buy in the store. Mr. Curran self-consciously slapped his pockets, murmuring as he did so of matches and cigarettes. If Mr. Tennet suspected anything unusual he gave no indication of doing so and at quarter past two when Mr. Sabin, the policeman, arrived the old man had to be called inside.

Otis Tennet closed and locked the front door after his father so that no one would interrupt them, and on it he hung a printed sign which read: Back In Twenty Minutes.

Old Mr. Tennet looked about him at the faces of his family and his friends which were smiling at him with warm pleasure and with anticipation. Only Petey's face did not smile. He rubbed the palms of his hands on his trousers and his eyes burned with excitement.

"It is very kind of you to call," said the old man. "Petey, you should get some chairs for our guests."

Mr. Sabin laid his big hand on Petey's shoulder to restrain him. "No, no, Mr. Tennet," he said heartily, "we can only stay for a couple of minutes. We've just got a little surprise we want to show you and we'll be running along."

"A surprise," said old Mr. Tennet, "for me?"

"That's right, Father," Otis Tennet said loudly. "Our friends here and Edith and myself have all chipped in to get you a little something we hope you'll be able to use, so without any further ado on my part I'll just present it to you on behalf of all those present." There was a tentative round of applause led by Mrs. Beretta, and Otis held out the square package to his father.

The old man took it, sat down on one of the chairs at the soda fountain, and setting the package on the counter, pulled carefully at the knot of blue string. "My, my," he said. "My, my."

As he worked at it, the others watched his movements closely and nodded their encouragement. When the package was opened, old Mr. Tennet looked down at the box containing the shiny black receiver, the batteries and the neatly coiled wire. "My, my," he said again.

"It's a hearing aid, Father," Otis said.

"La?"

"A hearing aid," Otis repeated, "to help you hear."

Mr. Tennet looked up from the instrument in the box. His eyes traveled from face to face around the room, smiling, seeing each one individually. "Well, well," he said. "A hearing aid. This is very generous of you . . . very generous. I have thought of possessing such a thing for many years, but it is your kindness which finally brings it to me, the kindness of my friends." Mr. Tennet looked back at the device in the box but did not venture to touch it.

Petey had stood close beside Mr. Sabin watching every move of his grandfather's but saying nothing. Now his face grew troubled and he held his lip between his teeth. Finally he could stand it no longer. "Don't you think you want to try it, sir?" he burst out desperately.

Old Mr. Tennet smiled slowly. "Why, yes, Petey," he said still looking into the box. "Yes, I would."

"I'll give you a hand," Otis Tennet said, stepping forward. "It's quite a gadget we have here." He took the receiver out of the

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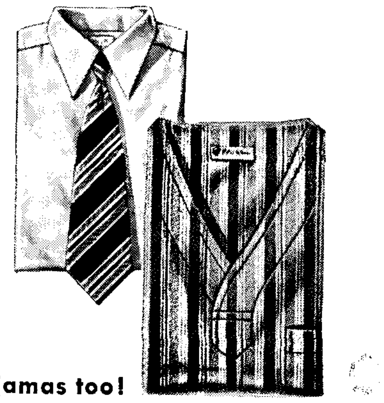

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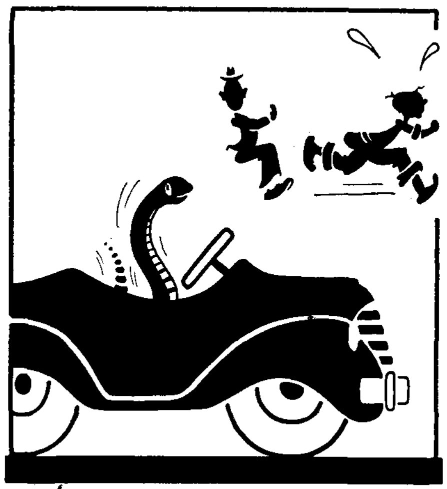

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box and uncoiled the wire, frowning at it. "At the end of this wire is the portion of the apparatus that is inserted into the ear itself," he went on. "And this portion here amplifies the sound. The volume may be controlled by this small slide-button you see on the side of it. Now I plug *this* wire into the batteries, and we're all set." Otis looked up at Mr. Sabin. "I believe that's what the man said, isn't that right, Dave?"

Mr. Sabin nodded encouragingly. "That is correct, Otis," he said.

"All right, then," Otis went on, handling the device professionally. "I'll just slip this in your ear then, Father. It won't fit exactly, but we'll have one molded specially for you later that does. She feel all right?" Old Mr. Tennet nodded, his eyes fixed glassily on the wall opposite. He held his mouth open expectantly.

"I'll turn up the old current now," Otis said. "Just medium for a starter. Uh . . . there we are."

Petey took a half step forward. He wanted to be closer to his grandfather, very close like the man in the advertisement, then perhaps Mr. Tennet would speak to him first. He tried very hard to concentrate on all the sounds around him so that he would know exactly how his grandfather felt.

THE old man took a deep, gasping breath as though he had dived into a pool of ice water, and into his eyes came a look of sudden terror. His features contorted into a wild grimace, and his fingers ripped and clawed at his ear, desperately, frantically. As he struggled he shouted at the top of his voice. "Otis!" he cried. "Otis, it's wrong! It's broken, Otis! Stop the noise, Otis!"

Petey stared at his grandfather in alarm. Always to him Mr. Tennet had been a dignified and imperturbable old man, and Petey was frightened by what he saw. It was not at all the way he had imagined the scene. Making a great effort he stretched his ears for some alien sound, some unnatural clamor which could possess the power to bring terror to his grandfather's eyes.

The elevated train passed overhead, making neither more nor less sound than it always made; two brewery trucks moved by, their drivers clacking their horns at a stalled taxicab. The newsboys on the street cried the headlines of the evening editions. Children called to one another in their game, and in the apartment above the store Mrs. Tauber's radio played dance music. Under and over and through these sounds came the big sound which was neither one nor a thousand sounds, but only the sound of the city.

Petey listened to these familiar things without interest and tried hard to hear beyond them to something else which could account for his grandfather's behavior. But he could find nothing more to hear.

At last old Mr. Tennet held the earpiece in his hand. His face was washed with relief, but his body still trembled violently. He looked sheepishly around the room, offering apology with his eyes, and the others looked back at him, half-smiling, half-frowning in perplexity and compassion.

"Otis," the old man said, "there must have been some mistake, wasn't there? The machine was wrong, wasn't it?"

Otis cleared his throat nervously. "Well . . . uh . . . no, it's all right, Father," he said. "I guess it's just that you're not used to it. We could set it down much lower to start."

The old man rubbed his fingers on his chin in bewilderment. "Yes," he said. "Yes, I believe that would be better. Otis. That would be a better way to start."

Mr. Sabin's sudden, loud laugh helped the situation a great deal. "You'll be used to the gadget in no time, Mr. Tennet," he shouted. "No time at all."

Then he looked significantly at the others. "Well," he said, "I hate to break up this little get-together but I've got to be getting back on the job."

They smiled gratefully at Mr. Sabin, and in a few minutes all of them had left the store.

A little later in the afternoon Petey went outside and sat beside his grandfather in the slanting sunlight. He pulled his fruit crate over very close to the upholstered rocking chair and looked miserably at old Mr. Tennet. The old man wore the hearing aid in his ear, and he was staring straight in front of him, clutching the arms of his chair as though he expected it to leave the ground and fly through the air.

Petey twisted uncomfortably on his crate. Finally he said, "If you wanted I could get a blanket for over your knees, sir."

"I'm not cold, Petey," said Mr. Tennet. "Thank you."

Petey stretched far forward. "Were the sounds like you thought they would be, sir?" he said. "Like the way you remembered?"

Old Mr. Tennet looked small and very tired. "It's been such a very long time," he said slowly, "and it is possible that I have forgotten. But I don't think so; I remembered so clearly that the sounds of living were sweet." The old man sighed resignedly and shook his head from side to side. "Our friends are very kind, Petey," he said.

"Yes, sir," Petey said. Then he reached out his hand and touched the black box of the hearing aid. "Could I look at it for a minute, sir?"

"You must be very careful of it," Mr. Tennet warned, looking directly at his grandson and freeing the device from his ear. "I believe it is an extremely delicate mechanism. It could probably get out of commission easily."

"Oh, I've read about them in a magazine," Petey said, and he took the instrument in his hand. "I know a lot about them."

"Ah, do you indeed?" said Mr. Tennet with some interest.

"Yes, sir. You see, the most important part is in this shiny black box. It's kind of like a little radio." As he spoke Petey held the receiver up close to his eyes and minutely examined its exterior, frowning to himself. "Inside here are some tiny little tubes, just like in a real radio only smaller. Then this wire that comes out the end leads to the positive and negative poles on the batteries that generate the current."

"My, my," said Mr. Tennet.

Petey nodded very seriously. "It's pretty tricky, all right." He turned his back for a moment so that the sunlight would strike the box at a better angle. As he did so, the entire mechanism slipped from his fingers and clattered onto the cement sidewalk. Petey did not look at his grandfather, but hurriedly picked up the parts, handling them with great gentleness. Presently he faced about and returned them to the old man.

Mr. Tennet adjusted the earpiece. As he did so a curious expression settled on his face. "Petey," he said at length, "something seems to have gone wrong with the machine."

"Has it, sir?"

"It isn't working."

"That's funny."

"You couldn't have injured some vital part of the thing just now, could you?"

PETEY studied the sidewalk with concentration. "I'm sure I didn't lose any of the parts, sir."

"Perhaps you have injured one of those delicate little tubes you were talking about."

"Well, sir," Petey said, "they're awfully little."

There was a brightness in old Mr. Tennet's eyes which had not been there a moment before. "My, my," he said earnestly, "this is most unfortunate. I'm afraid you've been very careless, Petey. How long will it take us to get another one, I wonder."

"Quite a long time, I'm afraid, sir," Petey said, looking steadily over his grandfather's head. "The factory's way out west somewhere."

"Dear me, way out west," said Mr. Tennet. He leaned back in his chair. "Ah, well, even if it isn't working properly I can at least continue to wear my hearing aid, Petey. It is certainly a very handsome thing, and it is the very least I can do to show my friends that I appreciate their kindness."

"Yes, sir," Petey said, nodding, "that would be a nice thing to do." He was standing very close to his grandfather, and the old man rested his hand gently on Petey's head. Their eyes met and smiled.

Then Petey sat down on the upended fruit crate again. "Will you tell me about the sweet sounds now, sir?" he asked.

"La?" said Mr. Tennet happily.

THE END

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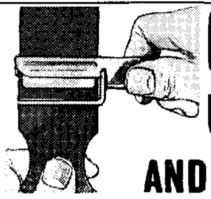

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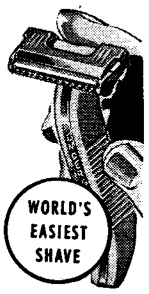

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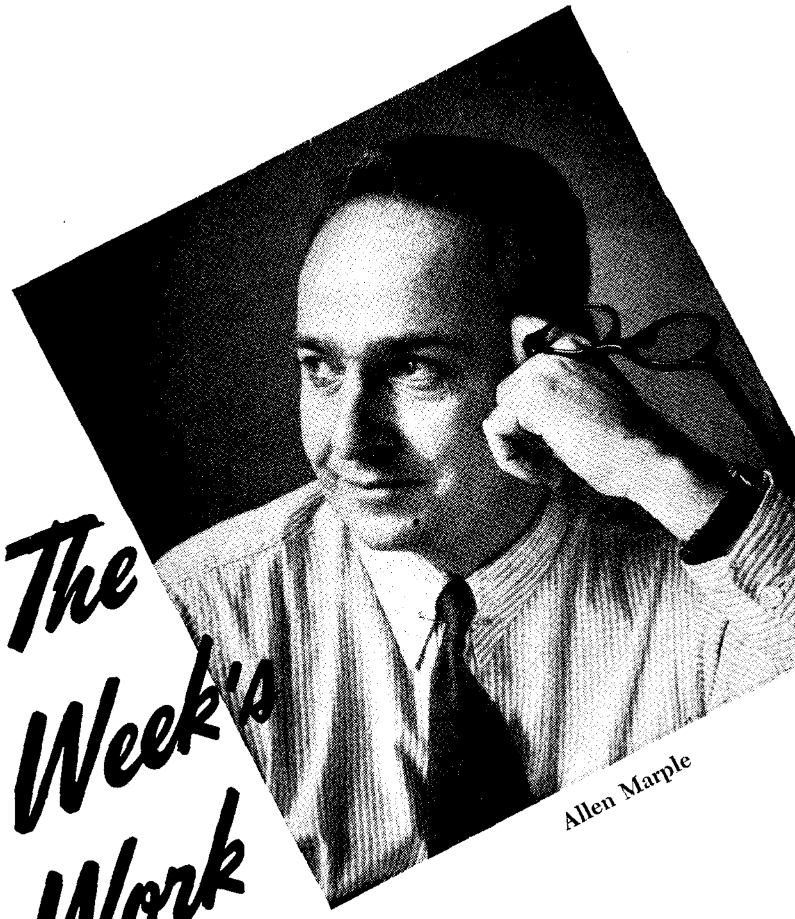

HANS J. KNOPF

Allen Marple

N MAGAZINE jargon, manuscripts sent in by unknown writers are called "slush." Allen Marple, Collier's fiction editor, is ud of the tremendous quantity of "slush" t flows through his department. He re- ds it as a healthy sign that so many new ters want to sell their fiction to Collier's— d as direct good luck for Collier's, too. and his assistants have turned up any mber of good stories out of slush.

Among writers whose first work for Col- r's came under the "slush" heading, are ven Cameron, John Tait, Norman Katkov. ese three now appear in Collier's with fair gularity. Watch for a good story by an- er newcomer, Frank O'Rourke, in an rly issue.

The warm spot Mr. Marple keeps in his art for beginners probably developed out his own experience. He has, he says, rked both sides of the street in fiction, in ct both sides of several streets. He ran s own literary agency for about ten years, d he worked at two book-publishing uses, Putnam's and Harper's. He has sold rt stories of his own, and he is the author a novel, and of a play, as yet unnamed.

The play, which Marple wrote in collabo- ion with Zachary Gold, is the subject of nsiderable kidding at Collier's, for it has en under option to various producers for eral years, without getting anywhere near rehearsal stage. "Often an option but er a bride," says Al, who can be as philo- hical about these things as anybody.

Al didn't set out to be an editor. He doubts t any boy ever said to himself, "When I w up, I want to be an editor."

He set out to be a writer, and today says, "I am a disgruntled writer, still." He doesn't seem particu- ly disgruntled, however. stead he seems to get a arious joy out of helping er people to writing suc- s. Elizabeth Boutelle, as- ciate fiction editor, shares enthusiasm, and when ese two run across an espe- lly good story, you'd think was a Fourth of July cele- ation in the fiction depart- ent.

They agree, too, that every sue should, if possible, rry at least one story ich "doesn't belong in llier's," according to the ndardized notions that some agents and some authors still cling to.

Marple runs his department on a strictly democratic basis; that is, Associate Editor Boutelle and the staff can outvote him on a story, and have it their own way. The staff is young, and assorted as to geographical and educational background. Besides Miss Boutelle, a Maine girl who went to Smith, there's Donald Congdon, a Pennsylvanian and a former literary agent who is an expert at sleuthing out new serials; there's Nancy Watson, a recent graduate of Sarah Lawrence College; Jeanne Morris, who left her Havana home to attend Cornell; and Joan Taylor, an Ohio State University graduate.

You can see how the staff feels about boss Marple, the way they'll say to him, "Pappy (bless their hearts, they always call him Pappy)," they'll say, "we are crazy about this story. Won't you buy it, please?"

"Okay, okay," Marple will answer, talking out of the side of his mouth like the tough guy he isn't. "If it's good, children, we'll take it. You've got the right idea anyway. You don't get paid to sit here and turn down stories. We're in the buying end of the business."

THE U.S.O. sketch tours, on which we carried an article several months ago, are thriving, with more than a hundred artists throughout the country giving one or more evenings a week, and occasional entire weeks to visiting military hospitals to make sketches of wounded servicemen.

Al Schmidt, who illustrated Spring Is a Booby Trap, p. 38, is a participant who not only makes hospital sketches himself, but goes around organizing other artists to do the same. He will be in St. Louis this week, urging artists of that city to take part in the work. He'll spend a week at the Army's O'Reilly General Hospital at Springfield, Missouri, where at the conclusion of his last visit, the grateful patients secretly loaded his bag with a couple of cartons of his brand of cigarettes.

Schmidt hails from St. Louis, studied at the St. Louis School of Fine Arts, and made his first money there—$15 for a milk-can label. He spent the $15 on a set of secondhand drawing instruments, and a few years later came to New York as a free-lancer.

For Collier's, he has illustrated all of the Irving Gaynor Neiman fiction series about that lively Brooklyn team, Mabel and Joey. . . .

A. P.

Al Schmidt and Trotter

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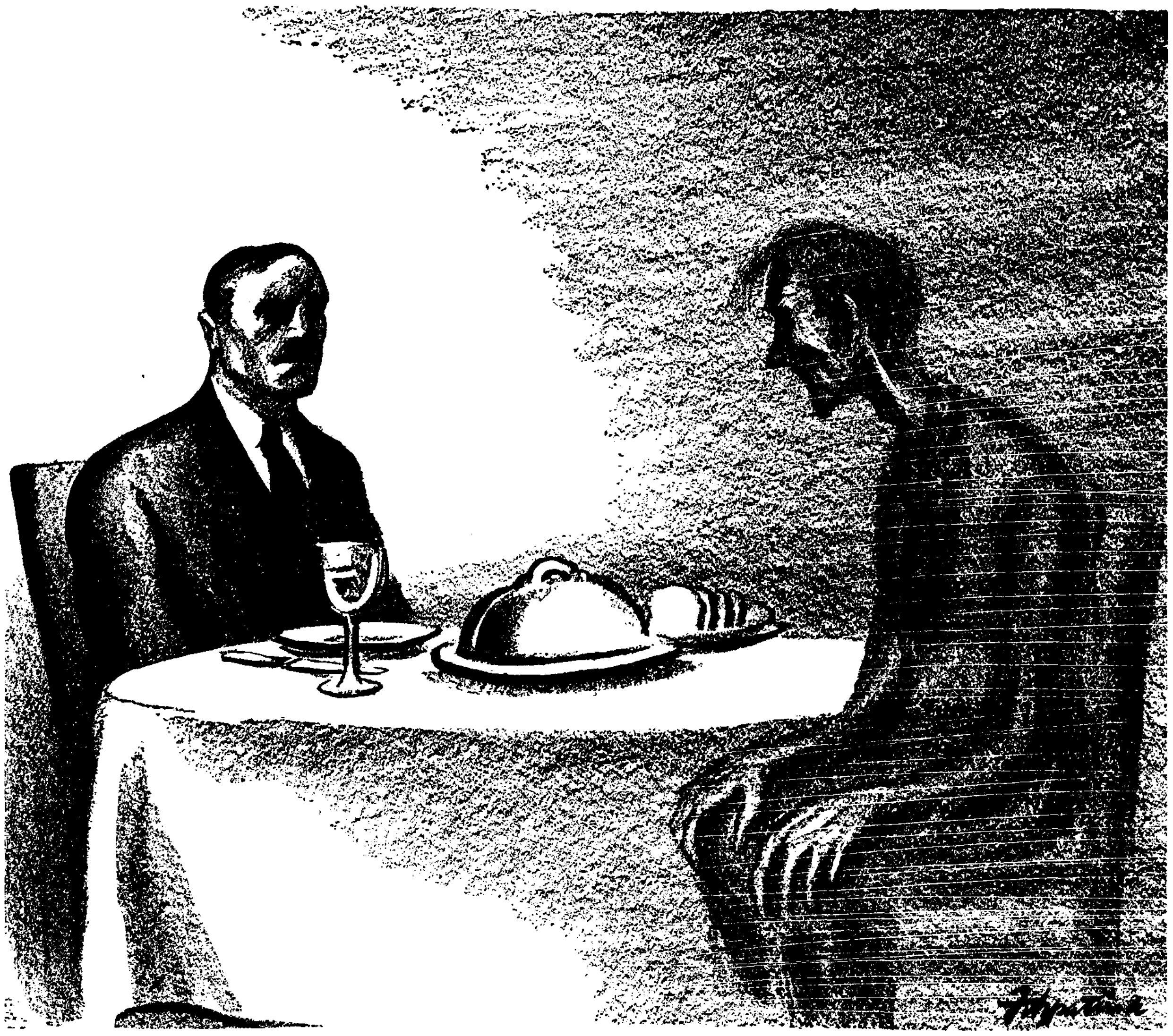
OF COURSE WE CAN EAT LESS



IT IS no secret any longer that, exaggerated though some reports may be, we are running short on various food items—and at a time when the food situation is growing worse in other parts of the world. The Australian, New Zealand and Argentine droughts did the general grain outlook no discoverable good, while in this country we are hit by a variety of manpower shortages, price-control backfires, feed shortages, farm-machinery scarcities, and official bunglings and buck-passings.

At this writing, prospects are for about 2,000,000,000 less pounds of meat in the United States this year than last; also for more or less serious pinches in sugar, various fats and rice. Victory gardens (how is yours doing, by the way?) ought to help greatly as regards vegetables, but gardeners and amateur farmers obviously cannot do much to counteract expected shortages of eggs and milk here and there. Nor is there enough canned fish in sight to plug all the gaps in the meat supply.

On top of all this, there is near-starvation over big areas of Europe. Greece, France and Holland are especially hard hit; but no average nonfarmer civilians anywhere in Europe or Great Britain are exactly gorging themselves after more than five years of devastating war. It is estimated that the Allied nations this year could well use 4,500,000,000 more pounds of meat than they will have.

It is hardly imaginable that Americans will be content to sit by and let Europe sink into famine. We aren't that kind of people, in the first place; and in the second, it is to our selfish interest that Europe shall get on its feet again as fast as possible, so that trade can be got going at something like prewar clip, and so that responsible European governments can survive.

Well, then, let's just look the food facts in their foul faces and make up our minds to conserve food as long as necessary, and to be as generous with it as we can be without lowering our own stamina.

As the first step toward this nation-wide decision, we'd suggest that we have an early and abrupt end to scolding, reproachful remarks from assorted public servants about how Americans eat too much, anyway. We've already heard more than enough of this claptrap. It is not the way to sell the idea of food-stretching to Americans, or to anybody else that we know of.

Some ladies, when their children yap about meals they don't like, are given to reminding them of all the poor Russians, Chinese or Poles who would love to have that food; but we never heard of any child who was impressed by the argument. No more does it impress adults.

Just let Americans have the facts about the various food shortages—treat them like the adults they are, not like the children they aren't—and they will figure out for themselves the necessity of stretching the available food, and will act accordingly, and splendidly.

TWO AMERICAN VICTORIES

AMERICANISM — American democracy and decency—won two signal victories in the State of Oregon recently. Victory No. 1: A Japanese-American farmer, soon after Pearl Harbor, was moved to Idaho on Army orders, from near Oregon City, Oregon. An American farmer leased the place. The Japanese-American farmer came back after the Army ban was lifted, but the American lessee refused to get off the farm. An Oregon circuit court, trying the case, ruled that the Japanese-American was entitled to his farm.

Victory No. 2: The Oregon legislature recently received a memorial from some Oregon super-duper patriots, demanding laws to keep Japanese-Americans from returning to their old West Coast homes from internment centers inland. The legislature tabled the proposition, various legislators saying out loud that they did not intend to be intimidated.

Things of this kind are what all of us who are trying to keep our heads screwed on in World War II should applaud and endorse. They are one aspect—and a most important one—of what we are fighting for. If land-grabbers and wrong-way patriots are to use the war as a means of doing some Americans out of property, rights and American liberties, how can we claim to be fighting for democracy and decency anywhere?

We move a rising vote of thanks to the above-mentioned Oregon court and legislature, for having turned a couple of spotlights on the meaning of the oft-heard remark that it is possible for us to win the war and lose the peace.

MONEY FOR NEGRO COLLEGES

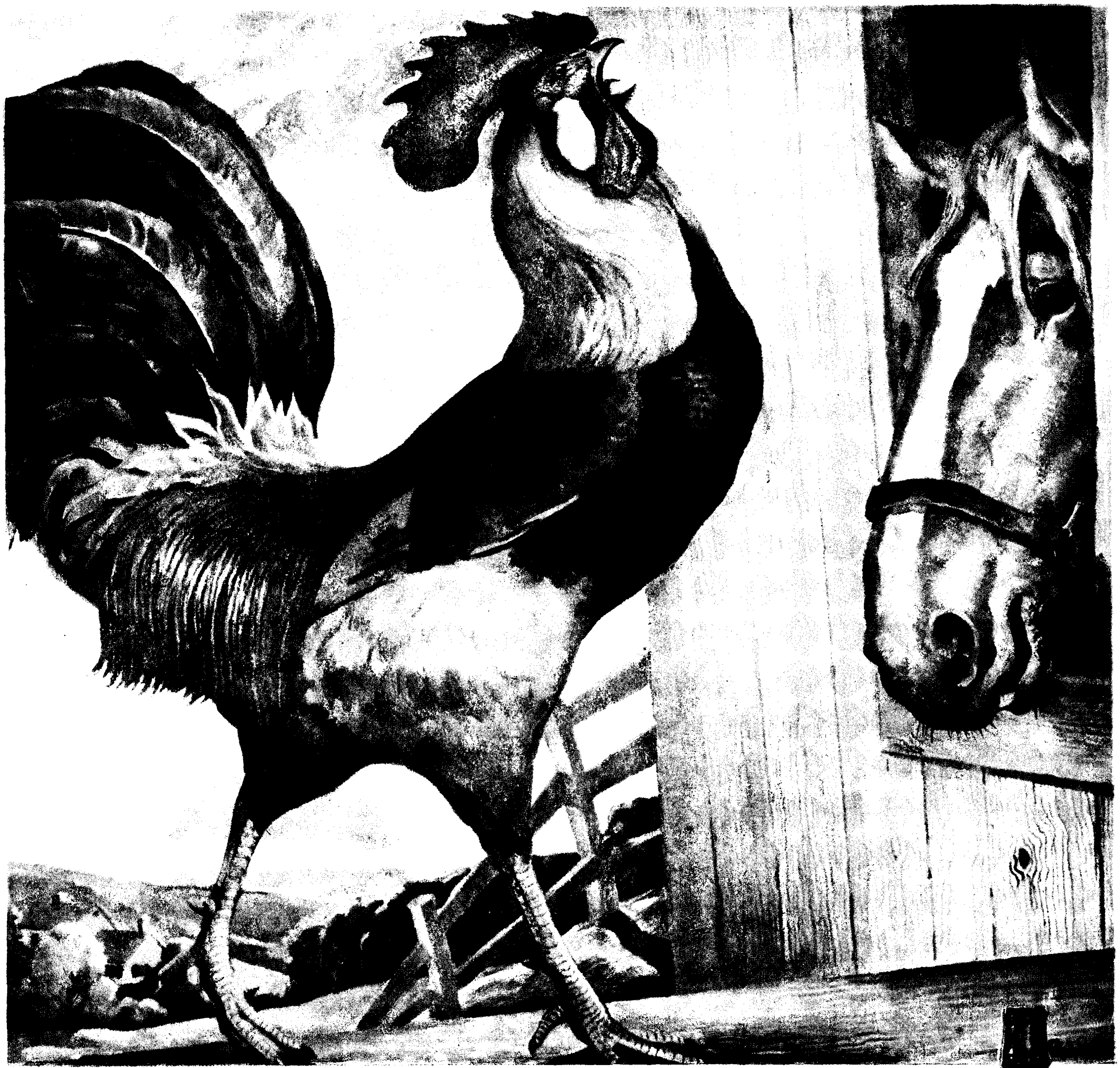
THE American 92d Division's enlisted men are all Negroes. This division saw active service on the Italian front, where its combat record added up to "a rather dismal picture," in the words of Truman K. Gibson, Jr., Negro civilian aide to Secretary of War Stimson. Mr. Gibson went over to Italy a while ago to find out why there had been so many "more or less panicky retreats" by largish units of the 92d.

He came to the conclusion, after painstaking investigation, that the high percentage of illiteracy among the 92d's Negro soldiers had a direct connection with the unwillingness of many of them to fight. Ninety-two per cent of the boys were in Class 4 or 5 in Army literacy tests, Class 5 being the lowest class anybody can inhabit. The same story, with variations, runs through our whole Army. Literacy averages in the Army: Negroes—46.4 per cent in Class 5, 35 per cent in Class 4; whites—4 per cent in Class 5, 16 per cent in Class 4.

All of which looks to us like another argument (by no means the only one) for public support of the United Negro College Fund's 1945 campaign to raise $1,550,000, to be divided among 32 Negro colleges.

Of this sum, $525,000 is allocated to making up operating deficits, $575,000 to plant repairs, and $450,000 to scholarship aid. The national campaign chairman is Thomas A. Morgan, president of the Sperry Corporation, famed for its success with colored employees in the manufacture of intricate war devices; the president of the United Negro College Fund is the noted Doctor F. D. Patterson, head of Tuskegee Institute. Fund headquarters are at 38 E. 57th St., New York 22, N. Y.

We never have done too well by Negro education in this country. Let's take to doing a good deal better by it, for the all-around benefit of both our Negro and our white populations.



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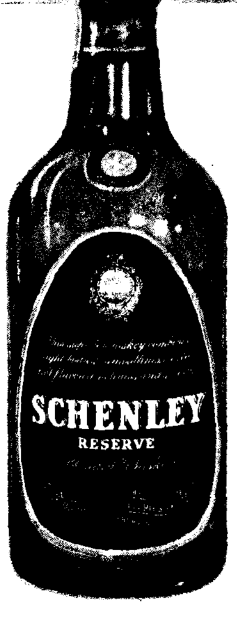
Reserve

SELECT *PRE-WAR WHISKEY

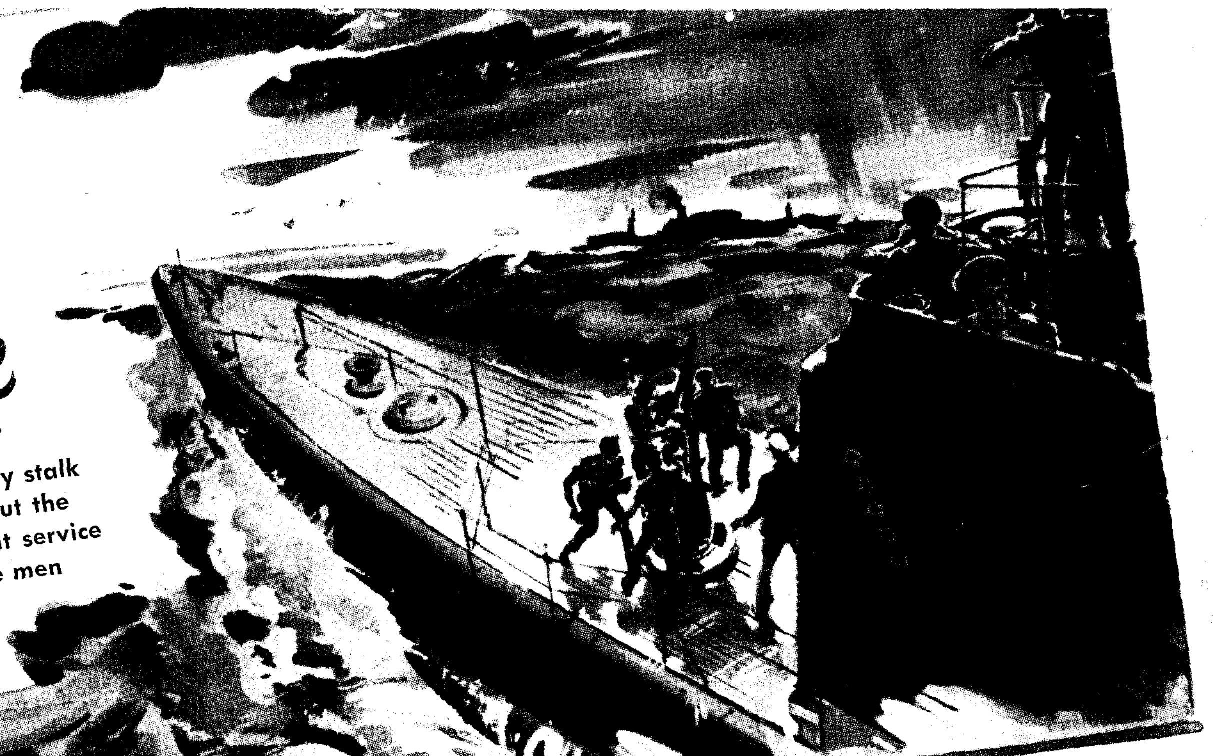


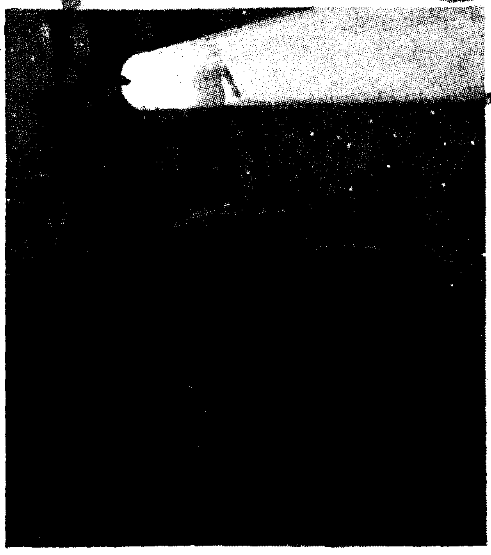
*BLENDED WHISKEY 86 PROOF. THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 5 YEARS OR MORE OLD; 40% STRAIGHT WHISKEY, 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C.

BUY MORE THAN EVER BEFORE—IN THE 7TH WAR LOAN

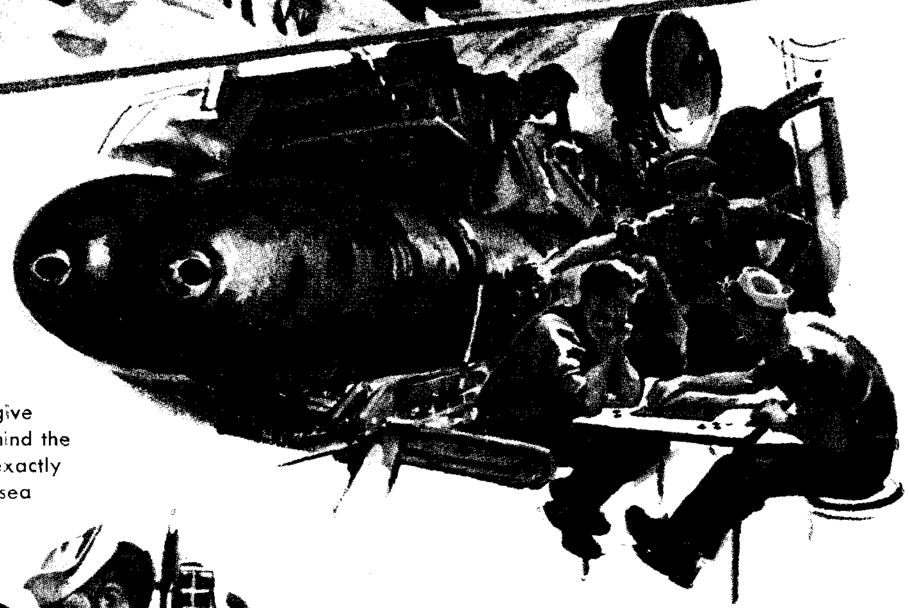
Action in the Silent Service

They live in the silence of the deep. They stalk their enemy . . . they strike in silence. But the achievements of these men of the silent service speak louder than any words. Meet the men of the Navy's submarine service as seen by Camel's artist-correspondent.



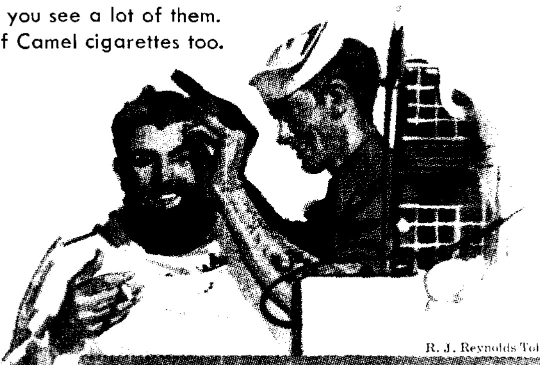


"WHO ARE YOU?" The signalman asks the question by blinker from the sub's conning tower. The gunners await the answer at the deck gun below. Friend or foe, these men are always ready for action.



SLEEP ON TOP OF TORPEDOES? "I couldn't believe it, but it's true," said the Camel artist. "These boys are so trained they can sleep and still be on the alert."

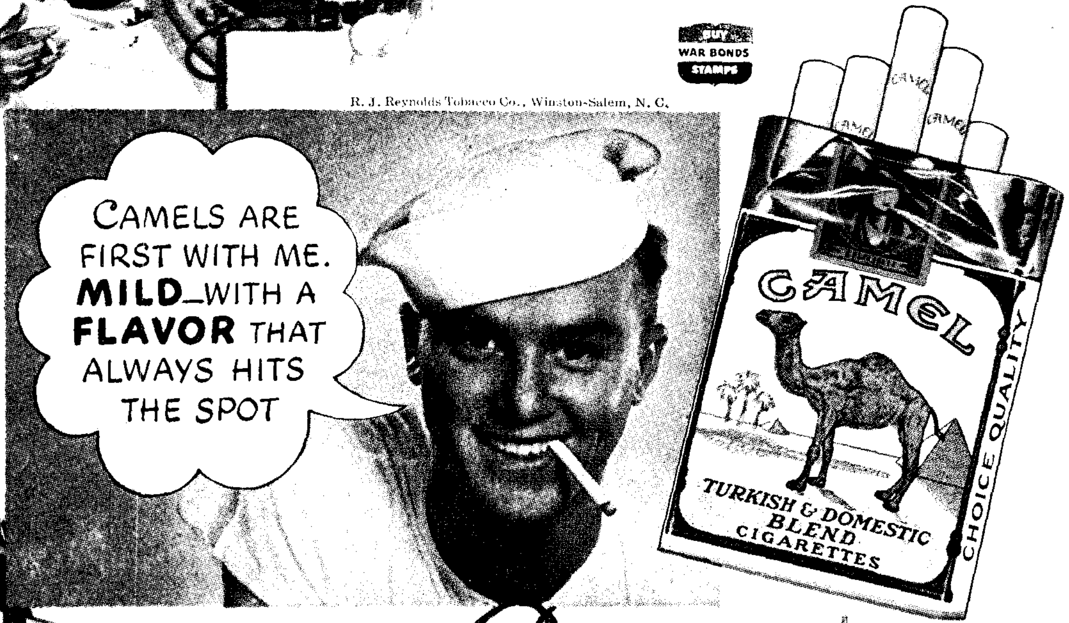
"HAIR CUT, MISTER?" "Yeah, give it the snip-snip, buddy, but never mind the shave." Full-grown beards aren't exactly an official trademark of the undersea service, but you see a lot of them. See a lot of Camel cigarettes too.

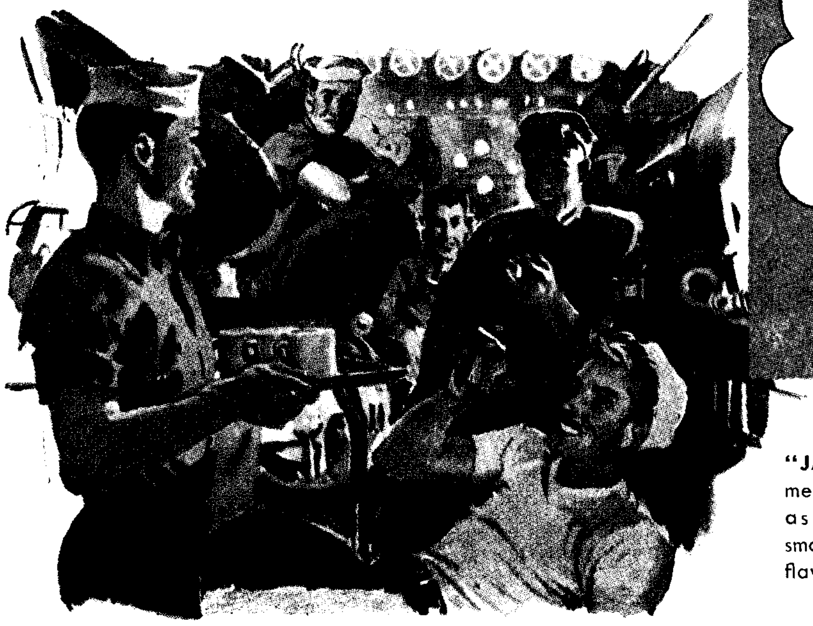


They have a saying for it in the submarine service: *"The smoking lamp is lit"* means smoking is in order . . . *Camels* are in order for, with men in *all* the services, Camels are such a big favorite. They're getting *first* call on Camels, too, even though you go without now and then. Because we're making all the Camels we can make from our inventories of costlier, properly aged tobaccos. When you do get Camels today, you're still getting *Camels!*

BUY WAR BONDS STAMPS

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.


CAMELS ARE FIRST WITH ME. MILD—WITH A FLAVOR THAT ALWAYS HITS THE SPOT
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY



"JAMOKE" — "JOE" — that means coffee to these boys, just as sure as "CAMEL" means smoking pleasure at its milder, flavorful best.

Camels

COSTLIER TOBACCOS